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COLLIER'S · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

April 24, 1937

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

2

**POPSKULL PREFERRED (Corn Whisky) By CA**

**Walter Duranty    Victor G. Heiser, M. D.    E**

MRS JOAN :..HARGROVE 12
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# EZ A PÁLINKA BUDAPESTEN IS KAPHATÓ *

1929
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

* EVEN IN BUDAPEST YOU WILL FIND THIS WHISKY...

"Budapest," writes C. L. Comstock of Nantucket, "is one city I wouldn't want to miss—only it isn't one city, but two. The beautiful blue Danube flows right through it! And the favorite delicacy of both halves isn't gulyás, but good old Yankee-style corn-on-the-cob! Nor is this the only Yankee custom. On the Promenade Ship on the Danube I was served 'Canadian Club'! I had to look twice to convince myself we weren't on the Sound! But I had to sip only once to recognize the smooth flavor of this welcome friend from home!"

If you've an eye for quality, look for the name Hiram Walker. In rye or bourbon—rich, or mild and mellow—there's a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at leading clubs, bars and hotels.... Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois and Walkerville, Ontario.

*Ambassador*
*of good will*
*to*
*87 countries*

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY. THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD. 90.4 PROOF

*Hiram Walker's* "CANADIAN CLUB"

# THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IF YOU EVER WRITE WITH A PEN

**Things that make a difference of 30 Years or More between Parker's revolutionary Vacumatic and other new pens that also have Visible Ink Supply but do NOT have the new Diaphragm Filler**

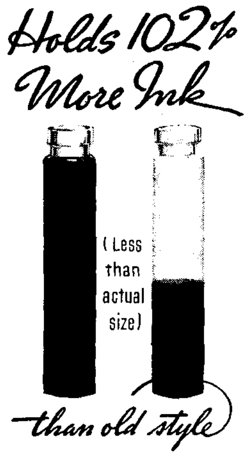
**A difference in *Performance* and *Perfection* soon detected in use, but liable to elude you at the pen counter. So be on your guard against the 1937 style pens with 1907 mechanisms.**

In choosing a fountain pen, the things that elude a person at the pen counter are the things that *delude* him. Remember first that there are two entirely different types of pens. One contains a rubber ink sac, or inner tube. Of course you cannot see the ink inside of it—so you have to guess—until you are down to the last drop.

The second type is the *Sacless* pen. This naturally has more room for ink—about twice as much. And when held to the light, if the barrel is transparent, it shows you when to refill, so it cannot suddenly run dry. Naturally this is the kind that everyone wants.

But notwithstanding these big advantages, *no Sacless self-filling pen ever gained wide popularity until the invention of the Parker Vacumatic!* Then in America and in more than 91 other countries, this revolutionary creation fairly swept to the forefront. Why?

### The Answer Is This:



Parker's Vacumatic is a sacless pen that abolishes the mechanical troubles that crippled the earlier models. Unlike ordinary sacless pens, it contains neither a squirt-gun piston nor an eye-dropper air-bulb.

Its filler is based on a simple recoiling Diaphragm—so utterly different and basically better that U. S. and foreign governments have granted Parker patents. Its working parts are sealed in the top where ink can never touch them,—never corrode or disable them. That's why this sacless marvel is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

So remember this when you get in front of a pen counter. Remember that buying a new 1937 style pen with an old-style mechanism is like buying a car with a 1937 body and a 1907 motor. If you can afford to pay $5, $7.50, or $10, the scientifically modern and all-time reliable Parker Vacumatic is the sacless pen you want—not some old-time filler in a modern barrel, with or without a rubber ink sac.

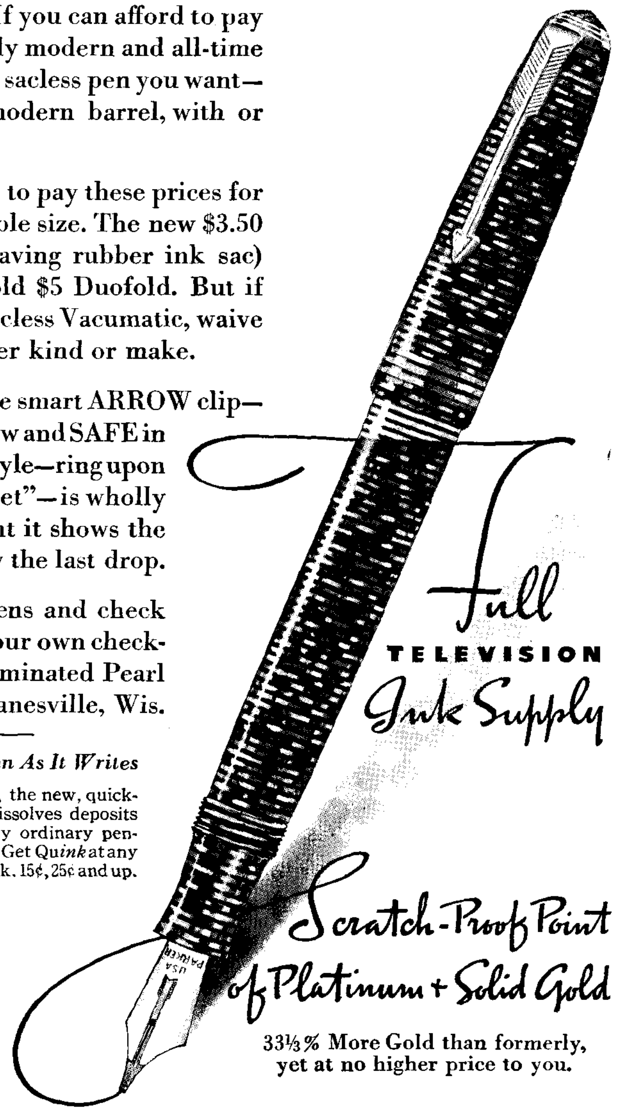
And nowadays you don't have to pay these prices for a rubber ink sac pen of comparable size. The new $3.50 Parker Challenger De Luxe (having rubber ink sac) surpasses even our celebrated old $5 Duofold. But if you have the price of Parker's sacless Vacumatic, waive everything else aside, of whatever kind or make.

To tell the genuine, look for the smart ARROW clip—a clip that holds this classic pen low and SAFE in the pocket. Its smart, laminated style—ring upon ring of shimmering Pearl and "Jet"—is wholly exclusive. When held to the light it shows the WHOLE ink supply—not merely the last drop.

Now go to any store selling pens and check what we've told you. If you do your own checking, you'll come out with this laminated Pearl Beauty. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

*Cleans A Pen As It Writes*

Parker Qu*ink*, the new, quick-drying ink, dissolves deposits left in pens by ordinary pen-clogging inks. Get Qu*ink* at any store selling ink. 15¢, 25¢ and up.



33⅓% More Gold than formerly, yet at no higher price to you.

**Parker**
**VACUMATIC** REG. T. M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

*Junior, $5, Over-Size, $10* — **$7.50** — *Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5*

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# Collier's

April 24, 1937

**WALTER DAVENPORT** Politics
**AIMEE LARKIN** Distaff
**GEORGE CREEL** Washington
**W. B. COURTNEY** Aviation
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction
**QUENTIN REYNOLDS** Sports
**KYLE CRICHTON** Screen and Theater
**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art
**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction
**IFOR THOMAS** Photographs
**T. R. YBARRA** Europe
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient
**OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

# Next Week

WHEN the armies of the Confederacy were fighting in the swamps around Richmond, Lieutenant Mace received a present. It was a handsome coat made and presented by the ladies of Richmond, and down its front ran a row of large, bright buttons. After the war Happy Mace was bent on pursuing the ways of peace. He was willing to do anything—except give up those buttons. It came to an issue between Happy and the United States Army, whose dignity, it was felt, had been injured. The Army sent out reconnaissance parties; they made frontal attacks like General Grant; they divided their forces like General Lee and tried to take Happy in flank. Clifford Dowdey reports the campaign in "Glory Buttons."

THE Ohio River was generous to Mrs. Cahoon. It brought her a plush sofa, a portrait and a trunkful of red window curtains; to these gifts the Red Cross added one caracul coat. Mrs. Cahoon is back on the cracked clay flats, waiting without trepidation for the next flood. She won't be disappointed, but she may be drowned. Why are she and thousands like her allowed to live in the path of destruction? Why do industries spring up along the low river banks? In "Greed and High Water," Walter Davenport explains the mystery.

WHEN Mr. Dick Dorgan, gagman for Continental Pictures, decided to save his soul and escape from Hollywood, he didn't cross the country; he moved just three miles to Inglewood. There he met Nadina and recognized her immediately as "A Child of the People." He was right on every point—except that he didn't know much about children of the people. The story is by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

IN a seven-mound graveyard in northwestern China Jim Marshall met Wing Tuck-Sing. Mr. Wing was engaged in his lifelong occupation of turning Chinese soldiers into corpses with the aid of a machine gun. You meet him in "A Night in the Trenches."

SOME people felt a slight aversion to Martin Dugan. He was a clever young man but a little sinister. He might, they felt, be a murderer. He was. Frank Kilroe shows you his method in "New Evidence."

FURTHER contributions come from Harold Lamb, Quentin Reynolds, I. A. R. Wylie, Dwight Mitchell Wiley, Kyle Crichton, Max Brand, Freling Foster and others. Watch for them!

●

# This Week

## SHORT STORIES

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**COVER** JORJ HARRIS

# Any Week

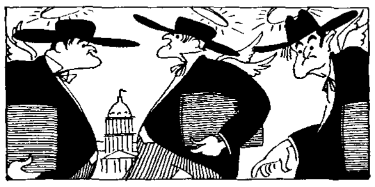
SEVERAL of our friends have told us recently that we weren't looking well. Some of them said that we looked as if we'd been badly beaten up. Little did they know. Some time ago, thinking we were pretty bright, we began numbering our pages at the bottom. It all came about when one day we decided it was high time we were doing something different. And that's how it happened. But the ink was scarcely dry before what seemed to us to be millions of you began to threaten us with everything from lynching to lawsuits. We can take just so much. After that we surrender. So please be notified hereby that beginning with the May 1st issue we're numbering our pages again at the top. And please don't protest that we are not numbering the four-color pages. We can't. There's a mechanical reason which we've had quite a time understanding. Now that that's over let's all get together like the Brooklyn baseball club and have a lot of innocent fun.

THE Honorable John Magill of the North Dakota legislature should be running a magazine. Mr. Magill has what amounts to an affinity for trouble. First he assumed the responsibility of defending the pants which, he says, the Small Businessman is always getting kicked in. And now he has promised a lady to introduce a bill establishing a State Home for Old Maids. He, too, thought he was being smart. "Madam," said he, "the time limit for introducing bills into the current legislature has expired but if the people of my district return me to office I shall make this measure my first order of business." Mr. Magill thought that the lady would forget all about it long before such an unfortunate accident could happen again. But Mr. Magill was soon thereafter notified that the Honorable Bill Langer, his governor, had called an extra session.

AND imagine the home-coming of a Los Angeles, California, family reported by Mr. L. H. Baird. It was a neat four-room establishment. Its owners, after an absence of eight weeks, returned one night eager for their own hearthstone and singing Home Sweet Home as loudly as possible. When they arrived at what they thought home they beheld nothing but a vacant lot. Thinking the place had changed while they were wandering they tried the next block. Then the next. Finally they looked up their own address in the telephone book. Yes, they had been right in the first place. The neighbors explained. Someone had come with a truck, explaining that he had bought the house, put rollers under it and whisked it off..

EVER since we published that piece about Miss Margaret Mitchell, the author of Gone with the Wind, readers have asked us where they can sell first editions for fifty dollars. We don't know. But we are reliably informed that firsts have been sold for that much and that booksellers have been asking that price. To Mrs. T. R. Natiello of Spokane, Washington, all this first-edition talk is nonsense. "I have," says Mrs. Natiello, "a good copy which has been read only once and I will be glad to sell it for what I paid for it. I bought it a month ago and am sure it has everything in it."

WE HAVE irritated Mr. Leonard Tremper of Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Tremper has noticed that we sometimes mention the names of our political rulers with—well, irreverence. Frankly he doesn't like it. "What would you do if it wasn't for them representing you in our state and national capitals?" he demands. "A man gives up his business like a patriot of old and makes it his business to see that this country is run right on business lines and not by crackbrains. And this is all the thanks they get."



DRYING our eyes, we read that Mr. John I. Lourie of Peoria, Illinois, thinks that "the day is near at hand when this country will be like Germany and Italy and will be glad to have a dictator. Also," says Mr. Lourie, "I can tell you who it will be. It will not be Roosevelt but General Johnson, who is already being groomed by the radicals to grasp the power and crack down on everybody. Mark my words."

WHILE we're doing that we may as well reply to Miss Jenny Graubrine of El Paso, Texas. Her letter is brief and clear. "Tell me," says she, "something about your magazine before I buy any."

WELL, we like it.

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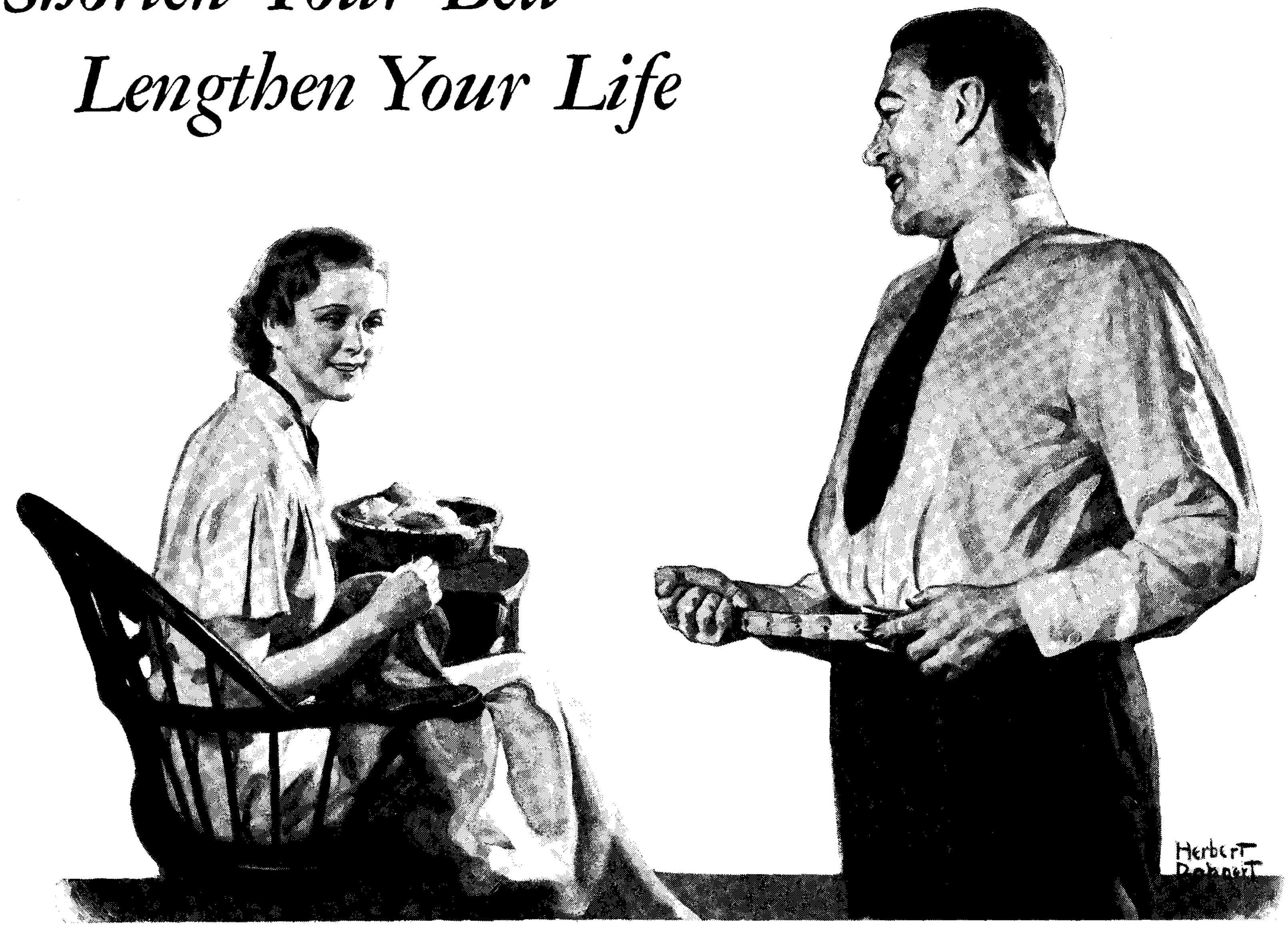
# *Shorten Your Belt*
# *Lengthen Your Life*



*"Twenty pounds—in four months—twenty pounds gone! How's that?"*

UP to age 30, a moderate degree of overweight helps to protect against diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia. But after age 30—consult the scales and watch your belt line. In older people excess fat adds to the work which the heart, liver, kidneys and pancreas are called upon to do.

Men and women over 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death rate that is 50% higher than the average for their age. Long continued overweight may lead to early heart disease or apoplexy. Nearly half the people who develop diabetes are very fat before the disease appears.

Too much fat usually comes from overeating, lack of exercise, or both. It is easier to avoid excess weight than to take it off. In most instances overweight can be controlled.

Even when present for a long period of years overweight often may be reduced with safety, but each case requires individual treatment. No effort to bring about a marked weight reduction should be attempted except on the advice and under the supervision of a physician.

People who adopt an unbalanced "fad" diet, or treat themselves with reducing medicines, often suffer serious consequences. Some of these medicines contain dangerous drugs; others are practically useless for weight reduction. It may also be dangerous to begin suddenly a strenuous system of exercises in an effort to reduce. Such extreme measures may throw too great a strain on vital organs already impaired by the excess fat and cause a sudden breakdown.

Aside from overeating, lack of exercise and hereditary factors, overweight may be caused by disease or improper secretion of certain glands. Even if it is caused by an abnormal glandular condition, medical treatment can often effect a complete cure or relief.

Do you know what you should weigh? Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which tells the proper weight for your age and height. In it you will find a complete program of diet and exercise which may help you to keep your weight down, or—under your physician's guidance—to reduce safely. Address Booklet Department 537-C.

*Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly*

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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To a man who looks older than he is—

IF YOU have shaved by the old method, Nature has given you a tough, calloused and scaly skin to protect you from the blade. This artificial skin is older-looking than your own natural skin.

Continuous use of a Schick Shaver for a period of time—generally two to four weeks—gets rid of most of this old skin. The action of the Schick is as gentle as rubbing your face with your finger tips, so the dead skin flakes off until, over a period of time, it is entirely discarded and a new, more youthful skin takes its place.

Then you can shave much easier, quicker and closer, and your face has a different and better appearance.

**BUT THAT ISN'T ALL**

The sheer joy of shaving with a Schick is its vital priceless advantage. It has no blades—so you cannot cut or scrape yourself. You need no water, soap, lather or creams. It shaves up and down with a *double stroke* that shaves faster. You can shave with your collar on or in the dark. Twice-a-day shaving is just as pleasant as once.

**SAVES MONEY, TOO**

Our records show years of shaving with a Schick at no cost except less than a *dime's worth of electricity a year.* One man told us he shaved 2000 times. Another had 1500 shaves for $15—a cent each—and his shaver is as good as new.

How could shaving cost less?

**GO TO A DEALER TODAY**

Ask him to tell you *all* the reasons why you should use one. Let him show you the proper method of using the shaver and it will take only a few days for you to acquire the knack of fast, close shaving.

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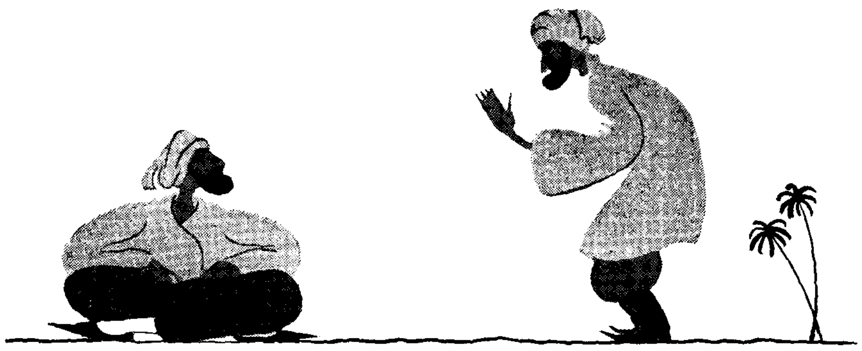

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Among* the Arabs of northern Africa, the ritual of greeting demands that the man "looking down" should always speak first, irrespective of his birth, wealth, power or dignity. Thus the man on a camel greets first the man on a horse, the horseback rider nods first to the mule rider, the mule rider bows first to the donkey rider, the donkey rider to the pedestrian and the pedestrian to the sitting man.

*The* specific condition which brings on delirium tremens is still more or less obscure. Some habitual drunkards never suffer from the disorder while others die of it. Some develop cases after being deprived of liquor for several days. In other chronic alcoholics, an attack is precipitated by a disease such as pneumonia, an injury such as a burn, severe mental strain or undernourishment.

*The* Metric System, with its three simple units of measurement—the meter for length, liter for capacity and gram for mass and weight—still awaits official adoption by a number of countries which continue to use complicated and confusing systems that have a combined total number of nearly 1,500 different units of weights and measures.—*By Charles H. Cox, Jr., Memphis, Tennessee.*

*Crocodiles* and alligators are so closely allied zoölogically that many laymen cannot distinguish between them. Hence alligators are frequently accused of attacking and killing men when, in reality, the killers are crocodiles. Naturalists who have spent their lives in the study of these reptiles state that they have never heard of an authentic case of a human death caused by an alligator.

*One* of the most popular books ever published in the United States is a cookbook that, during the 40 years of its existence, has passed through five revisions, 41 printings and attained a gross sale of more than $3,800,000.—*By Dorothy D. Etheridge, New York City.*

*Several* large tea companies regularly import samples of drinking water from a number of foreign countries to prepare blends of tea that may be ideally brewed in these sections of the world.

*Tone* languages such as Chinese, Japanese and Burmese cannot be whispered because their inflections are almost as important as their articulation.

*Frenchmen* are not wanted, nor can they serve as Frenchmen, in the French Foreign Legion. They may join it, however, by securing permission through special authority and by forfeiting their rights of nationality.—*By Otto J. Trejbal, Chicago, Illinois.*

*The* amount of energy expended by a person while playing the piano varies greatly with different compositions. A study of the subject shows that the per-minute energy required to play "Tarentella," by Liszt, is 150 per cent more than that required to play "Songs Without Words," by Mendelssohn.—*By C. W. Collins, New York City.*

*The* peasants of Yugoslavia still believe that the shooting of a snow-white chamois by Archduke Francis Ferdinand in the Gollinger Mountains in August, 1913, was the direct cause of the World War. His murder at Sarajevo the following June did not astonish them because, they say, every person who kills one of these antelopes meets a violent death within twelve months.

*At* elaborate funerals in 17th-century America, a mourning brooch, containing a lock of hair of the deceased, was usually presented to every woman mourner. When a late lamented gentleman was bald or had an insufficient quantity of hair to fill several hundred brooches, men relatives and friends were called upon to meet the emergency.

*Sir William Blackstone* (1723-1780), whose fame as England's greatest jurist is based on his "Commentaries," actually possessed only the vaguest possible grasp of the elementary conceptions of law and was considered a failure as a lawyer, jurist and parliamentarian.—*By Edward B. Ficklen, Washington, Georgia.*

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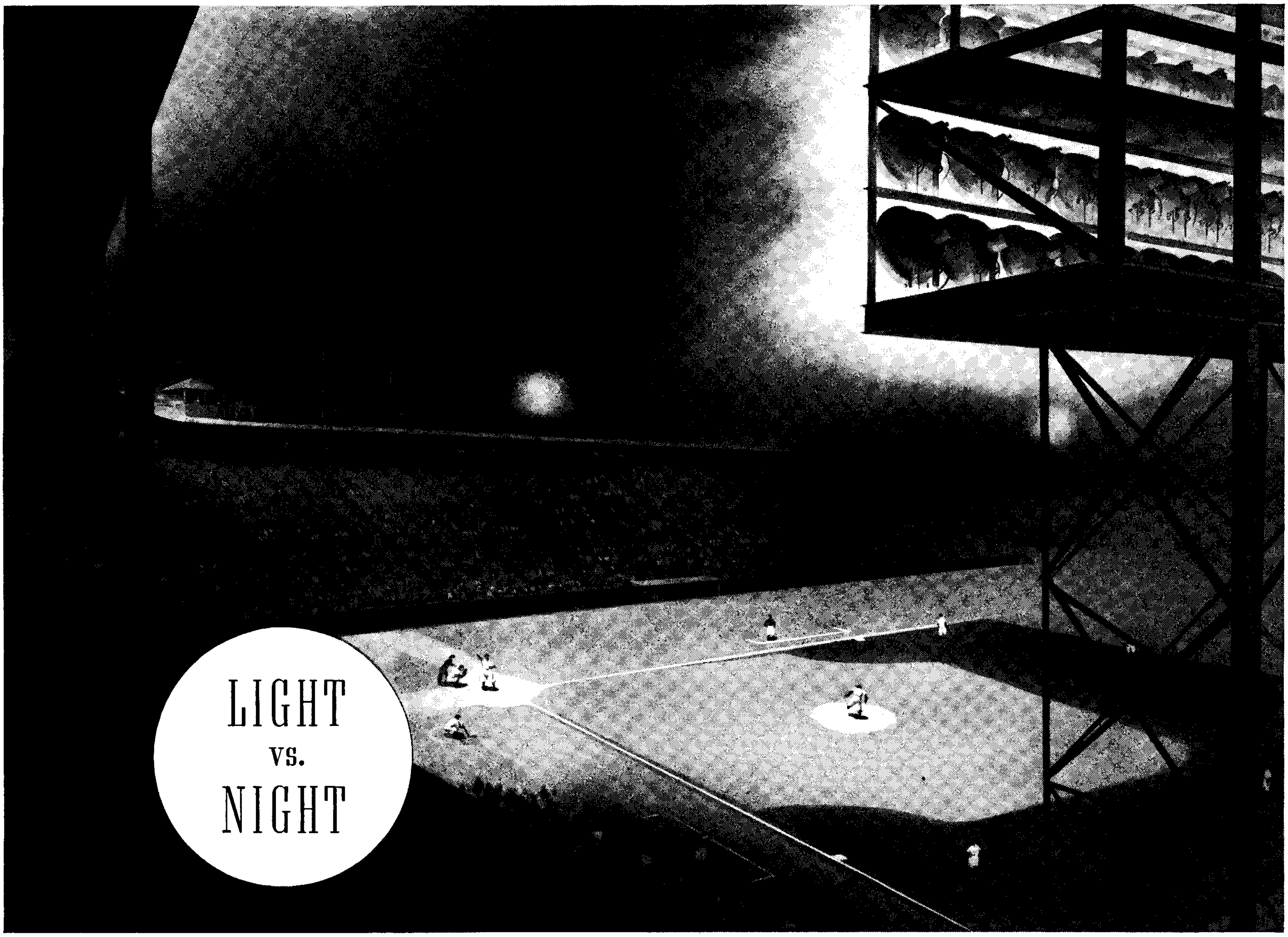

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“PLAY BALL!” The sun has long since set, yet the flash of the tiny white sphere from the pitcher’s hand is as visible as in midafternoon. The crack of the bat sends an outfielder tearing backward. Your eye follows the ball in its zooming arc. The contest is on!

In fact, *two* contests are on — and the one between Darkness and Light is infinitely the more significant. That battle is waged not only upon the playing fields. Nightly it is fought on highways and air lanes — in homes and on quiet residential streets — in public buildings, auditoriums and great industrial plants. And everywhere, the conquest of darkness by electric light adds to safety and public welfare.

“It can’t be done, but here it is!” might well be the motto of the Westinghouse research engineers who have aided the cause of Light in this once-unequal contest. To them goes much credit for years of development and application of incandescent, sodium, and mercury lighting — and for the art of “painting with light.” The Westinghouse “Circle-W” trade-mark will be found today on efficient lamps and lighting equipment serving every home and industrial purpose. It is a never-failing guide to better illumination at lower cost.

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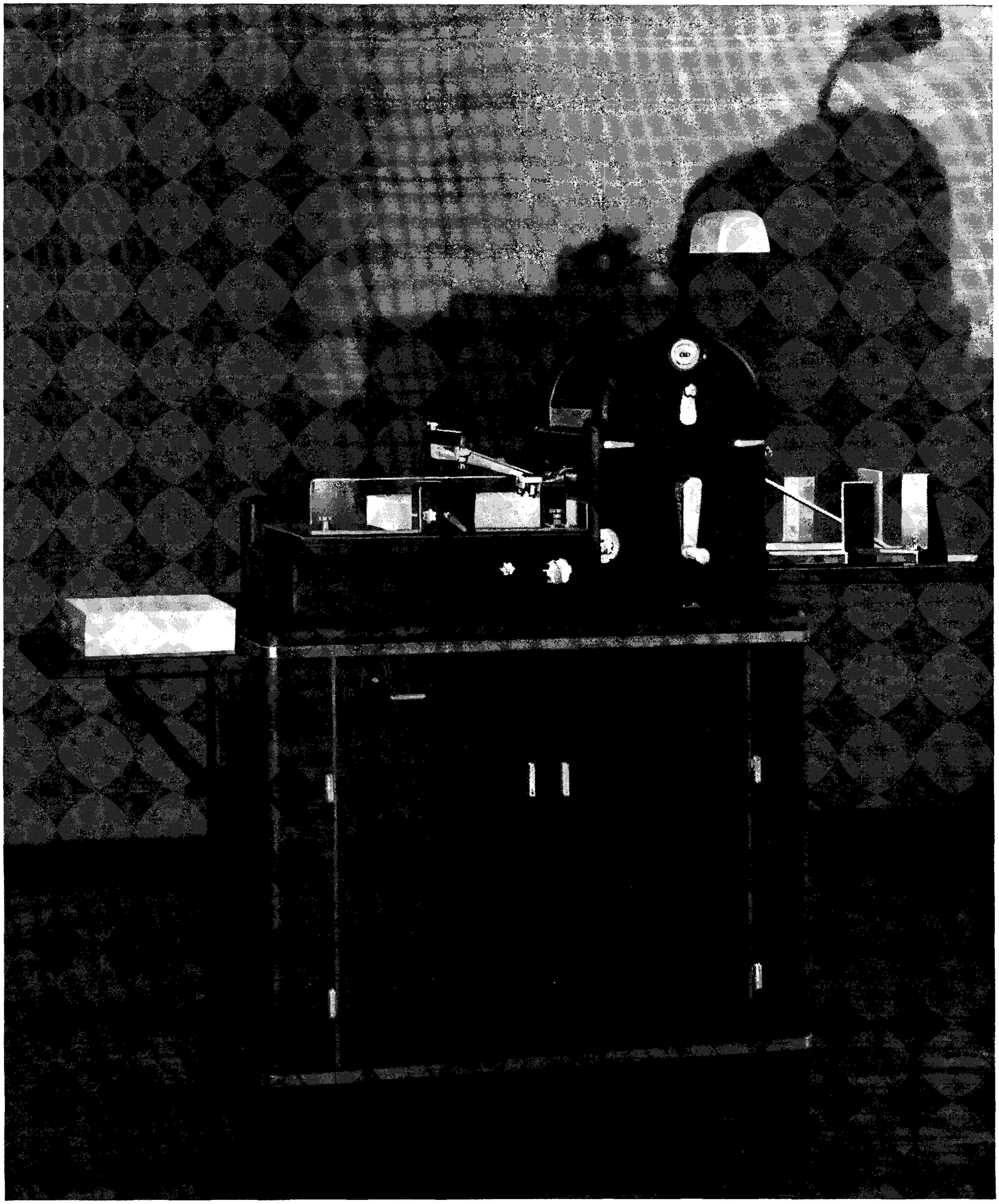
*The name that means everything in electricity*



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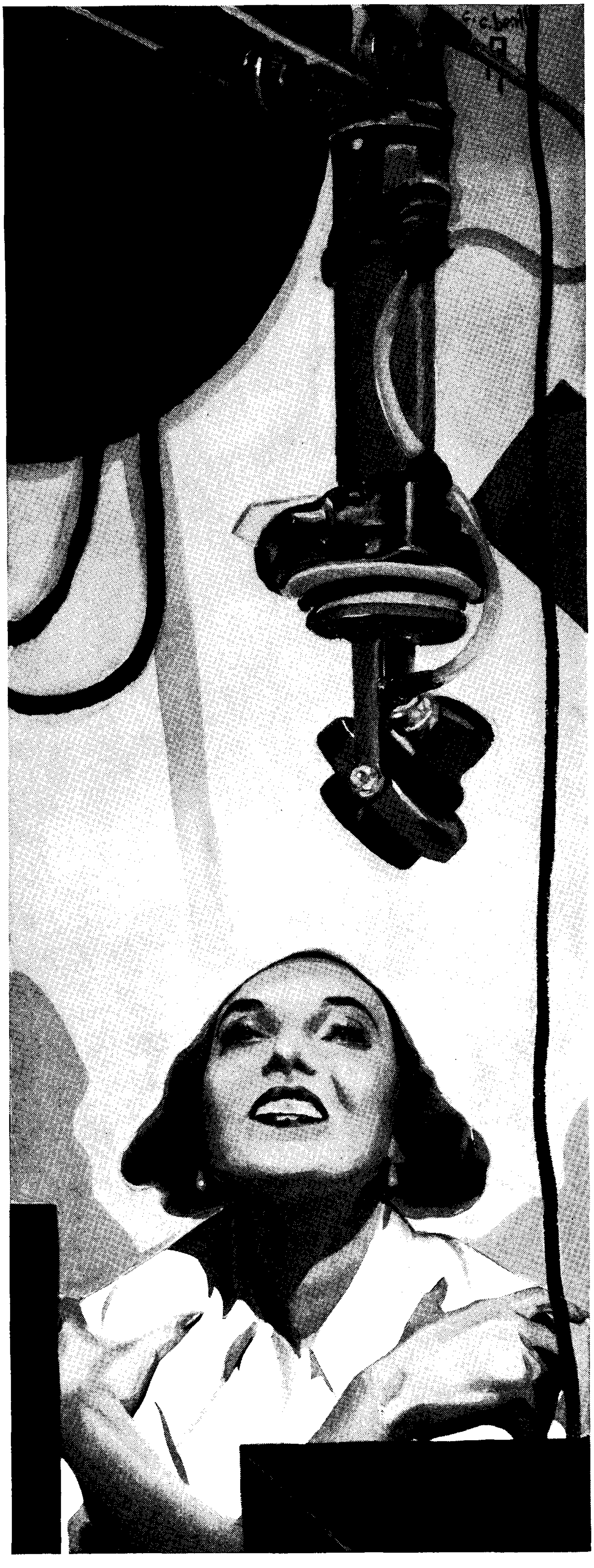
# ALIEN LADY

**By
Teresa Hyde
Phillips**

**Love story of a girl who learned about snobbery from the best people**



**Bill was a marvelous director, but, apart from that, he had a knack of bringing out, for the camera, something no other director could find in her**

AT THE conference in Mr. Keady's office Janice sat still and said nothing. She stared at the window and listened to the three men, reflecting how nice life would be if it would only leave you alone, if people would, once in a while, leave you alone. She let her sister Elsie do the talking. Elsie did not agree with Janice—she seldom agreed with her, but she knew that there was no use arguing when Janice had made up her mind to something.

"Well, Janice wants to go somewhere where she is not known and have this operation in what she calls peace," said Elsie, throwing up her hands. "I'm sure I don't see the point, but I can't see what difference it makes, really. There's no use making a fuss."

"It is very important to us," Mr. Keady said mildly. His face was blank. He had more genius for looking blank than seemed possible. "We want her here where we can look after her." For months, all through the latest picture, they had been, he said, on the verge of a nervous breakdown for fear this appendix of their star's would act up. Now the picture was finished and Janice was to have the thing removed.

Elsie took Mr. Keady aside. "You'd better give in to her," she said. "Janice is awfully strange lately. She told me the other day she was thinking of not renewing her contract."

"Of what?" At first Mr. Keady started to laugh. Stars did not give up contracts like the one they were offering Janice. But then he looked again at Janice and somehow he could believe anything. He looked at her and for a moment he saw her as she was—Janice Rider, the little girl from back East, not Damaris Lee, shining star of Worldwide Films. "What's wrong with her?" He said, "What's wrong with Damaris, Elsie? She's tired, that's all; she's not well. We'll do anything she says." He had dealt with temperamental stars for twenty years now and Mr. Keady, like all great generals, was never calmer than in moments of crisis. No one knew better than he that if Damaris Lee did not sign again with Worldwide Films it was indeed a crisis.

JANICE watched them whispering together and remained silent. It is a curious existence one leads, she was thinking, when there must be a meeting of a board of directors before one can have one's appendix out.

Mr. Keady smoked his cigar and went back to her. His look was kind and when Janice caught that look she glanced hastily away again. It was a kindness it was not wise to encourage. For six years now she had crumbled up and let go when Mr. Keady was kind and began to persuade her to do something she did not want to do.

"I'm going back East to have an appendix out," she pointed out. "I don't want newspaper people and cameramen around, that's all. I can enter the hospital under my own name. I can have a few days of being myself. Does that seem too much to ask?" She sat with the strong morning light showing up the good bones of her face, sat like a good little girl, a stubborn good little girl, in her cotton morning dress and her little shoes, and her unbelievable copper-red hair lighting the room.

Bill Reynolds said quietly, "It's nothing to ask. Go ahead, Janice." Mr. Keady looked at him and

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL

raised his eyebrows. Everyone knew that her director was in love with Damaris. What no one who gave a second look at Bill could understand was why she did not marry him. Perhaps Janice did not understand it herself. Bill was marvelous. He was a marvelous director but apart from that he was pretty marvelous himself. And he had a knack of bringing out, for the camera, something special that no other director could find in her. Had sat there with his blue eyes watching her, with his mouth a quiet line between his proud nose and his straight firm chin. Equable and detached he looked, saying nothing with his manner of unassuming intelligence, his power to be the same in all weathers. And Bill looked a little grim, now, staring back at Mr. Keady, taking Janice's side as usual staring down Morris Evans, her press agent, as if, should Evans put in objection, he would fashion a few good comedy scenes for Evans and round it off with sudden death.

"Well," growled Evans, as expected, "where's the publicity angle, if Damaris does it that way? Gosh, we'd have her fans, all over the world, watching the papers to see how she was coming along if she'd only use a little sense."

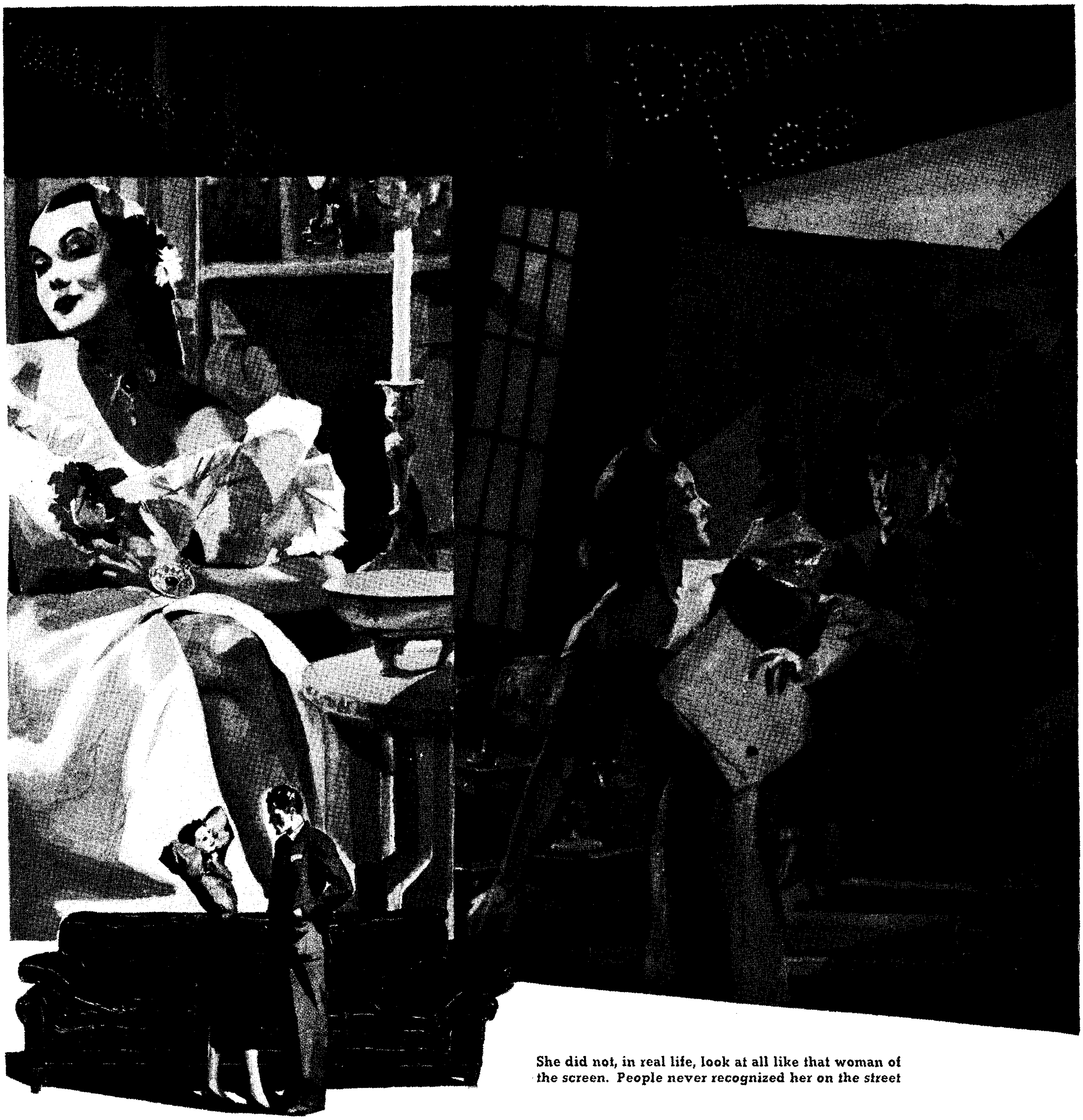
How Janice hated Evans then! She was so tired of Evans. She was tired of them all. Tired to death of Hollywood and of work and of never, not ever, being herself. She had wakened that morning and the picture was finished and it was her birthday. "I'm twenty-five," she had thought, sipping her tall glass filled half with orange juice and half with the juice of a grapefruit. "Perhaps all people are depressed when they find themselves twenty-five. And then, when they are thirty-five, where are they?" For that matter, where was she now? Well, she was at the top. And it seemed to her that perhaps money and success were no use. And now what? Well, she would go on being "The Glamor Girl." She had had to carry that word "glamorous" about for a long time now; after a while it became strangely boring. But it wasn't just being glamorous that was what she minded most. It was, definitely, Hollywood. She couldn't think of a thing about Hollywood that she liked except Bill and Mr. Keady, of course. But for the rest—well, was there anything about the place that was not sham, that wasn't unnatural and synthetic? Sham love, sham marriages, nothing that was normal, enduring. That was when the first idea had come to her that she might leave it all. No one could force her to stay here, leading this empty life. She hadn't minded at first, of course. No girl in her senses would have minded or would have thought it wasn't important and wonderful, all that hard-won flattering accomplishment.

"PERHAPS I'm just tired," she thought, as Mr. Keady thought. "Perhaps after this appendix is out, I'll feel different." But she did not think she would feel different. However, she would give life a chance. In that moment she had known that she had to go somewhere where she was not known as a star; the idea of anonymity became hospitably lodged in her brain. "Maybe someone might give me a kind word, just for myself," she thought, a little hopelessly. "Maybe someone will be nice to me, just because of some beautiful kindness in themselves, not because of my beautiful name in electric lights, and my still more beautiful signature signed to a contract."

She had said that to Elsie and Elsie had been shocked. "You are horrible, Janice," she cried. "You aren't yourself any more. You aren't fair to people. You've gone Hollywood, that's what."

"Have I?" She looked reflectively at her sister. If anyone had gone Hollywood, she thought, it was Elsie. Elsie seemed more shallow, more superficial, more taken in by the snobbishness and the sham than anyone else she knew. But that was mean of her to feel, she thought. For Janice was proud and fierce on behalf of Elsie, who had never had a chance until Janice had been able to send for her. "I'm *glad,*" Janice thought. "I *want* her to love it all." Someone should be getting some fun out of all this success. Certainly she herself got none. All she could do was to go to bed at nine so she could get up at six and work. So she lavished clothes and fun on Elsie, who grew slim and better-looking and whose skin grew tanned and whose hair shone under the care that Janice saw it was given. Because she was the sister of the Worldwide star Elsie was surrounded by little lapping waves of incense and deference, most delightful and soothing after three years of typewriters and filing cases and employers' curt demands.

"No wonder she doesn't want to give it up, even for a few days," Janice thought now in Mr. Keady's office. But she would not give in. It *was* only for



**She did not, in real life, look at all like that woman of the screen. People never recognized her on the street**

a few days, and that was little enough to ask. Besides, Elsie did not have to go back East with her if she did not want to.

She said that now, but Mr. Keady said no, Damaris must not go alone. Was she insane? And one of the men must go with her—Bill or Evans.

"No, not Evans," said Janice firmly. "I will not have publicity. That's the whole point."

"No publicity!" groaned Evans again. He looked at her in despair. In his opinion nothing but misery could come from a week or so in a hospital which had not been purified by cameramen and a few close-ups. "I'm not a narrow-minded man," he declared. "I quite appreciate that a woman has to have an appendix out occasionally. But no publicity!"

"You will stay here," said Bill, and people did what Bill said as a rule. "Elsie and I are going with Janice. She's going into some hospital under any name she likes. She'll go into a public ward if she wants to." He smiled at Janice "All right, Janice, we'll take you back East, where there are honest folk. Where there are men of note whose every note rings true." For Bill understood Janice. He knew how she felt about Hollywood. It was his idea that you could be yourself, could live the good life, even in Hollywood, but he was not one to force his ideas on others. Live and learn was Bill's motto. If his heart ached now you would not know it. If he knew that this was something out of the common and that Janice might never return, he did not show it. He simply stood there and remained rock-still among all the agitation and the impatience.

AND that was how he was when the trip East was over and Janice was in the New York City hospital and the operation had been performed and she was convalescent. It was all as Janice had planned and even Elsie, through the first days, was at peace. It was only after Janice was able to sit up again, receiving no especial attention, not being feted and courted, that Elsie grew sullen.

"Perfectly silly!" she said restlessly. "Why when you rang your bell it took that nurse a good five minutes to get here!"

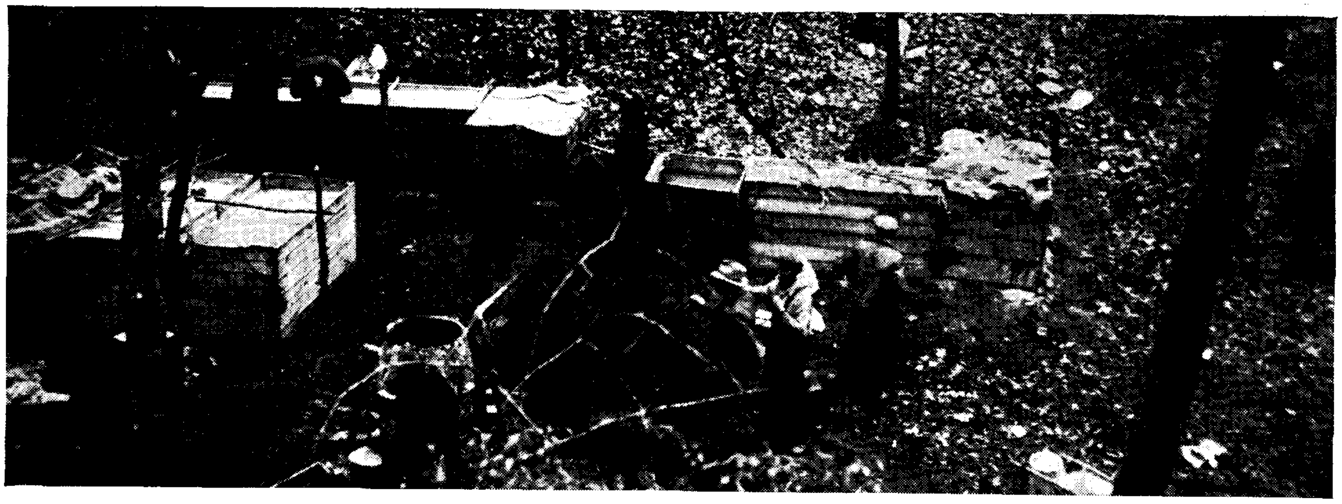
"What of it?" Janice said imperturbably. "I was in no hurry."

"And the way that supervisor looks at me," said Elsie. "You'd think we were nobody. She treats me as if I were something brought in here by mistake."

"We'll be back in Hollywood soon," said Janice, for by now she knew that she would return. What else was there to do? "Then it will all be the same, Elsie." She held out her hand to her sister. "I'm loving this so, Elsie. Please be patient!"

It seemed so simple to Janice. But it wasn't simple to Elsie. She couldn't return to this simple life. She wanted to see the nurses being impressed, feeling herself such a wonder. It cut her vanity

*(Continued on page 50)*



A typical North Carolina moonshiner's setup, well hidden in the hills forty miles from a paved road

# Popskull Preferred

## By Cameron Shipp

**Prohibition lingers on in North Carolina. So does the rumrunner, so does the moonshiner. Their product, popskull, is nauseating to drink, devastating in its immediate effect and murderous in its after-effect. But a Charlotte bootlegger will promise to sell ten automobile loads of popskull between now and tomorrow night. Mr. Shipp, with a gallon of sugarhead from the still described below, gives you a firsthand story of the manufacture, sale and consequences of corn likker**

YOU'D expect any reasonably intelligent man to take foot in hand and light out through the brush when moonshiners' rifles begin to blurt from thickets no more'n two whoops and a holler away. I'll admit that those shots, and the ker-whang and whine of more rifle fire up the valley, were not comforting but I didn't run. The reason I didn't was because I knew, just as well as I knew how mountain popskull will corrugate your gullet and give you a pile-driver headache, that gaudy tales of moonshine sharpshooting are just so much atmospheric legend.

No, the 'shiners won't shoot you, not even if you walk right onto their still, as we did. It's true that we were expected, after wangling an invitation. But modern moonshining in North Carolina, with its highly organized system of rum-running across our intrastate speedways, isn't what it used to be when the mountain boys and the revenuers fit, bled and died in the coves of the Blue Ridges.

For the benefit of such pious readers of Collier's as ought to know about it, I had plowed and crept over clay roads and then walked five miles across laureled foothills in the South Mountains of Burke County to see a big moonshine still in operation. This was forty miles from a paved road. I wanted to know precisely how the stuff was concocted, how it was peddled, and what kind of men made it. I already knew—from anguish following fierce and then stunning joy—what moonshine tasted like and how to consume it.

The rifle shots were signals. Outposts warned the manufacturers that strangers were approaching. The warning was not for battle, but to give the boys at the still a chance to grab five-gallon cans of corn and fade through the brush if necessary. That's the system: when Uncle Sam's Alcohol Tax Unit officers appear, the moonshiners desert the still, which isn't worth much, and run rather than risk capture and a long term in Atlanta. There hasn't been a shot fired at a federal man that I can recall these many years.

That's true in spite of the fact that moonshining has grown into a major North Carolina industry, and will probably continue to grow now that the General Assembly has made it legal to tote your peartnin' through the street without qualm.

Moonshining didn't originate in the Southern highlands, or even in this country. It started in Ireland more than 200 years ago, in the savage mountains and glens of Connemara. Dwellers in the peat huts had no loyalty to the central government, and they mortally despised the excise man. And then came the Scotch highlanders to northern Ireland to replace the Hibernians James I had dispossessed. They were even fiercer in their distaste for paying taxes to England, and they did crave their doch-an-dorrach. They learned to make poteen in little stills, and with a tradition of hiding out from British officials, they taught the Irish some new tricks in beating the tax. By and by, these Scotch-Irish fell out entirely with England and moved to America, settling for the most part in western Pennsylvania. They fought in the Revolution, and then moved southward to Kentucky and the Carolinas—and some went on to the conquest of the great Southwest. Those that remained here became the forefathers of that gaunt, taciturn and dramatic race of men we call the mountain whites. And as you see, they came honestly by the habit of moonshining.

More than that, whisky was the only cash product they had. They couldn't haul bulk corn to market because the hills were too steep and the precarious mountain roads too high and too muddy. They simply couldn't compete that way with the inhabitants of the eastern side of the mountain, who had no trouble trundling their crops to market. So they made corn whisky, which a stout man could h'ist on his shoulders and take where he pleased.

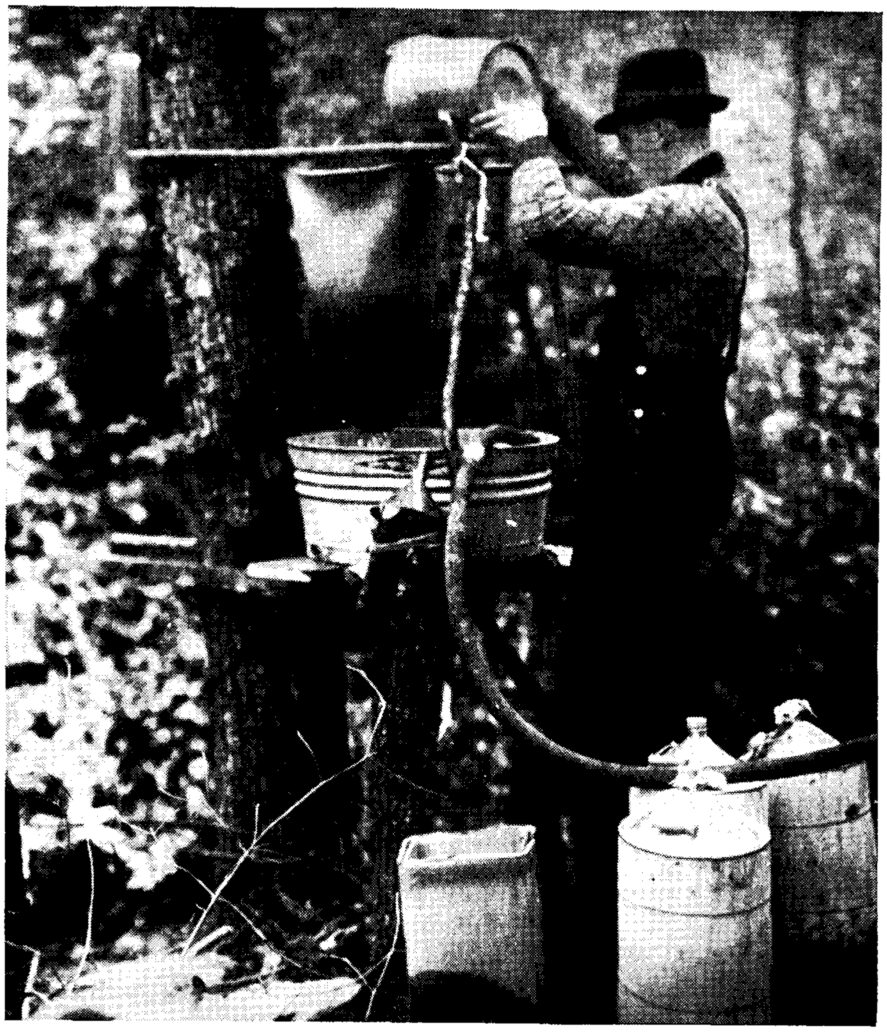
They were willing to pay what they considered a reasonable tax, back there in 1791, but when the excise went to $1.50 a gallon for corn whisky that cost less than twenty-five cents to produce, they revolted. And they've been revolting ever since, for exactly the same reason, plus four bits. The tax today is $2.

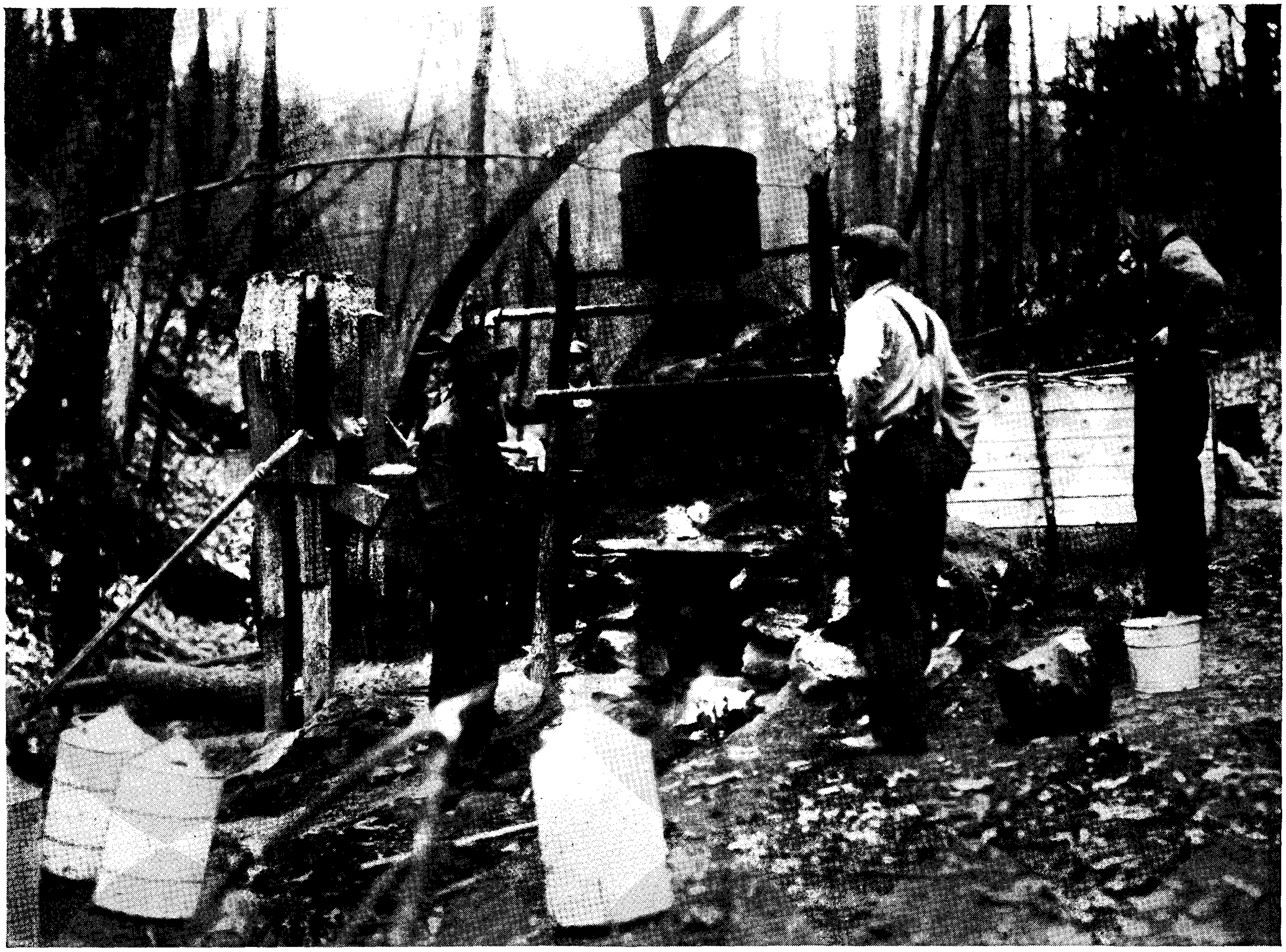
The only real difference now is that the corn whisky is all sugarhead—popskull—likely to give you the gee whillikers, and the warfare is not only between revenuers and 'shiners, but between revenuers and rumrunners.

### Business as Usual

Now we'll look at the still. My guide led me up the bank of the small stream, clear-running with icy mountain water. We crashed through a screen of laurels, and there, red-hot and smoking, was a 150-gallon steam outfit, and a limpid trickle of whisky curling out of the worm. Eight moonshiners' boys, run-of-the-hill mountaineers in overalls and leather jackets, were tending fire, stirring mash in some of the twelve 400-gallon boxes, and fetching water from the branch. They'd recognized my guide long before and went on with their work as usual.

It was only when I set up a camera to snap the still that they became curious and dangerously—to them—co-operative. Every last one of those boys risked





**Above: The steam still in operation. Live steam generated in the boiler above the crude firebox is piped through two barrels containing mash previously fermented in the large, metal-lined boxes at the rear. After passing through a barrel of cold water, the distillate, after straining (see lower picture, opposite page), is ready for the distributor**

recognition and possible arrest because he wanted his picture taken. Most of them had never seen a camera before.

There are two ways to make corn: in a copper still with the condensing worm directly attached, or by steam. This was by steam, a complicated-looking Rube Goldbergian mechanism, but really simple. They'd built a mud and stone furnace on which sat a crude 150-gallon boiler. A heavy pipe carrying live steam ran from this to three stout barrels, which contained mash. These barrels were connected by pipes, and from the last one the copper worm was whorled through a barrel of running cold water, sluiced from the branch. From the end of the worm tepid whisky trickled into a large jug. As simple as that.

Behind the still were the mash bins, containing the "beer," which had been working for three days. This stuff, when sucked with a lung-straining effort through a rubber siphon, is warm and sweet, like real beer mixed with cider. It's almost as intoxicating as whisky, and preferred by many stout-stomached consumers.

Three-fourths corn meal, one-fourth barley malt and one-fourth wheat bran makes good, sweet mash for first-rate corn whisky. Diluted in hot water, like soup, and allowed to ferment for three or four days, this simple mixture can be cooked and its steam condensed into whisky. But this requires time and care. The moonshiner uses granulated cane sugar instead of bran, speeding his fermentation and increasing his alcohol. He uses the same mash over and over again, adding sugar, and the result is popskull.

### Liquid Dynamite

Distilled in filth and haste, the liquor is filmed with fusel oil, and the proof is extraordinarily high. In the final product, eighty to ninety proof is not exceptional, government chemists have found, but when the stuff trickles from the worm it often runs close to pure alcohol. It's the multiple runs that make the fusel oil, a colorless, poisonous liquid which is a constituent of the residue after distillation of grain or ethyl alcohol. Fusel oil is a fine solvent for resin and lacquer, but tough on a tummy.

The moonshiners had started their fire at 4 A. M., so that by daylight no betraying wisps of smoke curled from the furnace. They fed it with green wood sawed by hand. They used a saw because the sharp echoes of an ax are a dead giveaway.

"Hit's the only way we'uns up here can make a livin'," the head man explained to me. "We peddle to a rumrunner who stops his truck at night down on the road, and he gives us six bucks for five gallons.

" 'Tain't much, but you can see a man can't make no crop in this here neck of the woods."

It was true enough. The land was poor, and this was forty miles from a paved highway. Most of the nearby small farms were mere patches, like worn places where they'd been scratched out of the carpet of the mountain forests.

"We've been here, off an' on, for two months," he told me. "Iffen we don't get cut down afore three days, we'll make more'n 600 gallons an' close shop for a spell.

"Hell, yes, I been cut down a thousand times, I reckon, but I ain't never been ketched. Us boys can all haul bottom acrost them mountings totin' two five-gallon cans apiece on our shoulders."

This liquor they were making was sugarhead. My friends were too ethical to use manure or lye, which gets an even quicker effect, but it's common practice to jazz up the mash with these pollutions, and if the 'shiner doesn't, the rumrunner probably will. He also adds aspirin or veronal when he cuts the whisky and increases its bulk with 50 per cent of water before selling it in the city hotels and pool halls.

From personal and regretful experience, I believe that finding an honest drop of corn whisky in North Carolina today is almost impossible. It's all been cut and doctored before it reaches retail channels.

### You Can't Improve Corn

If by a miracle you do happen to get some honest corn liquor, made without sugar or lye, you have a beverage that closely approximates Bourbon and you may use it in drinks just as you would that whisky. But the chances are that you will never encounter "real" corn likker, even when your host draws it proudly from a charred oaken keg.

That keg business brings up another misunderstanding about this state's most famous product. Aging in barrels is merely a waste of time and often of whisky. If your corn is good in the first place, has been strained through wool and charcoal to remove possible impurities and traces of oil, keeping it in a keg will do nothing in the world for it except give it a slightly yellow color. It may ruin it by imparting a pungent taste of oak.

If your corn is bad, there's nothing to do about it save drink it the best way you can. And I mean straight. Any flavored mixer you may use, especially if it is sweet, will curdle your drink into a nauseating, unswallowable poison.

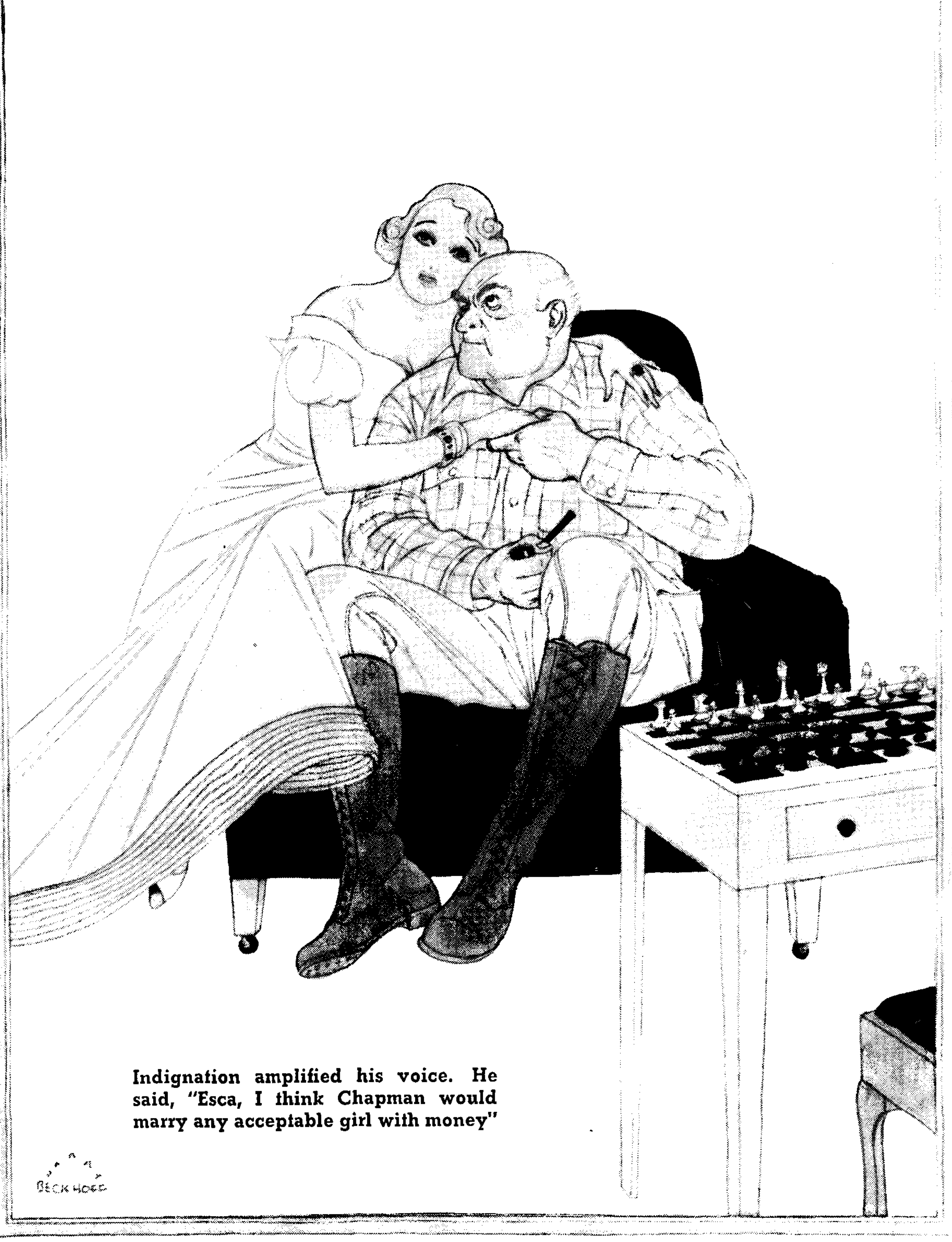
*(Continued on page 80)*

# FIELD TRIAL

## By Vereen McNeill Bell

**A story that has a lot of wisdom and a lot of charm—for people who appreciate honesty in a dog as well as in a man**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Indignation amplified his voice. He said, "Esca, I think Chapman would marry any acceptable girl with money"

THE room was very quiet. The only sound was the occasional creaking of leather whenever old Burns McGregor shifted his great body in the big black chair.

The wood fire in the fireplace had almost burned itself out. The lonesome shadows, closing in, seemed about to smother the little glow that was left.

Burns crossed his legs and stared at his boots—he still had on his hunting clothes—and tried to remember when in all his sixty-five years he'd been so miserable.

Esca, his daughter, was at the country-club supper with Kelly Chapman, whom Burns half liked and wholly distrusted. That, ordinarily, would make him at least uncomfortable.

But he was more than uncomfortable tonight, and the cause of it was his friend of forty years, Charley Flint.

Somewhere within its waxed maple case the electric clock chimed. Twelve o'clock. Burns looked at the table across the room. The chessboard was there with the men all placed, just as the servant, not knowing anything had happened, had prepared it after dinner. Beside one of the chairs was the old smoking stand that Charley liked. But there were no ashes in it tonight.

Burns went over the whole episode again. Bojay had pointed. Charley Flint had said, "Your shot." Burns had walked in. The bird got up, flying low. Burns found it along the over barrel of his gun. Now that he thought of it, there was a faint recollection of Bojay somewhere in that picture—Bojay, who should have been back there stanch on his point. Then the detonation, and Bojay writhing in the brush with three tiny punctures in his neck just beginning to fill.

Within a minute, of course, the dog was up, eager to be hunting again. But during that minute they hadn't known he'd ever get up again, and the antagonism that had been growing for weeks reached its zenith. Recognizing the bitter silence with which Flint watched the dog handler examine the dog, Burns guessed then that he and Flint would never be friends again.

Always known as a fair man, Burns tried now to find that somehow he was to blame. He *was* a poor shot. But Bojay had broken on the flush.

Even as he tried to reason it all out, Burns knew that the shooting of Corduroy Bojay was only an incident that had crystallized the steadily growing unfriendliness.

The clock sounded again. Burns got up and put a piece of pine wood on the fire.

He heard the click of a door. Voices came nearer as Esca and Kelly Chapman approached by way of the four living rooms of varying degrees of formality that separated the entrance hall from the library.

They came in and talked to him while revolving in front of the awakening fire. Kelly's right palm was swathed with white.

"What's that bandage on your hand?" Burns asked Kelly.

"I got bit," Kelly answered.

"Bit?" exclaimed Burns, startled. "By whom?"

Esca said, "His dog, Jake, bit him."

"Some day that old badger's going to bite me once too often," Kelly said mildly.

"I'd think once would be too often," Burns suggested.

"Didn't you ever hear about the time Jake bit a man uptown?" Esca asked smiling. "The police had Kelly shut him up to watch for symptoms, but Kelly said if the so-and-so were rabid, then he was too, because Jake had bitten him a half-dozen times."

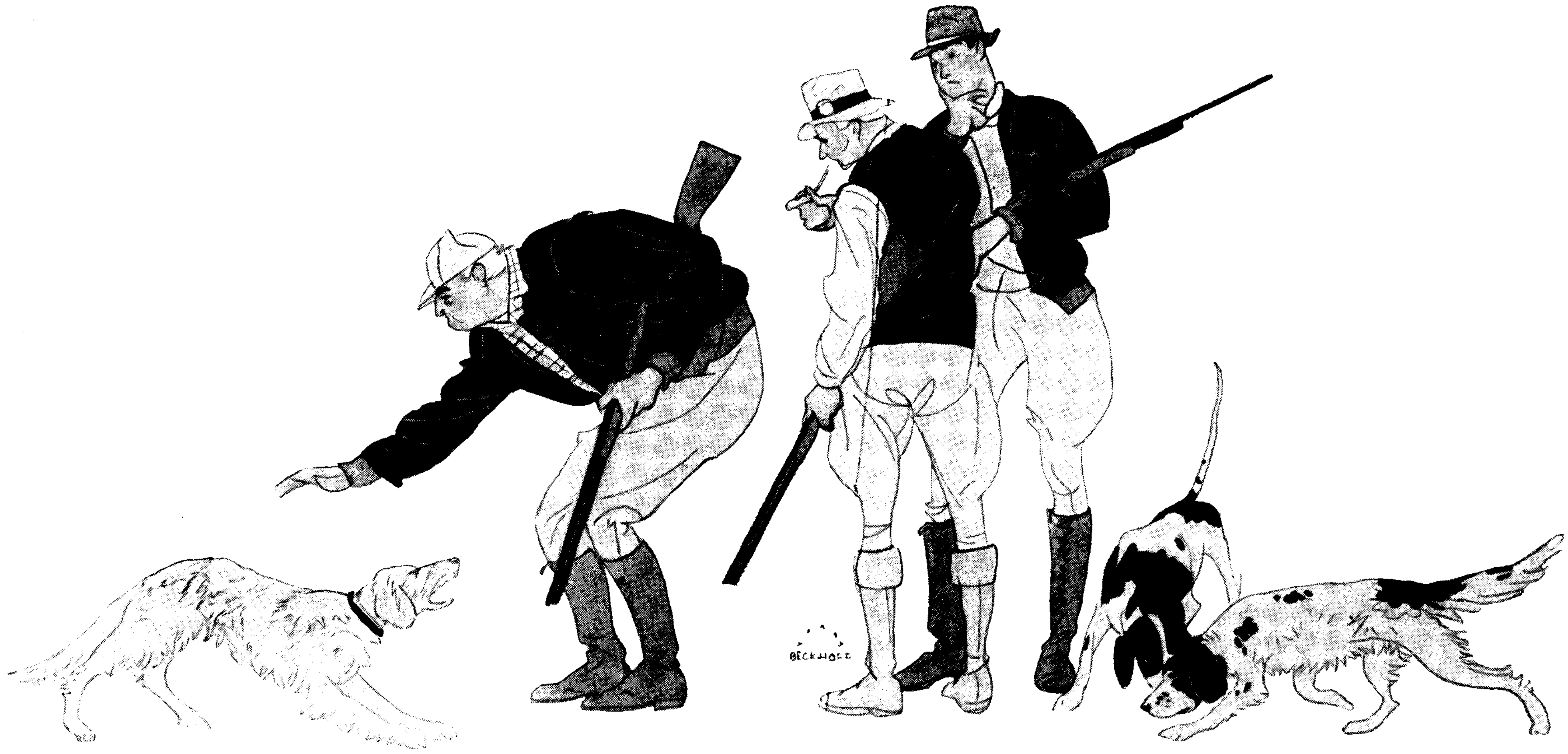
"I don't see why you keep a dog like that," Burns told Kelly.

"I don't either," Kelly answered. "The old son of a gun."

WHEN Kelly made another revolution in front of the fire, Burns began subjecting him to the cold analysis of a watchful parent. Kelly was built like an oarsman, long-muscled and rangy. He was brown-haired, easygoing, and almost handsome.

If what one heard were true, he was inclined to be versatile. They said that he was a crack bird shot, and that he played near-par golf. He was supposed even to have delivered a baby once. Out hunting, he had heard groans coming from a cabin, and found inside a woman in labor. Her husband had gone for the doctor, but there wasn't time to wait. So Kelly had delivered the child. The fellow, they said, could do anything.

Anything, that is, but work for a living. Kelly's livelihood was in writing outdoor magazine articles. That couldn't be called work, thought Burns, who before coming to Georgia had been a most energetic



**Burns reached out to stroke the dog's head. Immediately Jake's good humor vanished**

automobile manufacturer. He could see nothing, in fact, which proved that Kelly wasn't a fortune hunter. And still, money was far from Esca's only attraction.

Burns gazed upon her red-gold hair and straight teeth and chorus-girl figure. She was the type her mother had been. Nothing at all like himself; fortunately, for he was a great tenpin of a man, with huge shoulders, a size-eight head that was almost bald, and long, thin, big-boned legs. Undoubtedly Esca was lovely. Kelly might honestly love her. But there *were* other possibilities, and they had to be faced.

When Kelly had gone, Esca came back into the library. Burns saw something in her eyes that had never been there before.

"What's happened to you?" he asked immediately.

Esca's smile was slightly tremulous. "I guess I might as well get it over with. I'm in love."

"Chapman?"

"Yes."

Burns said, "Is it one of the reciprocal things, or the other kind?"

"He loves me."

"Talks marriage?"

"Yes."

BURNS lifted his big, top-heavy body from the chair and walked to the window. Outside, the night was opaque and a little ominous. Burns thought: Am I right about Chapman, or wrong? I may be wrong. But if I'm right, my daughter's in danger of ruining her life. Which would hurt her least—to lose a man she loves, or to marry a man who doesn't honestly love her?

Esca came to him determinedly. "Say something. I've got to know what you think."

Burns couldn't hold in any longer. His massive head came up, and indignation amplified his voice. "Esca, I think Chapman would marry any acceptable girl with money!"

For a moment they looked at each other. Esca's eyes filled, but no tears overflowed. Burns realized then that she had never been sure about Chapman's sincerity herself. He felt very sorry for his daughter.

"I guess I could be wrong," he said gently.

"I wish I had some way of knowing that you are," Esca answered. She paused at the door. "Do I see him any more?"

"That's up to you," Burns said.

He put the chessboard and men away, and turned out the lamps. For a few minutes he stood there, staring into the flickering fire. Then he turned and slowly walked out to go to bed.

Charley Flint and Burns McGregor had often been pointed out as friends that would never part.

Burns had a sort of protective attitude toward Flint, like an older brother's. When they were vacationing together, Burns always insisted on doing the dirty work, and at parties he kept the servants hopping attendance to Flint. His attitude might have been due to the fact that Flint was only a normal-sized man, while he was a hulking fellow. Too, Flint had a couple of minor disorders. He was almost deaf in one ear, and when he was angry he stammered.

But no one could take better care of himself than the wiry, snow-haired Charley Flint. He had much of the physical vigor that had been with him in his Princeton days when he played what they called football then. As for his stammering, it was rarely heard. Rather than stammer, Flint would clamp his jaw in angry silence. He never had been a jocular man. When he shut up tight it was time to think back and see what you'd said.

Charley Flint's retirement from his publishing business had been voluntary. Burns, though, had retired on doctor's orders. He came to south Georgia one winter and stayed at Flint's winter home. Flint tried to interest him in hunting, but he never really got a kick out of the sport until one day a setter pup somebody had given him pointed his first covey of birds. That did it. From that proud moment on, Burns McGregor was a bird-dog man too.

Within a month, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, he had bought an estate which included a lovely, rambling white house of some thirty-odd rooms, and stables, laundry, kennels, a bonnet-bordered lake for ducks and bass, and ten thousand acres of Grade-A quail land. When the setter puppy died of distemper, Burns started looking around to replace him, and ended up by acquiring a string of fifteen high-class pointers and setters led by Beau Dupree's Iamonia Willie who, they told him, was as good a dog as Flint's famous young pointer, Corduroy Bojay.

Both men thought there was something poetic about their love of bird dogs and hunting. Now, in the afternoon of their lives they would reach the ultimate in companionship. But somehow it hadn't worked out that way.

They hadn't reckoned on the strange alchemy that takes place in a man's blood when he becomes a bird-dog owner, making him, where dogs are concerned, proud and prejudiced, and unreasonable beyond any understanding.

Within two weeks Burns admitted to himself that the afternoons he enjoyed most were the ones in which his expensive Llewellin outhunted Flint's pointer, and that he felt a fiendish pleasure every time Flint's dog made a mistake—which wasn't too often.

The two dogs were evenly matched. Bojay was a young dog. His virtues were speed and boldness. His slight unsteadiness and his tendency sometimes to false-point were young-dog faults; he'd outgrow them. Willie was a hard-working veteran; his experience made up for the extra bit of range that Bojay had over him. Willie would rarely make the error Bojay did that Monday afternoon, for instance.

The dog handler had come pounding down the woods road, waving his hat. "Point!" he shouted. "Bojay's got 'em near that rail fence by the benne field."

The two hunters spurred their horses. Presently they saw the big, keg-chested pointer frozen in his best picture-book point. Fifty yards behind him the point was being stylishly honored by Willie. A sight to make any sportsman's pulse rise.

The hunters took their fifteen-hundred-dollar overunders from the saddle scabbards and dismounted. But there weren't any birds. When they walked in for the covey flush a rabbit scuttled out.

Burns grinned. Flint saw him, his jaw muscles tightened, and he very conspicuously said nothing.

When Bojay pointed again thirty minutes later, Burns muttered, "I hope he's got birds this time."

Charley's lips moved twice before any sound came. "Don't worry. He has," he said coldly.

He did have. In fact, the rabbit point was the only mistake Bojay made that day. And he found six coveys of birds to the blue-ticked setter's three.

"Willie must not have been feeling right today," Burns conjectured, when their tired horses trotted through the purple dusk to the kennel house.

"They all have off days," Flint agreed, a little too magnanimously. "Then, too, Willie's not as young as he used to be."

"Why, he's just six years old—in his prime."

"I prefer a younger dog," Charley said calmly. "How about chess tonight?"

AS THE days passed, slurs like that began to be taken as deliberate insults. Antagonism seemed ever to lie close, appearing with increasing frequency.

Then came a dusk in which they returned from their hunting no longer friends. Twenty minutes before, Burns had accidentally shot Flint's dog.

At the kennel house they dismounted. Burns started to lift Bojay into the back of Flint's car, but Flint stepped quickly forward.

"I'll put him in," he said.

"Of course," Burns said. He turned away, then faced the car again. He'd make one more attempt at friendliness: "Coming over tonight?"

Flint didn't answer. Jaws clamped, he drove off.

Burns stood there for a moment, his finger tips twitching. Then he turned and stamped angrily into the kennel house.

The days that followed were bad. Occasionally Burns saw Charley Flint in town. They would murmur overpolite "hellos" and pass on. But the nights, of course were worse. For one thing, there was no chess. Nobody seemed to play chess nowadays.

Esca stayed home more than usual, and tried to pretend that she wasn't unhappy, but she was no actress. They weren't much comfort to each other.

Burns didn't see Kelly Chapman until the morning he and Esca went to the hunting lodge of Harry Ledyard, a Georgian friend, for trapshooting. Charley Flint was in the crowd, too, but so were a lot of people.

When they saw Kelly Chapman go to the station to shoot, Burns asked Esca, "Have you told him yet?"

Esca shook her head slightly. "I asked him to give me two weeks to decide. The two weeks are up tomorrow."

Kelly had begun shooting. Burns watched a moment. "It's going to be— My lord, he hasn't missed one! I think I'll go over and watch this!"

Esca and Burns separated. Later they met at a spot that was precisely, they discovered, in the path of Kelly Chapman and Charley Flint, who were on their way to the lodge for cocktails. Burns was still so awed by Kelly's shooting that he failed to realize that the meeting created something of a situation.

Kelly looked at Esca and said soberly, "Tomorrow."

"Yes," Esca answered.

"Young man," blurted Burns in honest admiration, "that was splendid shooting. I'd give a lot to be able to equal it."

"Would you?" Kelly said. "I'm going out with Mr. Flint this afternoon to see if we can't get the kinks out of his shootin'. Why don't you come along?"

Because of Esca, Burns knew it wouldn't be wise. "Thanks, I'm afraid I can't. You see—" At that moment he caught Flint's cold smile. Burns thought: The old fool thinks it's because of him that I'm not going! He said, "Well—why not? I *will* go along. It's nice of you, Chapman."

"My kennels, at two," Flint informed him stiffly.

THE hunting wagon was ready to go when Kelly arrived at Flint's kennel. Burns and Charley sat on the kennel-house porch, smoking and talking about the weather with forced cordiality.

Kelly opened the rumble seat of his little old car, and a faded-looking yellow-and-white setter stood up in the seat, yawned nervously, and jumped out. He was far from a handsome dog. For a setter, his head was too blocky, and his chest was too short and round, and his tail had a slight upturn that suggested indifferent ancestry.

Burns and Charley both leaned forward in amazement.

"What is that?" Charley asked.

Kelly said, "That's my dog Jake. Don't try to pet him."

Jake, making a stiff-legged sniffing tour around the kennel, was causing excitement from the twenty-odd dogs behind the fence. But beyond curling his tail even farther over his back and lifting his thin neck feathers, he paid no attention to the clamor.

Kelly opened the door of the hunting-wagon dog cage, where Willie and Bojay whined eagerly, and called Jake. Jake trotted over, lifted his lip in a soundless snarl at Kelly, and jumped into the open door.

"Meanest bird dog I ever saw," Kelly said, shutting the door.

He needn't have said it, because immediately Jake tangled with Willie in a whirling mass of dog flesh and white teeth, with Bojay backed up in a corner taking bites at whichever one exposed anything.

"Stop 'em!" Burns shouted with his boulder-like jaw outthrust.

Kelly was trying to stop them. "*You*, Jake! Down, sir! *Down!*" The fighting slowed, and Jake managed to lie down. Willie was glad enough to have it over.

"You'll have to git that dog outa there, Mr. Chapman," Collins, the dog handler, said. "Reach in and grab him."

"You reach in and grab him," Kelly said. Collins backed hastily away. Jake lay on his belly, licking his mouth, watching Kelly, and emitting little growling grunts. "Just for that," Kelly told the dog, "you'll walk. Come out of there."

Jake came out. A few minutes afterwards, when the wagon and horses started, he followed at heel, occasionally giving longing glances toward the piny woods on either side.

"He's a grouchy hound," Burns said.

Kelly agreed. "He hates everybody. Including me. Reckon I should've shot him long ago, the damned old fool."

Burns and Charley looked at each other significantly, their hostility set aside long enough mutually to acknowledge an undesirable situation. Some hunt *this* was going to be.

The dogs were put down. Willie and Bojay hit the ground running, and bolted straight ahead until they were out of sight over a roll of land. Jake made a wide cast to the right.

Afield, Jake looked a good deal more like a bird dog. His stride was smooth and fast. His tail straightened and whipped in rhythmic circles. And he seemed actually to be halfway friendly.

Jake located the first covey. They found him couchant, belly to the ground, in a thatch of bull grass.

"What's he doing?" Charley asked.

"He's just pointing," Kelly answered.

KELLY gave them some hints on wing shooting. During the three minutes of the discourse, Jake didn't move.

They walked in for the flush. There was the thunder of the covey rise. Burns picked out a circling quail, fired, and was properly pleased to see the bird tumble.

Flint had missed. Kelly, in order to watch the shots, hadn't fired.

Jake went into the pine saplings and pounced upon Burns' fluttering bird. When he retrieved it, Burns, on a strange impulse, reached out to stroke the dog's blocky head. Immediately Jake's good humor vanished. He drew his head back and snarled viciously.

"Don't pet him," Kelly said.

"Yes," answered Burns. "I see."

THEY moved on and Kelly called Jake in close to hunt the singles. Quartering conscientiously, with his tail-tip whipping those continuous circles, Jake suddenly pivoted, read the wind for a split second, and stopped. In a half-sitting position, he pointed.

Flint said: "He'd never get to first base in a field trial."

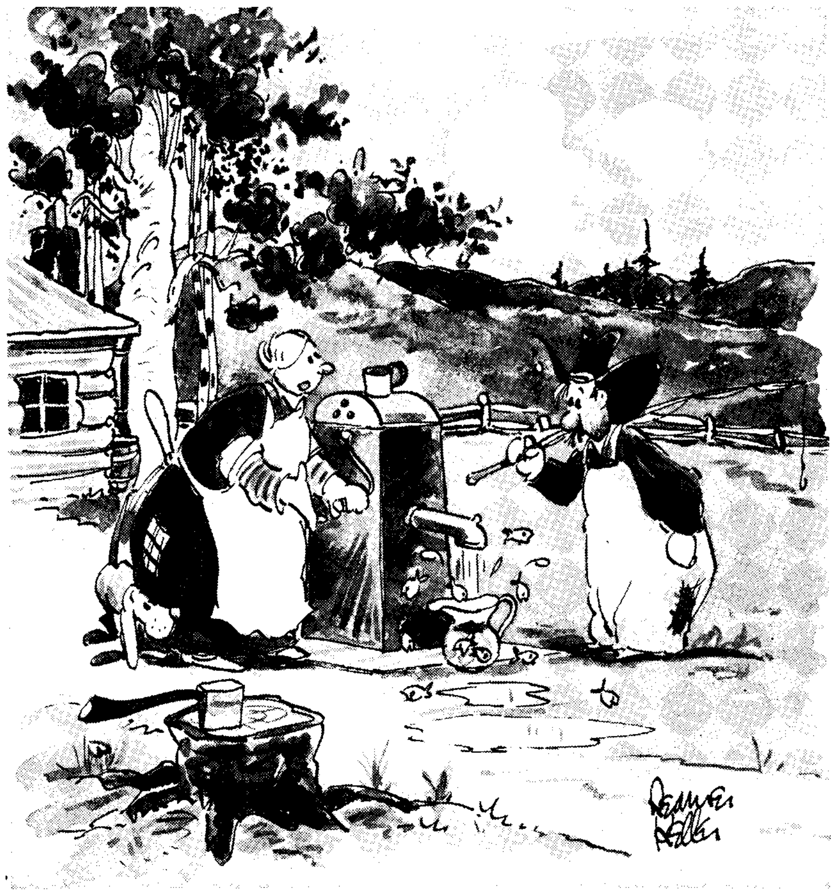
"That's right," Kelly said.

Not long after Jake had finished methodically pinning down the scattered singles, Collins came riding hard through the woods.

"Willie's got a covey over by the lake!" he called.

"Now," Burns thought proudly, as they lifted their horses to a gallop, "we'll see a real bird dog work."

But when they had followed the winding road around a grassy hill roll, the Negro wagon driver reined in the mules and motioned to them.



"Just look at that, Kennesaw! Ain't there someplace else you can keep your live bait besides the cistern?"

REAMER KELLER

"That old yellah dog's got birds agin," he said, grinning. "See 'im layin' yondah in that broom sage?"

They took only the covey rise shot so they could hurry to the other point. But when they got to Willie something had happened to the birds. When the hunters walked in for the flush, nothing happened; and Willie began to move his head slowly and look around.

"The birds ran," Kelly guessed. "He'll relocate 'em though. Go ahead, Willie."

Willie circled through the brush anxiously. Bojay and Jake came in and began quartering. But the birds seemed to have disappeared.

Then the Negro chuckled: "Yonder he goes agin, a-pointin'. That Jake dog foun' 'em."

The other dogs saw Jake and honored. He had unraveled the vagrant scent and located the birds not a hundred yards from Willie's original point.

The dogs were all working nicely. Willie and Bojay had a tendency to range in the same directions, as if they didn't share the hostility of their owners, but Jake, ever independent, worked alone.

Jake was a hunting fool, and there was no longer any denying it. He began increasing his covey finds. To Burns it seemed that Bojay and Willie couldn't find birds themselves because they spent most of their time honoring Jake's crazy and invariably accurate points.

Burns and Charley were no longer listening to Kelly's tips on shooting. They were too engrossed in watching his dog.

Jake would range out of sight for awhile, then circle in to get the hunters relocated and veer away again with that smooth setter stride. If he didn't appear for fifteen minutes it was time to go look for him. The chances were that they'd find him crouching in a sassafras thicket, or sitting near a cornfield corner so rigidly immobile that he might be dead, except that no dog would pick out such an uncomfortable position to die in. He pointed sitting, standing, crouching, and some other ways words for which haven't been invented; but the points all were alike in one respect—they all meant birds.

Jake didn't seem to be putting on any Sunday performance—his attitude was that of a dog doing his job and thinking nothing of it. Only once did he approach the spectacular. Charley Flint shot a bird that fell on the other side of a gully. Retrieving the bird, Jake slid down the steep side of the ditch. Almost to the bottom he stopped. Practically standing on his head, a dead bird in his mouth, Jake did a surprising thing. He pointed.

Everybody stood transfixed. A lump of clay dislodged by Jake's foot rolled into the brush at the foot of the gully. Immediately a cock quail drummed straight up, leveled off, and volplaned to the woods, and not a gun was raised to shoot.

An inexorable conviction came over Burns. He wanted that dog, and he was going to have him.

"Come on," Kelly called. "That old ham-head is crawling through the bushes like he's hasselin' a bird again."

AFTER dinner that night Burns was nervous and impatient. He paced the floor and smoked Esca's brand of cigarettes, which he disliked, without noticing it. Finally he said to Esca:

"I'm running into town to see Kelly Chapman about a dog. Want to drive me? I'll be only a minute. You can wait outside."

They wore overcoats and went in the long black open car. Esca drove fast through the cold, fragrant, white-shadowed night.

Kelly's house was on the edge of town. Esca brought the car to a velvety stop and turned off the lights. Burns got out and crossed the lawn. Jake lay in the middle of the porch.

"Hello," Burns said. Jake growled.

Burns detoured around him and knocked on the door.

Kelly was surprised to see him. He led him into the living room, where a card table held a ramshackle typewriter and what seemed to be reams of scattered paper.

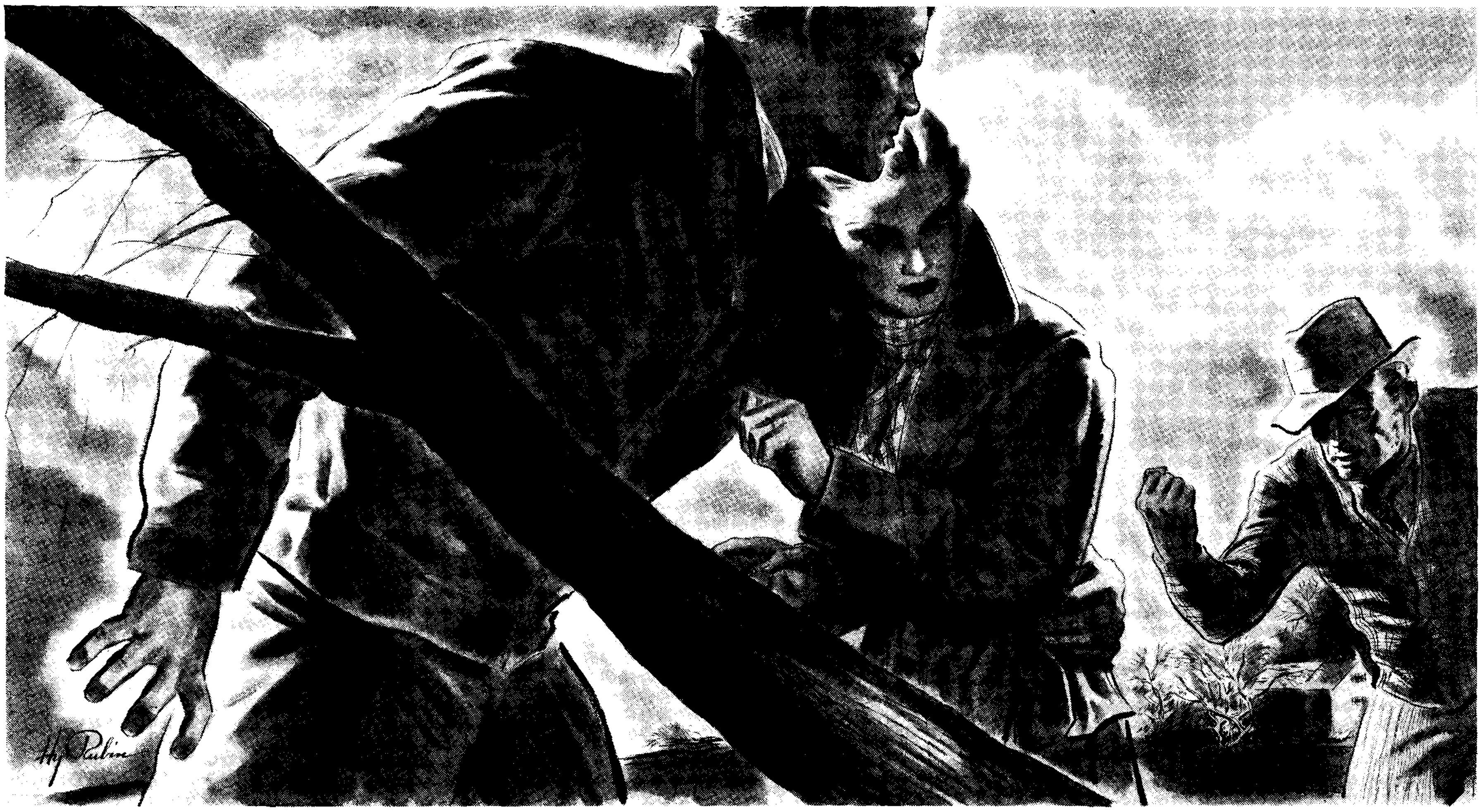
Burns didn't sit down or take off his overcoat. He stood in front of the fire, and said:

"Chapman, I won't waste words. I'd like to buy that dog out on the porch. How much?"

Kelly said, "I don't guess the old fool is for sale, Mr. McGregor."

Burns forgot his bartering instincts. "Chapman, I'll give you two hundred dollars for Jake."

*(Continued on page 82)*



He was walking with Jennie one evening when Coombs stepped from behind a tree in front of them

# WRITTEN IN WATER

## By Burnham Carter

SAM COOMBS was known to be a mean man, and people were sorry for Jennie, his wife. She was much younger than he, and pretty, in a thin, frightened way. In the summer they lived alone on Port's Island, which consisted of ten acres of flat grassland lying in the Connecticut River.

Sam took care of the sheep which a wealthy stockbreeder pastured there during the summer months, and except for the few occasions when he rowed Jennie to the village, she never saw anyone from April to November. In the winter they moved to a small frame house in the village, but that wasn't much better: Sam had nothing to do there, and he sprawled around the house, drinking cheap whisky and getting ugly whenever he had too much. More than once Jennie had come over to old Mrs. Murphy's house, asking to spend the night and begging Mrs. Murphy not to tell the neighbors; and that was the way Robert Murphy, the son, came to know her. He didn't see her very often because there wasn't any way a young man could call on a married woman in the small town without causing a lot of gossip; but on his way home from the factory he would meet her occasionally, coming back from the store, and they would talk.

Sometimes he would get so angry at the way Sam Coombs treated her that he would storm into the house and say to his mother: "She ought to leave him. She oughtn't to have to live like that."

"And where would she be going?" his mother would say, looking at him thoughtfully. "No, son, women can bear a heap of trouble. And you shouldn't be seen talking to her too much. Sam Coombs can be a mean man."

Robert was walking back with Jennie one evening when Coombs stepped from behind a tree in front of them.

"I been getting some bread, Sam," Jennie said.

"You been walking with this mick," Sam shouted.

"I met her on the way home, that's all," Robert said.

"Keep out of this," Coombs said, coming up close and shoving him back.

"You're drunk," Robert said steadily.

Sam struck at him without warning—a glancing blow on the cheek. The blood flamed into Robert's face, and his fists swung forward; but he heard Jennie's appealing cry, and stopped, with an effort. It would only make trouble for her. He turned aside and walked away.

She slipped out the next morning to meet him and tell him she was sorry.

"It's nothing," Robert said, "what he did to me. It's what he does to you." He burst out desperately. "I love you, Jennie. If you'll leave him, I'd like to marry you."

She put her hand on his arm, her eyes filling with tears; and then ran back to her house. When you were poor, you couldn't pay for a divorce, and anyway, the village people would whisper about you for the rest of your days.

So that was the way it was, and life was as barren and miserable as the last raw days of March before there was any sign of spring.

The snows had been deep that year, and rain came with the first thaw. The waters were high in the river. It was a flood year, people said. The river was over the water front in Hartford and a foot deep on some of the streets. Sam Coombs pulled himself out of a hang-over and rented a motor launch at his employer's expense to take some of the tools and equipment off Port's Island. He went out in the morning, saying he would spend the night. But at 3 o'clock that afternoon the radio carried an emergency broadcast, saying the river was rising a foot an hour.

"Somebody better tell Coombs," Robert muttered.

"Yes," said Mrs. Murphy, sewing steadily.

"I'll row out there," Robert said. "You better tell Jennie in case she gets worried."

The river didn't look so bad as he dragged the rowboat down the bank. It wasn't until he started rowing that he became aware of the menacing pull and swell of the water. It was hard work, with the wind against him. His winter-bound muscles ached by the time he pulled into a cove on Port's Island.

The dock was on the far side, but he would make better time by walking across the island. He hadn't let himself think about Coombs until now; if he had, he might have stopped rowing. He didn't look forward to seeing him. Coombs wasn't in the little house; he was in the launch some distance off the island, pulling in a sailboat buoy. Robert shouted at him until Coombs looked up, and then gestured for him to come in. The sight of his loose, bulky figure filled Robert suddenly with a sense of sickness and despair. He wouldn't wait for him. He got a piece of wrapping paper from the house and scrawled on it: "River rising at Hartford. Dangerous. Return at once."

There was a bottle of gin on the table, and he set it on top of the paper on the doorstep. Coombs wouldn't let the gin escape him. The launch was coming in. Robert waved once more and turned abruptly back to his boat. It was beginning to rain again. He rowed savagely, taking out his bitterness against the turbid, sullen water. His face was dark, when he got to his house. "I left a note for Coombs after calling him," he told his mother, briefly, and ate his supper in a silence that frightened her.

He was in bed when Jennie came at ten o'clock.

"Sam hasn't come back, Mrs. Murphy," Jennie said.

"He's at the tavern, then," Mrs. Murphy said. "Robert told him to get off the island. Come in, child, you're wet."

"I can't stay. I don't want him to come, with me not there."

"You're better off here if he's drunk," Mrs. Murphy said grimly. "I'll go over to your house now and leave a note myself."

"No," said Jennie. "That wouldn't do any good. Sam can't read."

"Can't read!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy faintly. She walked unsteadily to the window. The wind was blowing the rain in gusts against the house. It would be dangerous to go to the island now. What had happened was an act of God. She would not tell. Even after the body of Sam Coombs was found—even long after, when Robert and Jennie were married, she did not tell. And if at times the river talked too loudly in her dreams, she did not mind; for no one else could hear what it was saying.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

# A DROP TO DRINK

### By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

**There's so much water around (and inside) us that we don't give it much thought. But the guardians of our health do. If it weren't for their quiet labors, there'd be lots fewer of us to read this article**

MAN cannot step outside the everlasting cycle of water which permeates all nature. Because water is essential for health as well as life, and because in its peregrinations it is subject to such variety of contamination, for thirty years I have been, like the Ancient Mariner whose shipmates died for lack of it, wandering around the world, fixing hapless victims with my glittering eye and reasoning with them on the question.

Man does not die of thirst, though its pangs are infinitely more agonizing than those of hunger. Thirst is nature's signal that his tissues are in urgent need of more fluid. Our bodies are seventy per cent water. It is not only the base for blood and lymph but also for muscle and bone. It is the essential medium for ridding the body of wastes and toxins which must, under penalty of death, constantly be removed. Some two quarts are daily dissipated in perspiration alone.

A healthy adult requires three and one half to four quarts of water during the course of twenty-four hours. To keep up with the demand six to eight glasses of liquid, including tea, coffee, milk and other beverages, would not be too many. The rest is supplied in our so-called solid food—strawberries are ninety per cent water, asparagus ninety-four per cent, fish eighty-one per cent.

Provided drinking water is palatable, most people think no further about it. Eighty years ago not even the medical profession was aware that each drop might teem with thousands, sometimes millions, of living organisms. That some of these might be deadly was proved dramatically in 1892. The great German seaport cities of Hamburg and Altona were joined like Siamese twins. In the cholera epidemic of that year eight thousand on the Hamburg side of the dividing street died; on the Altona side virtually none. Why was this? Robert Koch, brilliant pioneer bacteriologist, solved the question: water. The former received its supply direct from the River Elbe; that of the latter was filtered through layers of sand, coke and gravel.

More lives can be saved by substituting a pure for an impure water supply than by any other single health measure. It is understandable that the death rate from water-borne diseases such as cholera and typhoid will drop. But according to Hazen's theorem, other diseases, such as rheumatism, heart ailments and pneumonia would follow suit. This I proved to my own satisfaction in the Philippines. As Director of Health one of my chief concerns had been to supply pure water for Manila. Almost from the moment the new mains were opened the sickness and death rate from all causes declined.

The British Parliament, as early as 1852, passed an act requiring the filtering of the London water supply drawn from the Thames, the Lea and the New rivers. They set an example to all Europe. When the city of Washington finally followed suit, her typhoid rate, which had shot upward each summer, kept a more even pace. Soon after Philadelphia and Pittsburgh had installed filtration their hospital wards, once so frightfully overcrowded, no longer contained enough typhoid patients to teach students the nature of the disease.

As great a step forward as filtration was yet to come. In 1774 the Swedish chemist Scheele had discovered chlorine. Within a comparatively few years it was in use as a disinfectant in France, but was not applied to water until much later. In fact, when I returned to the United States in 1908 chlorination was just growing into prominence. I was bound to investigate anything which might advance the cause in which I was so interested.

Jersey City was the first to prove the superiority of the process on a large scale. I realized how chance might further progress when I met George F. Baker, Sr., who was interested in the Boonton Reservoir from which Jersey City was receiving its water. He told me the story:

The First National Bank of New York, a Baker enterprise, had financed the construction work on the dam; the contractor in

*(Continued on page 45)*

# The Within

## By Walter Duranty

**One started life in a Russian attic; the other in a gracious old New England house. Sworn enemies, the morning they were to die, they met—two men with nothing—yet everything—in common**

PHILIP PUTNAM pulled himself up to a sitting position with his back against the wall. As he did so his right hand touched the ground and pain ran like fire along his arm. The wrist was already swollen double, and he could feel the grinding of the broken bones below his thumb.

He bit his lips and the faintness receded. Thank God, the women had gone, Dr. Nelson's wife and her niece, who ran the dispensary. Nelson was right after all and he was wrong. Putnam had said, "It is our duty as missionaries to meet them without fear. Let us carry on as if nothing were happening. They are men like ourselves; why should any of us run from danger?"

But Nelson knew better. "Not this Blue Dwarf outfit," he said. "They are devils, this crowd. Of course you and I will stay, but the women go this morning on the Tupan's boat, and at that if I hadn't saved the life of his Number Two wife we couldn't get a place for them. I tell you, boy, this Blue Dwarf's bad medicine. If I had my way you and I would go too. A change of generals is nothing in China—I've seen scores of them—but when half the city runs away, as they are doing now, that means trouble. But you're in charge here, and if you stay I stay with you. But—you don't know the Blue Dwarf."

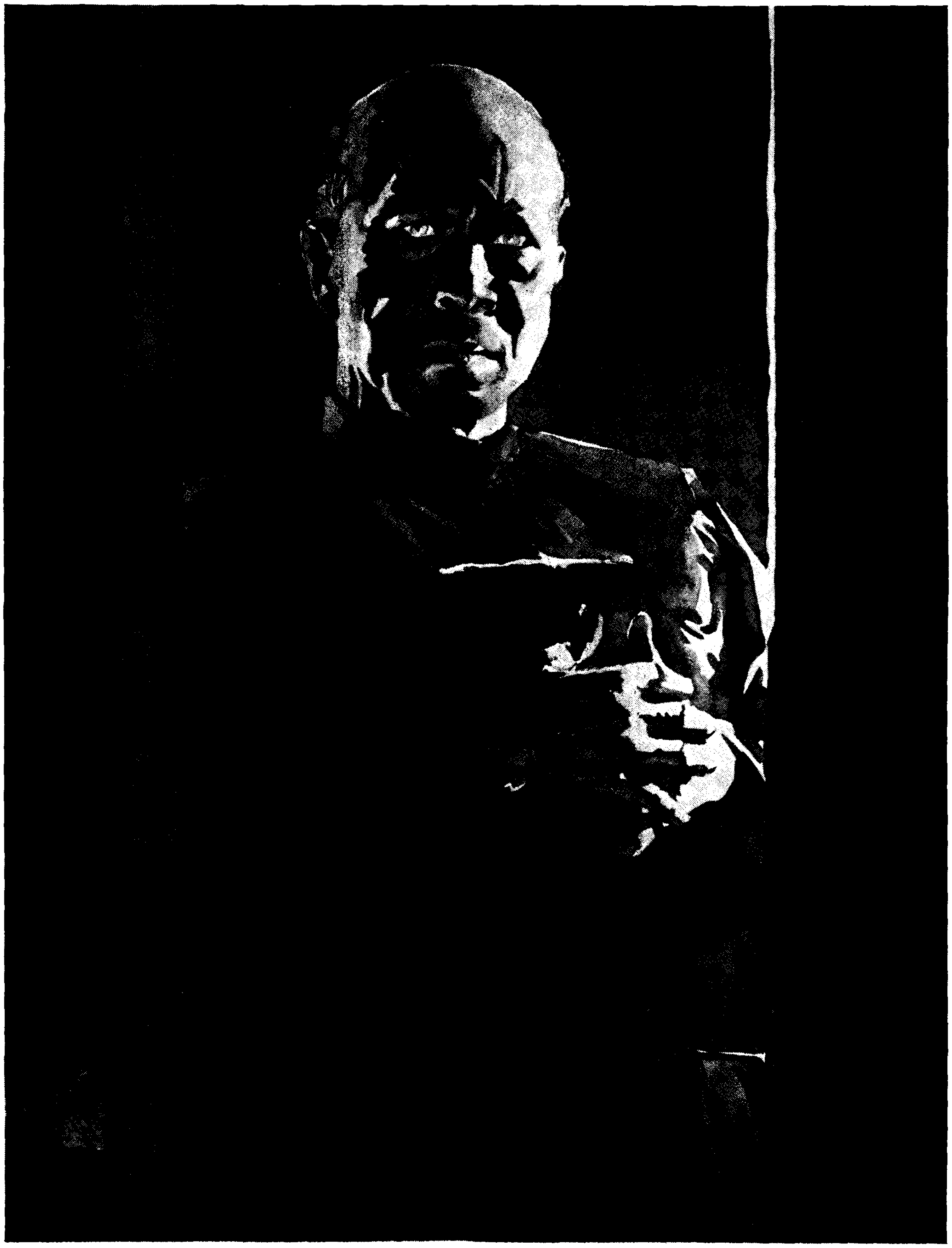
Poor Nelson, killed wantonly on the Mission veranda. Putnam shuddered as he could hear again the dull thud of the spear when it met the doctor's chest and the grunt of the soldier who drove it home, and the gasping whisper as he bent over the dying man, "Goodby—I'm lucky—it's quick. Oh, Lucy—"

Then a rush and swirl of yellow hands clutching and the stinking cloth around his mouth. He had struck back, despite his will to suffer meekly, fighting against suffocation—to get air into his lungs. He never felt the blow that broke his wrist, as he lost consciousness. And now here he was in the darkness, waiting—for what? He fumbled for the lighter in the inner pocket of his tunic, spun the wheel and looked round him by the glow of the little flame.

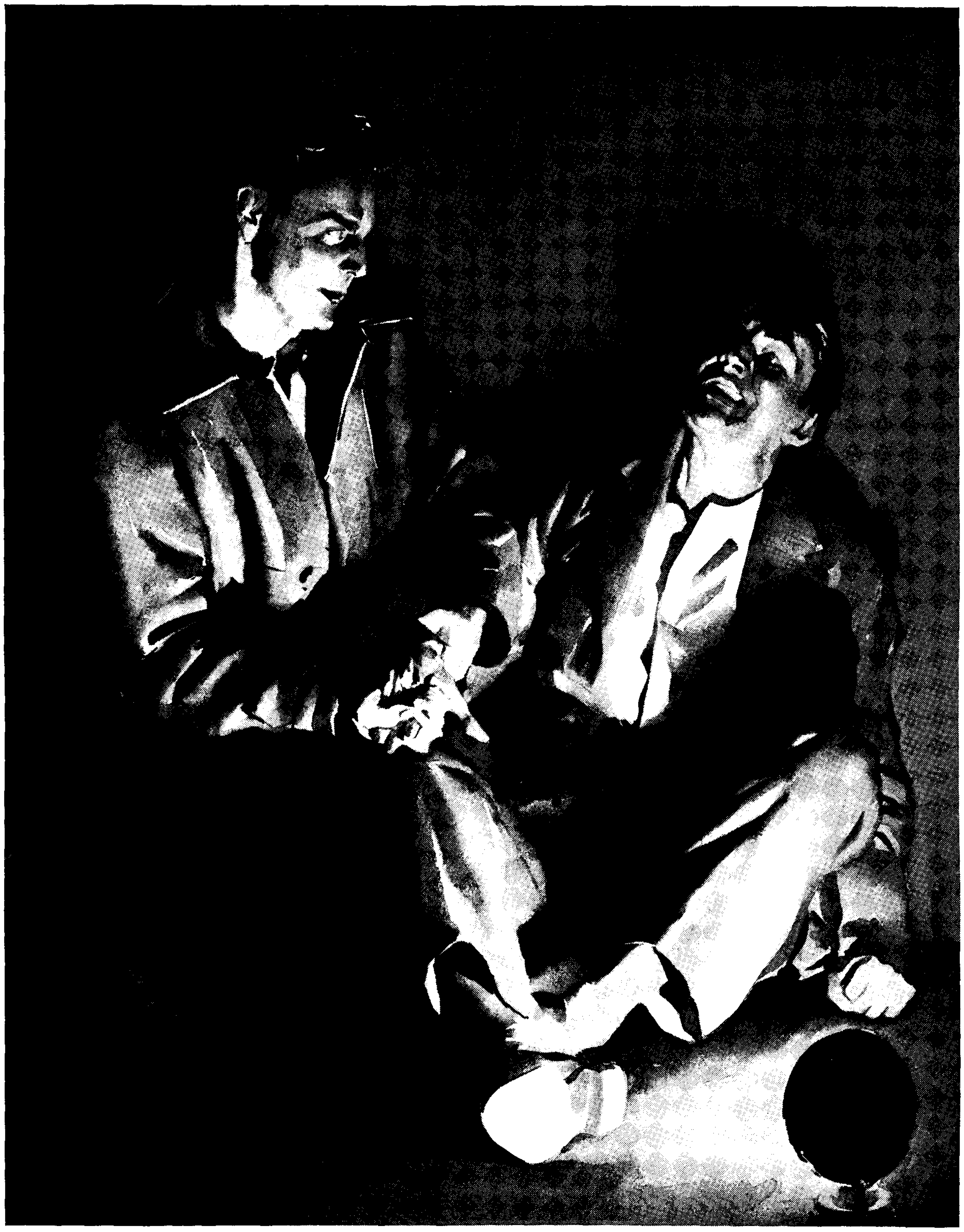
He found himself in a low circular room about fifteen feet in diameter. There was no window, and the floor, ceiling and walls were of stone. Near the broad wooden door, which was reinforced with iron scrollwork, was a row of shelves. On the floor beyond the door another man lay motionless. Putnam pulled himself to his feet and staggered toward the shelves, holding the lighter aloft. Yes, he was right; it was an oil lamp beside the earthenware bowl. Resting his wounded arm on the shelf, he clumsily lit the wick. The lamp was full; there would be light for several hours. The bowl beside it contained water. He drank greedily and bathed his forehead. The man on the floor groaned.

Putnam dipped his handkerchief in the water and knelt down to help his fellow prisoner, then started back, and the wet linen fell from his hand. It was the Bolshevik Shurof, whose bribes and propaganda had robbed the Mission church of half its converts and lured away two-thirds of the older pupils from the Mission school. Shurof, the enemy.

Kneeling, Putnam prayed for guidance, and there came to him the words,



**Without sound or warning the door swung open, and there stood a thickset man not more than five feet tall. He wore a gray silk robe buttoned up to his throat; his hairless face and bald head were pitted**



**"That'll do," he said. "Wait a minute; this will hurt a bit; I've got to pull on it. There, that's over. Now hold the pen there while I put the other thing here and tie it up"**

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

"Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you." As he bent again over the Russian and wiped his forehead with the dripping handkerchief he deliberately put his weight on his injured hand with a pain so sharp that he could hardly keep from screaming. How dare he judge a fellow man!

Shurof opened his eyes, staring blankly like a young child that has not learned to focus. He raised himself on his elbow and muttered some words in Russian.

"It's all right," said Putnam in English. "Wait a minute; I'll get you a drink," and brought him the bowl.

SHUROF drank and smiled. "That's good," he said in Chinese, the only common language between them. "Well, comrade, those bandits have made a nice mess of us, haven't they?

"I killed seven of them before they got me; then some big ape swung a pole as I was slipping a new charge into my gun. *Chort,* how my head aches!" He passed his hand across the right side of his forehead where there was a broad blue bruise, then he pulled himself up to a sitting position and looked at Putnam. "I suppose you have no kind of weapon," he said, "and that damned lamp has no glass or we might use that. Perhaps if we broke this bowl and got a sharp edge it might do the trick."

"What do you mean?" said Putnam.

"Happy dispatch. I suppose you know that it's the Blue Dwarf who's caught us, and if you haven't heard what he does to prisoners, I have; in fact, I saw one or two—afterward—on my way here from Sinkiang. *Not nai-iss,*" he drawled in English.

Putnam felt cold at the back of his neck. That was what Nelson had meant, "I'm lucky—to die quick." Despite himself he moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"He likes it, that blue-faced rat. Why in the name of hell didn't the gunpowder kill him instead of spotting his face all blue and green? Sadic they call it—he gets pleasure watching torture. My father told me of one of the Whites like that up in Mongolia—Ungarn something his name was—a crazy Baltic baron, who killed all Red prisoners as slowly as he could."

His voice rose on the last words, and Putnam put out his right hand in a soothing gesture, then grimaced at the sudden pain. "You are hurt?" said the Russian. "Here, let me look at that. I'm no doctor but they make us take a first-aid course before they send us out on jobs like this. Did you?"

"Oh, no. We always have a medical assistant in our missions, but they killed him."

"Lucky devil! Anyway, let me look at your hand. Oh, yes, simple fracture. Where's that handkerchief, and have you anything hard that might help to hold it in place?"

"This lighter and my fountain pen."

"That'll do. Wait a minute; this will hurt a bit; I've got to pull on it. There, that's over. Now hold the pen there while I put the other thing here and tie it up with the bandage. I know it hurts, but you'll feel better afterward."

"Thanks," gasped Putnam.

The Russian jumped to his feet and stretched himself. Putnam's mind flashed back to a Harvard-Yale game when he had taken a message from his mother to a cousin who wore the crimson jersey. The boy had been knocked out and carried off the field. When Putnam reached him in the dressing room he had recovered from the shock and was standing in the same attitude as this Russian now, with his hands behind his head, stretching out his chest as the tide of strength flooded back into his veins and muscles.

He felt a sudden contempt for his own narrow shoulders and skinny legs and said abruptly, "Didn't your Communist—er—converts help you either?"

Shurof shouted with laughter. "Damn it, no; mine ran away too. Rice Christians, they call yours, but I'll tell you, comrade, mine were rice Communists also. *Chort,* if I'd had six of our Kursanti boys I'd have chased this Blue Dwarf back to his mountains. But no, they're soft, these Chinese—no backbone."

"DID you know he was coming?" asked Putnam. "The Blue Dwarf, I mean?"

"Of course I knew—ah, you're asking why I didn't run away. Well, you see, I'm Red Army, really, and the Red Army doesn't run away—can't let these people think we're scared." He rubbed his chin with his thumb. "I had no definite orders but I suppose I *ought* to have taken cover. The movement was going nicely and we might have worked underground to take advantage of the confusion caused by the Blue Dwarf's attack. You see," he added naïvely, "I've not had much experience at organizing work. I left the military academy only three months ago. But why did you stay?"

"I had to," said Putnam slowly. "My orders were quite definite."

"Do you mean to say," cried Shurof, "that your people expect you to wait for certain death? Why, it's nothing short of—"

"Not my people but my Chief. He did it Himself, you know."

"I don't understand. No sane man would expect—"

"My Chief is not a man. He is God."

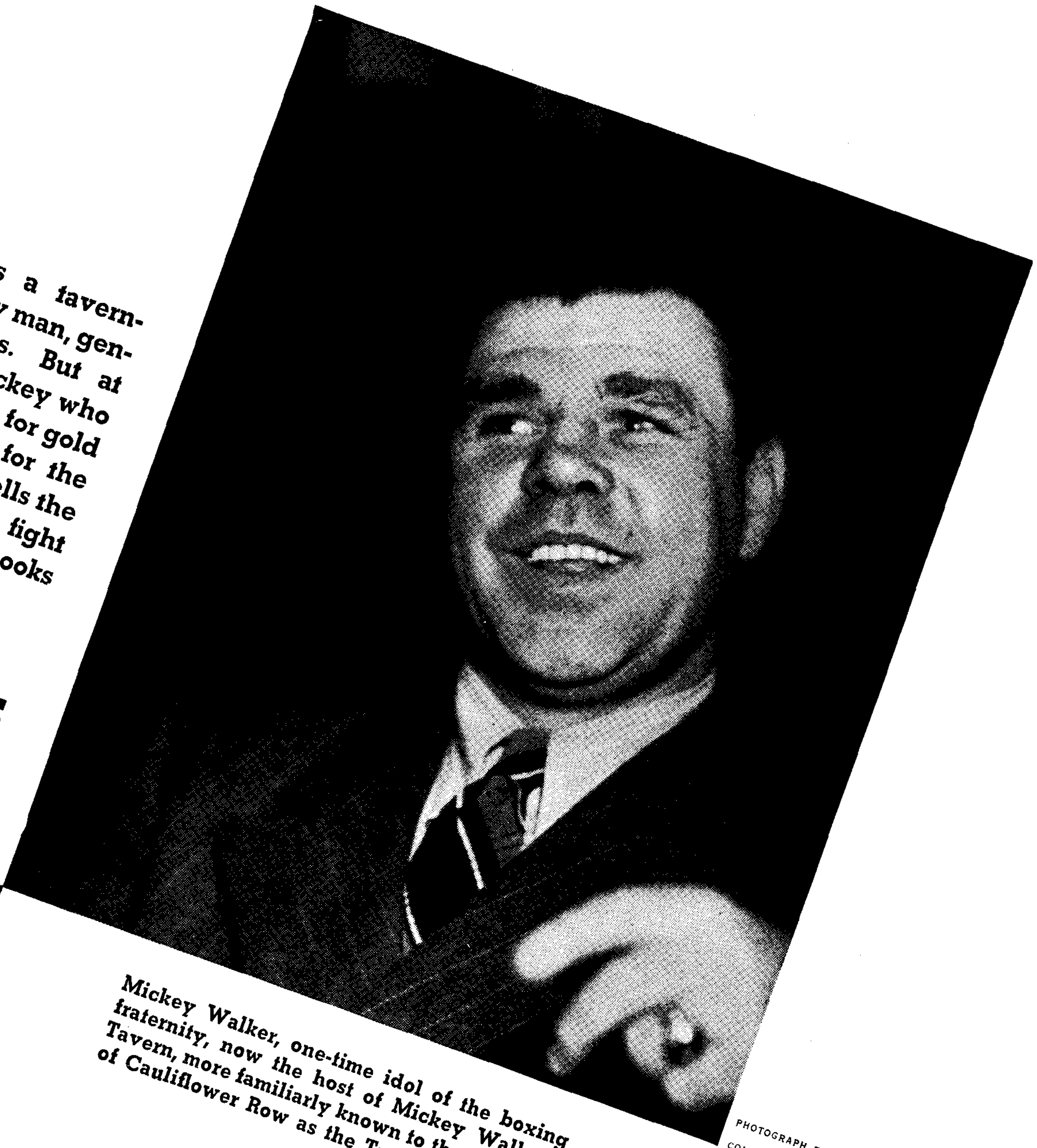
The Russian stared at him, wide-eyed. "You don't actually believe that stuff?"

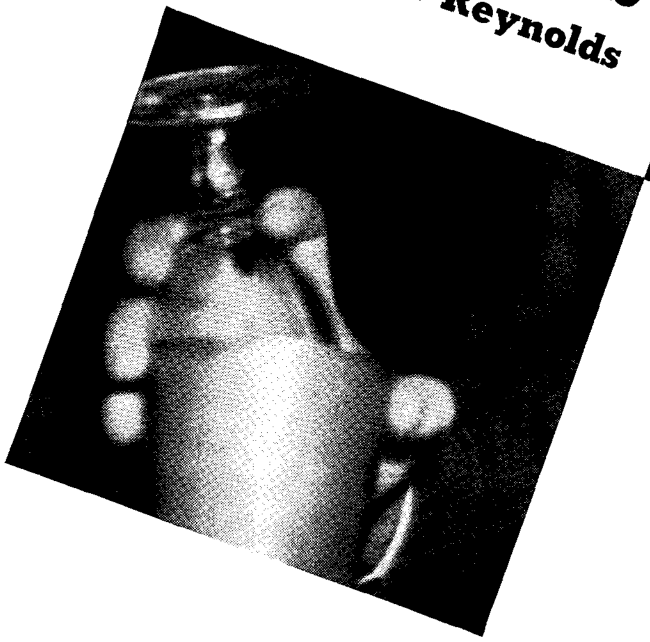
*(Continued on page 83)*

Mickey Walker is a tavern-keeper now, a kindly man, generous to his friends. But at heart it's the same Mickey who fought the best of them for gold and glory but chiefly for the love of battle. Here he tells the story of the second Greb fight—a story that's not in the books

# Between Bites

## By Quentin Reynolds





Mickey Walker, one-time idol of the boxing fraternity, now the host of Mickey Walker's Tavern, more familiarly known to the members of Cauliflower Row as the Tavern of the Bite

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

MICKEY WALKER sat there at a table in a booth and a pudgy little man with a soiled shirt on weaved over and said, "Mickey, you was the best. You was the best I ever see. You coulda licked any of them."

Mickey looked up. "Thanks, pally. Have a drink. Frank," Mickey called to the bartender, "give my pal a drink."

The pudgy man rolled over to the bar and when the bartender drew him a glass of beer the pudgy man kept on saying, "Yes, suh, Mickey was the best, the grandes' lil fighter I ever see." But the bartender only said, "Yeah, I know," because he had to listen to that night after night and he knew that it was just the prelude to a bite. The bite, on Eighth Avenue where Mickey Walker's saloon stands in the shadow of Madison Square Garden, is what is known in more intellectual circles as the touch or the grab. It is well-known on Eighth Avenue that Mickey and also his neighbor, another tavernkeeper named Jack Dempsey, are both easy marks for a bite and that's why, although there is a big sign outside of Mickey's place which says "Mickey Walker's Tavern," the place is more familiarly known as the Tavern of the Bite.

It is a very comfortable tavern and it is patronized by the more prominent as well as the less prominent members of Cauliflower Row and many a match is made there and many a fight dissected by the fancy after the lights have gone out in the Garden across the way. Mickey Walker, short, with slight traces of warfare on his face, but with friendly and usually laughing blue Irish eyes, sat there, and Mickey and I talked about some of his hard fights and about the glorious era which ended when Mickey Walker put up his gloves. Mickey was the last of the gladiators who loved to fight because he had a heart and a brain that were happy only when he was fighting. If he got paid for it, so much the better, but if the fight happened to be in a night club or on a street or in a hotel room why that was all right too because the sheer joy of engaging in battle was reward enough for Mickey.

### Fighting Man's Fighter

Because of that fact Mickey Walker was always loved by fighting men and he was loved too by the men who write about fighting and I have heard such ordinarily taciturn men as Hype Igoe, Bill Corum, Joe Williams, Tom Laird and a host of others grow lyrical on the subject of the fighting heart which rested under the shaggy chest of Mickey Walker.

I remember once being in a newspaper office and hearing Ed Frayne, the sports editor, send a young writer up to interview Walker. The youngster started out the door and then Frayne called after him.

"Listen, kid," he growled, "when you meet Walker take your hat off."

That was all he said but it was typical of the esteem in which Mickey Walker was and is held and if this seems like a flowery panegyric—why, ask any fight writer from Los Angeles to New York what he thinks of Mickey, who was a fighting man all the way. Anyhow, Mickey and I sat there fanning and talking of this fight and that and I asked him if his fight with Harry Greb hadn't been his hardest fight.

"Sure," Mickey nodded, "the second fight with Greb. I think I won that one."

Well, I had never heard of any second fight that Greb and Walker had engaged in and I remembered too that in the record book under the heading Mickey (Edward) Walker there is just one mention of Greb. The line reads "Lost—1925, Greb, 15," and means that Greb beat Walker in a fifteen-round bout to a decision in 1925. But then Walker explained. The first fight . . .

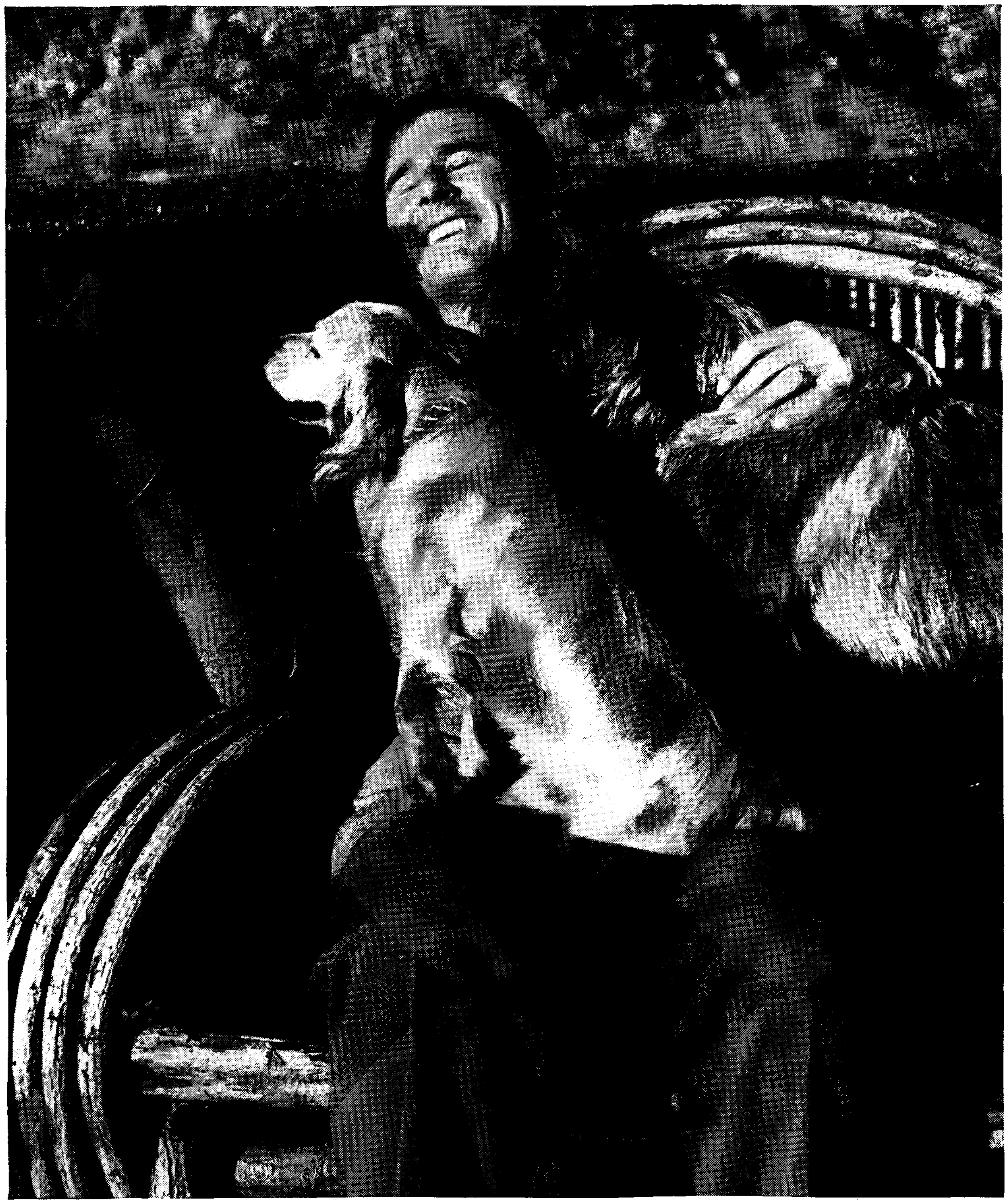
Greb was middleweight champion then, and Walker held the welter title. Before the fight Greb was a 7 to 5 favorite but something happened the night before to scare the gamblers. The something was this: At 2 A. M. Murray Lewin, the fight writer, was standing in front of Lindy's restaurant on Broadway with a group of the biggest gamblers in the country, most of whom were wagering heavily on Greb. There were Arnold Rothstein and Sam Boston and his brother Meyer, and there were Mike Best and Frankie Marlowe.

### Mr. Greb Juggles the Odds

A cab drew up in front of Lindy's and out stumbled Greb. Greb waved a drunken greeting to the gamblers and then collapsed. There were two girls with him and they helped him back into the cab. The gamblers looked at each other, white-faced. "That's what we're betting on, hey?" Rothstein said. Then they rushed to phones. They phoned all over the country, betting everything they had on Walker, whom they knew to be in perfect condition. They didn't figure Greb had a chance. You couldn't drink all night and then go into the ring with Walker twenty-four hours later without getting murdered.

The next night at the Polo Grounds

(Continued on page 37)



The author, Errol Flynn, at home in Hollywood where nothing ever happens

# Night in Town

## By Errol Flynn

**To Mr. Flynn, of New Guinea and Hollywood, New York was just another dull hole where nothing ever happened. That was before he went for a ride in a radio patrol car. The drive soon changed his mind**

FOUR years ago I quit New Guinea, the most savage, the least known and, in all respects, the wildest country on the earth's surface. In spite of two years in Hollywood movies, I haven't had a really exciting moment since; hadn't had, that is, until a certain night in New York a couple of weeks ago.

I happened to be sitting moodily at the bar of one of the currently popular night clubs, asking myself why I was there. For hours previously I had been at a table with a party of well-meaning friends who, accustomed to the din, the smoke, and the general impression of Bedlam, were under the delusion that I also was having a whale of a time. Finally, during a reshuffle at the table, I managed to creep over to the comparative peace of the bar, and there, with my customary grace, knocked a gentleman's drink right into his lap. We mopped him up together, bought each other drinks, and began a discussion that bade fair to go on through the years without interruption.

Sid Livingston was a writer—a bit damp at the moment, but still a writer. Several drinks later he had told me all about the fundamentals of acting, and I had given him a brief summary—say an hour or two—on the secret of writing. By this time we knew most of each other's pasts, and were calling each other "my dear old boy."

"My dear old boy," I complained, "cities are damned dull—this city in particular. It's very boring, and all a lot of sham and fiction. Artificial, my boy, that's the word for it!"

"You're wrong," answered Sid. "Just because you've been in the movies don't get the idea there's no reality here."

Stung to the quick, I retorted, "I wasn't thinking of Hollywood, I was thinking of New Guinea. Now *there's* a place where men are—"

"Yeah, I know—head-hunters," he interrupted. "So you think they're tough, do you? Okay, my pampered pet! How strong is your stomach?"

"Strong as yours, my blasé city dweller," I replied haughtily.

"Okay, we'll see! Let's go."

Mystified, I followed him out into the night. Neither of us had paid the check, so you can see for yourself that our adventure started off suspiciously.

Sid settled his bulk in the tonneau of a cab and grunted, "Centre Street."

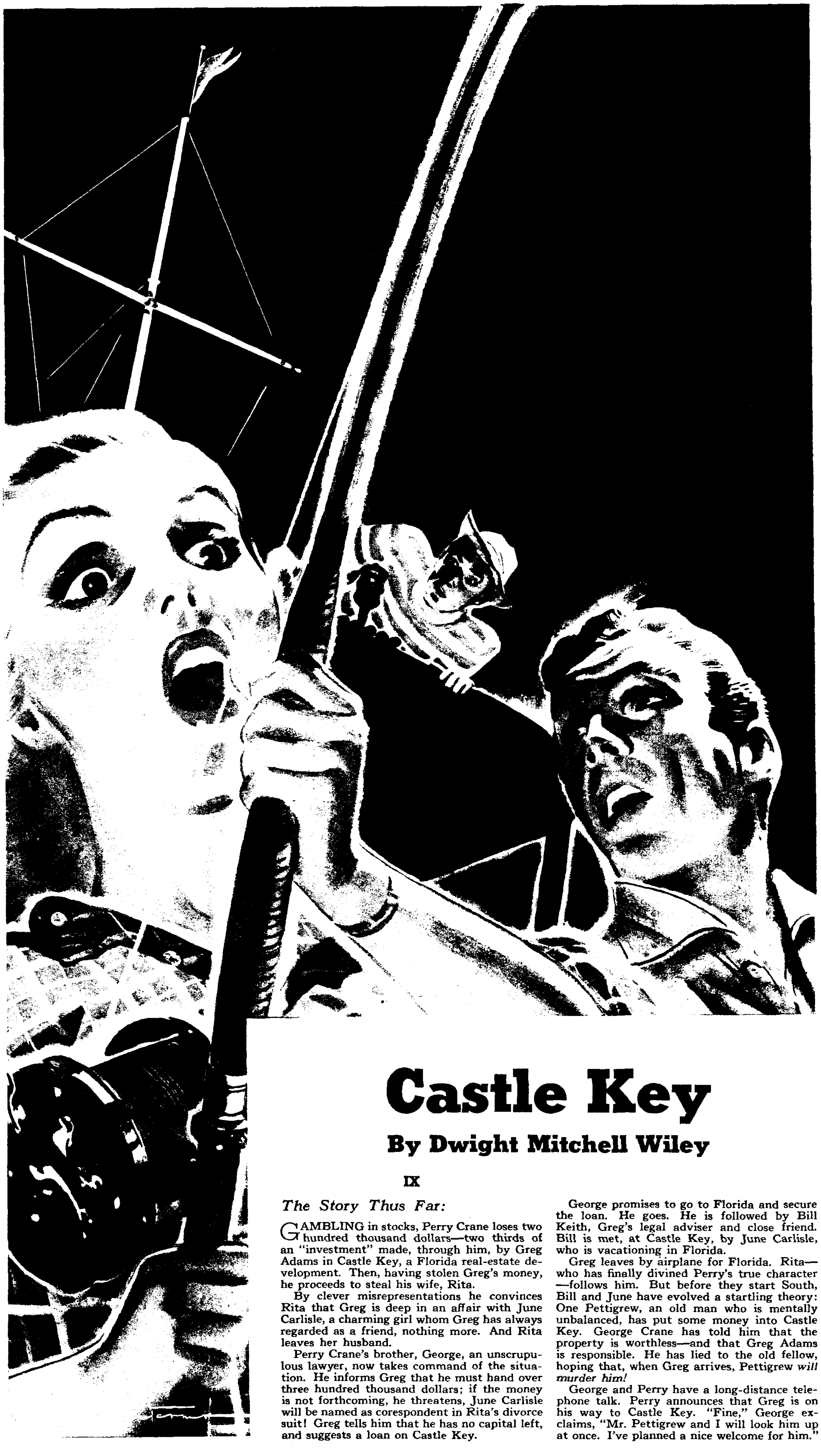
Centre Street, Police Headquarters. The Mop and Pail Brigade swabbing worn marble steps; a broken old man polishing a bronze plaque; dead men's names, "Killed in Action"; hollow, echoing halls. Upstairs, the radio room with blue-shirted men taking endless calls by phone; low monotonous voices. Others going on the air: "Car 637, Car 637, Hotel A—, Hotel A—, Signal 32." Cops like a 32. Anything can happen. A man can go up a grade or stop a bullet, or both; three minutes allowed for a report or they send another car.

Downstairs, Missing Persons' Bureau, with white-collared dicks checking endless pictures with the Unidentified Dead reports; jewelry and dentures taken from corpses litter filing cabinets. A redheaded boy from Minnesota grinning in a corner; hitchhiked from home to see the world; landed grinning and unconcerned in Centre Street. "Whadda I care? The bulls'll send me home; the old man'll whip the stuffing outta me and next time I'll head west. . . . You're a movie actor." A flat statement, eyes ruminative, sizing me up. " 'At's a soft racket. Lousy with hot mammas, hunh? Yeah. Next time I'll head west." The lieutenant told me he was fifteen.

Outside a siren screamed, diminished. A laconic announcement—Homicide. Somewhere in the city a violent death. It's routine; guys always getting bumped off; sometimes it's women, sometimes business, sometimes madness. They're bad—the nuts—you know, screwballs. Blast hell out of a platoon of cops; remember the crazy spiggoty in '34? Got four men before he took up aviation. "Taking up aviation" is jumping out the window.

Radio Car 701. Long, black *(Continued on page 88)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



**The fish came up again and jerked June sideways with a twisting, vicious leap. He jerked her up against the rail**

# Castle Key

## By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

### IX

*The Story Thus Far:*

GAMBLING in stocks, Perry Crane loses two hundred thousand dollars—two thirds of an "investment" made, through him, by Greg Adams in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development. Then, having stolen Greg's money, he proceeds to steal his wife, Rita.

By clever misrepresentations he convinces Rita that Greg is deep in an affair with June Carlisle, a charming girl whom Greg has always regarded as a friend, nothing more. And Rita leaves her husband.

Perry Crane's brother, George, an unscrupulous lawyer, now takes command of the situation. He informs Greg that he must hand over three hundred thousand dollars; if the money is not forthcoming, he threatens, June Carlisle will be named as corespondent in Rita's divorce suit! Greg tells him that he has no capital left, and suggests a loan on Castle Key.

George promises to go to Florida and secure the loan. He goes. He is followed by Bill Keith, Greg's legal adviser and close friend. Bill is met, at Castle Key, by June Carlisle, who is vacationing in Florida.

Greg leaves by airplane for Florida. Rita—who has finally divined Perry's true character—follows him. But before they start South, Bill and June have evolved a startling theory: One Pettigrew, an old man who is mentally unbalanced, has put some money into Castle Key. George Crane has told him that the property is worthless—and that Greg Adams is responsible. He has lied to the old fellow, hoping that, when Greg arrives, Pettigrew *will murder him!*

George and Perry have a long-distance telephone talk. Perry announces that Greg is on his way to Castle Key. "Fine," George exclaims, "Mr. Pettigrew and I will look him up at once. I've planned a nice welcome for him."

WE OUGHT to have a little deal," Bill told them. "How about it, June?"

"All right."

"All right," Greg said.

"Well, two bucks on the first fish, two bucks on the most fish, two bucks on the biggest. How's that?"

"Fine," Greg said: "And five bucks if you catch a can of salmon."

Only two of them could fish at once and, when they matched, Greg was the odd man. June and Bill put on the fishing belts and took the stern chairs and the rods, and the assistant admiral hitched on the bait. Greg leaned against the rail and watched them for a minute, watched June paying out the line, her brown smooth arms, her bright hair in the sun.

He turned and climbed on top the little cabin and lay down upon his back and let the rhythm take him. Everything was part of it. The engine beat the steady, tuneless time; the long green rollers of the Gulf Stream took it up; the sky swayed to it, with the measured motion of the little boat. You lay here on your back and everything was sun and sky and steady, lazy, rolling rhythm, smoothing out your nerves.

They needed smoothing, all right, for he had sensed something funny in the situation from the moment they had met him at the airport. They had been too bright, too casual. They had greeted him as if he had come down on a pleasure trip and they had used too many nice bright words about the beaches and the swimming and the gorgeous sun, the big swell sun, and look how tanned we are. This fishing trip; it was so swell they couldn't wait a minute to get going and when he had tried to shove a word in, trying to find out what Bill had learned about the situation out at Castle Key, what Bill's peculiar wire meant, there had been bright, unanimous, rehearsed remarks that stalled him off.

If Bill had been alone, Greg would have plucked him by the neck and squeezed some information out of him. But there was June; and Greg was not quite sure how much June knew. He was not sure of anything except that they were stalling and that, when the proper time came, and Bill told him, it would probably be something pretty disagreeable.

The thing to do was to forget it, now, and take the day as they had planned it for the three of them.

Greg lay on his back and let it ride. He hadn't heard from any lawyer, hadn't heard from Perry Crane, or Rita, since the day that Bill had left. But then he had got George Crane's wire telling him that everything was fixed up; then he had got Bill's, and called Bill up and Bill had talked peculiarly, and there was something up. He had a hunch that things were coming to a boil, would really boil when Bill Keith finally told him. Now, he tried to let it ride, so it would be a day.

He heard Bill yelling and sat up and looked down. Bill was yelling at a gull that swooped and dived around his bait. The gull yelled back at him and dived

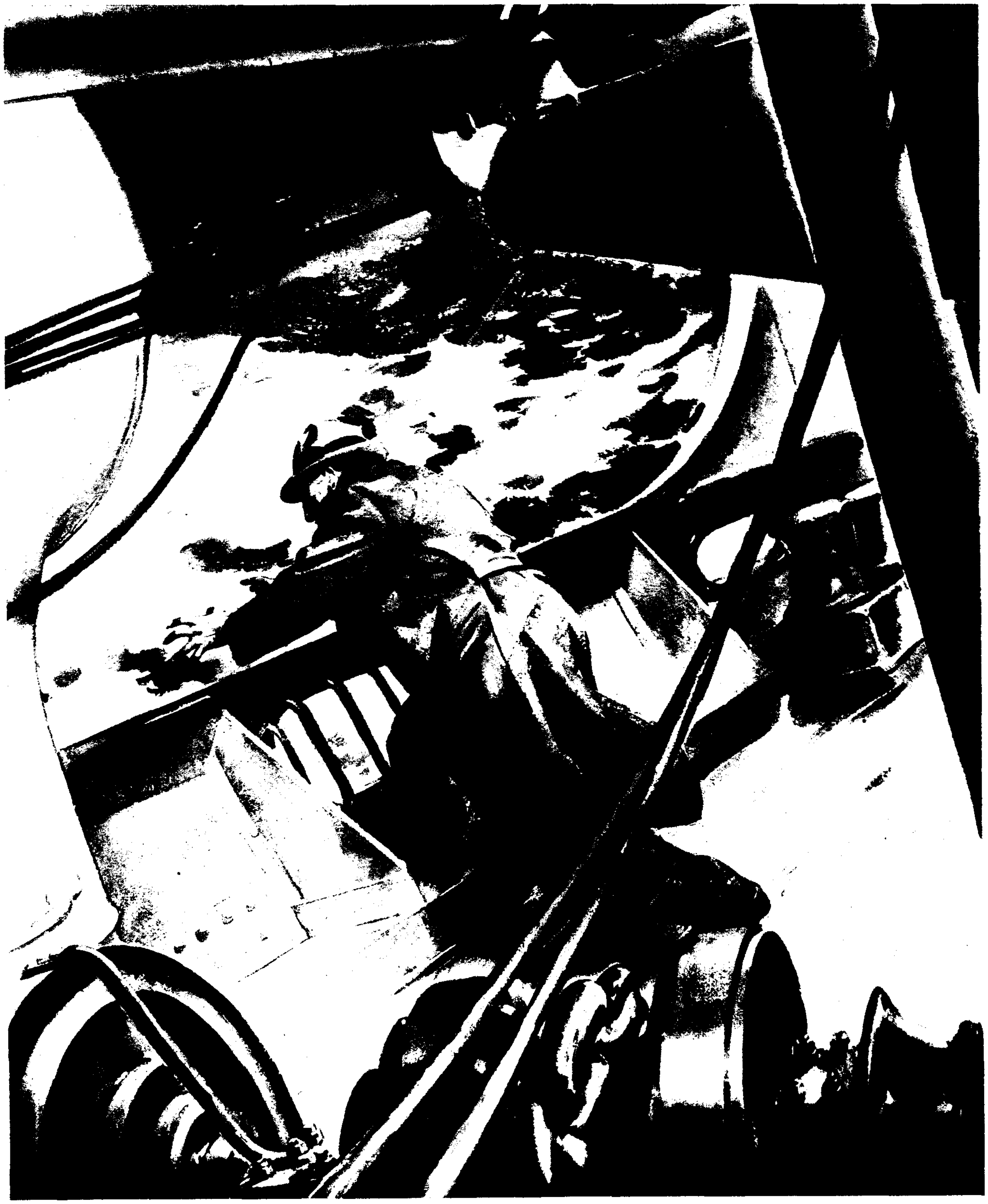
*(Continued on page 56)*

# The Marlo Blackout

## By A. D. Morford

**The amazing vanishing act of Slip Marlo, who had something the police—and a girl—wanted. A convincing disproof of the old adage that all the world loves a lover**

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



"Goodby, Slip," said Marlo as the bundle slipped down the side

SLIP MARLO, so called as the result of eight arrests, no convictions and the felonious acquisition of nearly a million dollars' worth of other people's property, rang gently for the steward. The Malecon had pushed her streamlined nose past the Narrows and was heading out to sea against a northeast half gale.

"Steward," Marlo croaked, "I'm sick and I'm tired. I don't want to be bothered." He poked a twenty-dollar bill toward the steward. "There'll be a mate to this for you at Havana for seeing I'm not disturbed." His hand shook a little, confirming the nervous catch in his voice. "Keep people away from me and keep away yourself. I'll ring when I want anything. Otherwise I don't. That goes for meals, too. I don't eat much."

"Thank you, sir." The steward ducked, pocketing the bill. "I'll see you're not bothered, sir. No occasion for it."

"Okay," Marlo wheezed.

The steward went out and Marlo locked the door after him.

With all suggestion of shakiness erased, he opened a suitcase. His quick hands probed into it with the assurance they would have employed in lifting the cream from a jeweler's tray or a fortune from the fat neck of a dowager.

But down inside of him Marlo was shaking, had been shaking for the better part of two weeks. Ever since he had sent the soft-nosed thirty-two slug into the cop, just under the shield. Not that the killing bothered his conscience. He had been prepared to kill on more than one occasion, had known that he would probably have to do it sooner or later. But it complicated his situation, put an added strain on his nerves and made necessary the carrying out of the final intricate plan which had been perfected and waiting on such an emergency for ten years.

EIGHT arrests and no convictions. Almost a million dollars in gems. Quite a record, Marlo told himself. New York, Palm Beach, Miami, Hollywood, Paris, London, Berlin. Girls with white bare shoulders or bodies tanned to amber. Intent faces around green-covered tables; clicking cubes of ivory; the whisper of shuffled cards. Less pleasant memories: Of police-station cellars; the line-up. Of Hoser McGhee, he of the tireless right arm and perfect rubber-hose technique, otherwise Detective Sergeant McGhee. Of Strongbox Bergman, reputedly the greatest and toughest fence in history. Not even the wisest knew how many millions in stolen property had passed through Bergman's multitude of safe-deposit boxes. Of Springer Stenzel. It was said that criminal laws had been written especially for him to riddle, and that courts had been created as the show windows for his talents. And, of course, Elaine.

There was no help to be had from Bergman or Stenzel at any price, now. Marlo was too hot to be handled—with a dead policeman and Fifth Avenue loot, worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in his lap.

What devil of luck had put that cop in the corridor outside the offices of Mosher and Mosher, diamond merchants and appraisers? Marlo had stepped out of the door and practically into his arms. There had been a quick glimmer of recognition in the officer's eyes. A man with Marlo's record had no lawful business in that spot. Marlo shot him as he reached for his gun.

Young Mosher was tied up with lamp cord and gagged with adhesive but half a dozen heads had popped out of other doors at the sound of the shot. Marlo knew he had been recognized. He had barely managed to make a getaway into the street as the alarm siren on the building began to wail.

Marlo stripped off his clothes—well-cut blue suit with pin stripes, light blue shirt and darker tie, socks, shorts and undershirt—until he was as bare as the day he was born. He stood for a moment in the narrow stateroom, five feet eight of average man, moderately trim except for the beginning of a slight paunch. Thinnish, concave face, dark hair parted in the middle and brushed down sleekly on each side close to the temples. You might see him among ten men in a Turkish bath or fifty on Broadway and not remember which was Marlo. That had always been an asset—perfect commonplaceness.

FROM the suitcase he took clumsy long-armed and long-legged underwear, black socks, white shirt, a baggy suit of nondescript brown, stub-toed brown shoes. He put them on. All trace of the slightly dapper Marlo figure vanished. It was now thick, shapeless, sloppy. Trousers broke and wrinkled over the stubby shoes; coat collar rode high on the back of his neck, a distinct ridge below it. Full black bow tie held an oversize collar together.

He draped a bath towel around his shoulders and sat down at the dressing table. He spilled gray powder into his hair, rumpling it and rubbing the powder well down to the roots. Then he brushed it straight back from his forehead. He pinched his sleek, heavy eyebrows into untidy bushes and rubbed the gray powder into them.

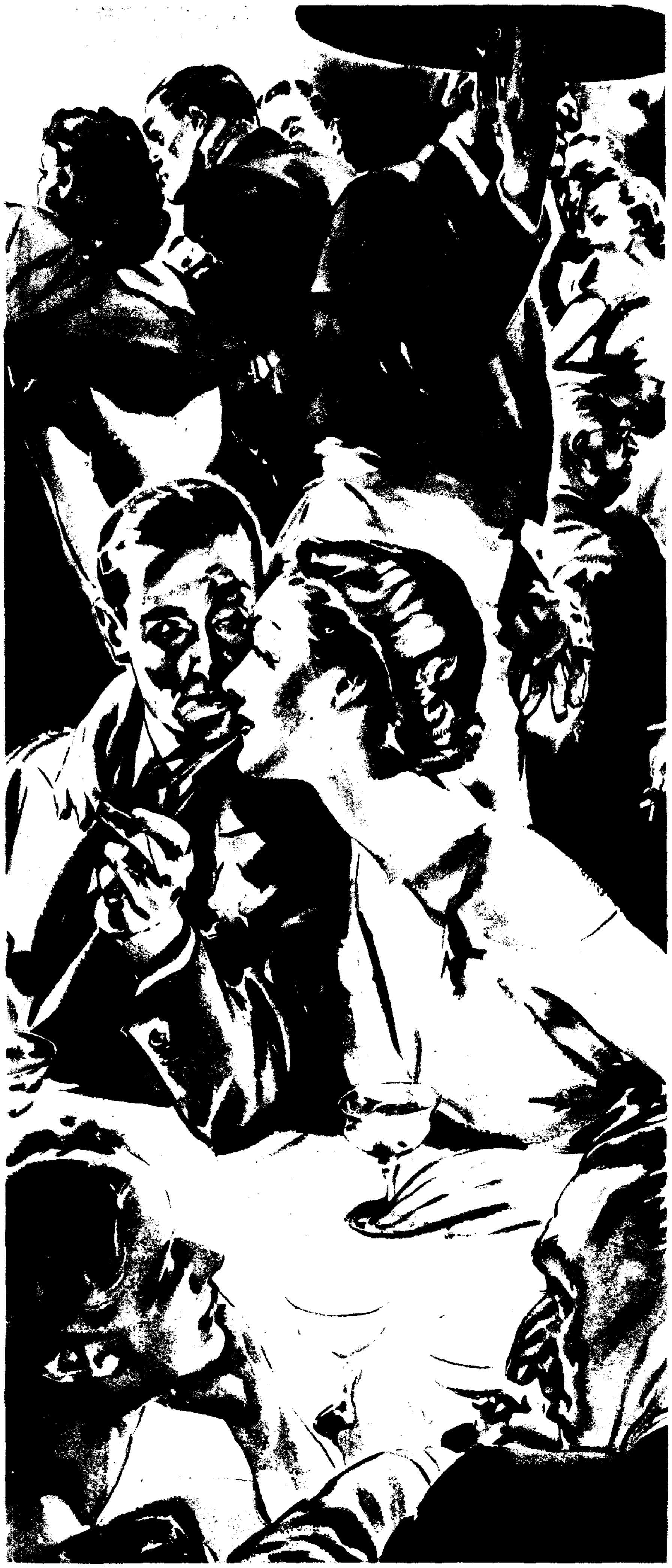
From the suitcase he took a curious-looking dental plate. He had paid a Hollywood dentist two thousand dollars for that piece of bridgework. A dentist whose unsung skill had helped to create some of the greatest make-ups in screen history. The bridge carried two teeth on one side, one on the other, supplying gaps in Marlo's molars. It also carried two carefully molded strips which fitted the contours of his upper gums as though poured around them and, at the same time, puffed the Marlo cheeks beyond all semblance of their natural hollowness. It even changed the down curve of his mouth, stretching it into a straight line.

Gray shell spectacles with thick lenses slightly tinted, a shapeless black felt hat and a battered Malacca walking stick completed the transformation. Slip Marlo had ceased to exist. He had become, in fact, Mr. Storch—Mr. John Storch, as the Malecon's passenger list showed it.

Marlo hung his discarded clothes in the locker and softly opened the stateroom door. The passageway beyond was empty. He slipped the key to the outside and was through like a shadow, locking the door after him. He lumbered down the passageway with Mr. Storch's clumsy walk and a distinct lessening of inward strain. Getting into and out of his room in the character of Storch, without being seen, was one of the biggest chances he had to take. He wanted no slightest trace of connection between Slip Marlo and John Storch in anybody's mind.

MARLO walked aft down the passageway. With another key he opened the door of Stateroom 118. It was much like the first but instead of expensive steamer trunk and suitcases it contained a couple of bulging, battered Gladstone bags and a cheap satchel. Yet one of those Gladstones, for all it looked ready to fall apart, had cost Marlo as much as the other luggage combined. Thin sheets of duralumin carefully curved and padded to conform to the bulges made cleverly concealed compartments in which reposed the cream of Mosher and Mosher's stock, plus certain other illicit assets. The entire collection, delivered to the right man in Havana, Marlo figured, would be worth close to half a million dollars. True, the less valuable of Mosher's diamonds were carefully hidden in rolled-up socks at the bottom of Marlo's steamer trunk in Stateroom 96, along with the great Quatermain diamond, which was too big to handle quickly. Marlo regretted them but they had to be sacrificed; part of the penalty for that unavoidable killing.

Marlo threw his hat and stick on the bed. Again his finger sought the bell button that summoned the steward.



Elaine had been getting too possessive for a crook's girl

"Bring me a bottle of beer," he said when the man appeared.

The steward on this station was small and quick-mannered in contrast to the rather portly man who tended the other room.

"Dutch beer, if you've got it," Marlo added, his voice sounding no more like his own than a fiddle sounds like a kettledrum, thanks to the bridgework which served also to reduce the resonance space in the roof of his mouth.

"See here," said Marlo when the steward brought the beer. "I go to bed early and I get up early. And I never get sick. You don't have to do any fussing or waiting on me." He dropped the exact price of the beer on the steward's tray. "See?" he said.

The steward's eyes flickered. "Aye, aye," he said, sliding the change from the tray into his coat pocket and turning on his heel.

MARLO grinned as he locked the door after him. No danger of being serviced to death by that steward. He sipped his beer. Things were running perfectly. The highest hurdles were all behind him. All but one, and that he would take the next night. The big jobs never were hard once you got into them—if you had a carefully-worked-out plan. And God knew this plan had been well thought out. He'd rehearsed every act in it over and over again. Had had reservations on ships in the name of John Storch half a dozen times, as an anchor to windward when he'd pulled big jobs. He'd even made a trip to Bermuda and back in the character of Storch. The last and worst piece of luck was the cop.

Of course, he had to trust Elaine up to a point. But even Elaine didn't know—everything. That, too, would soon be washed up. Elaine had been getting too possessive for a crook's girl, too possessive for Marlo anyhow. He was tired, tired of her redheaded tantrums and questioning.

"Why don't I go on the Malecon with you?" she'd asked when he sent her out from the Bronx flat where he'd been hiding out since the killing, to get his ticket. That ticket was to be in the name of Charles Martin, his other identity.

Elaine didn't know anything about Storch, didn't know anything about that part of the plan. He'd gotten Storch's ticket himself in Storch's character two months before.

"Nothing doing!" he'd told her. "I'm going alone. You meet me in Havana later. Why, you must be nuts to think of it! They'd spot us sure—you and me on the same boat."

It had taken half an hour of argument and finally threats before she'd agreed to get his ticket alone on the Malecon and her own on a steamer a week later. Well, Elaine was going to get the surprise of her life. Why, you'd think he was married to her, the way she carried on. Neither Elaine nor any other girl was indispensable to Slip Marlo for more than a few months.

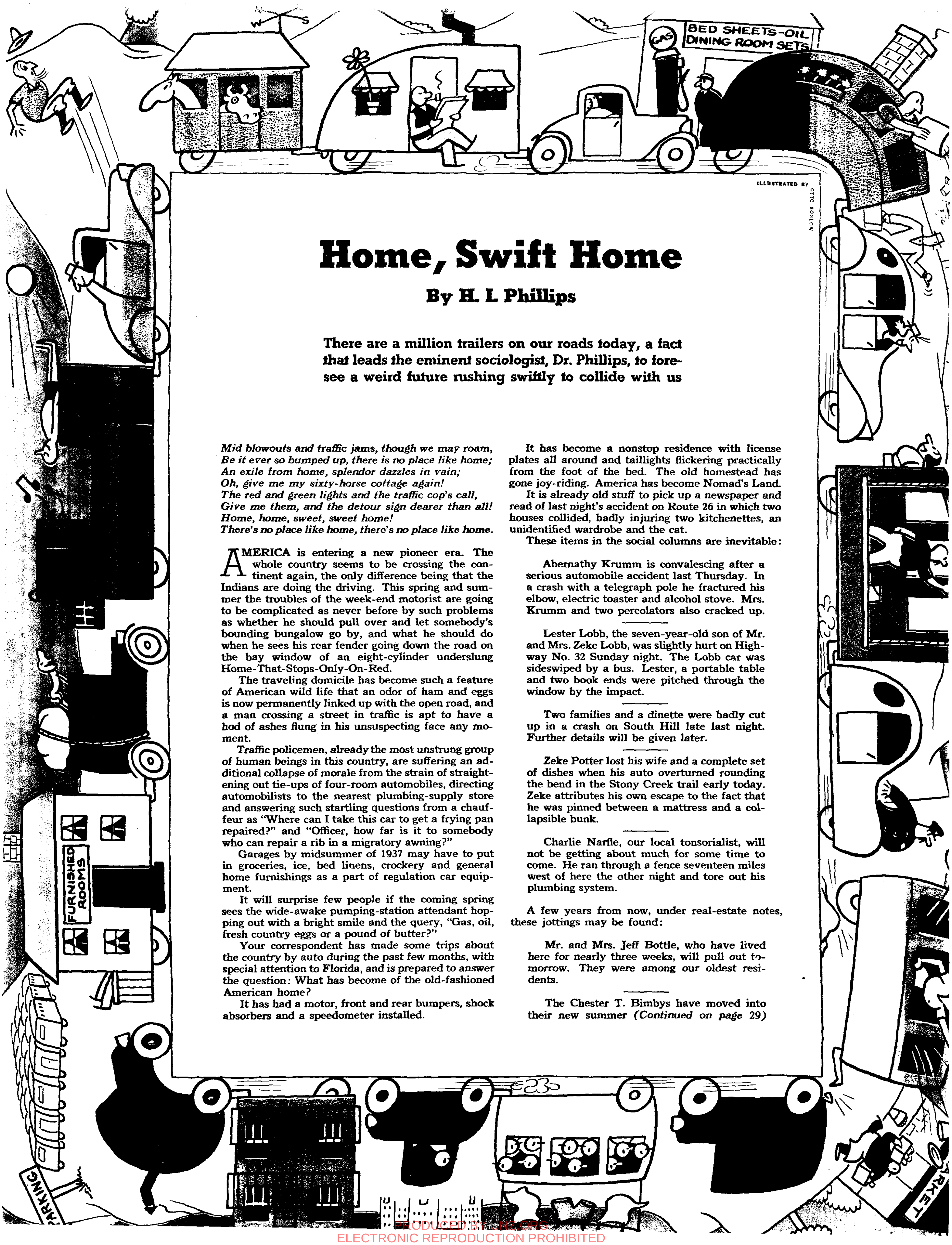
JOHN STORCH ate his dinner in the dining salon that night. He waited until the other three people at his table had finished and then went in to a solitary meal. He wanted a little more practice with the bridgework before he ate with table companions.

The Malecon had begun to roll and he had a good excuse for eating slowly and not too heartily.

"We're heading through the tail end of a hurricane," the table steward told him in response to his question. "Probably be quite rough, sir, until some time tomorrow night; but you look to be a good sailor, sir."

"I am," said Marlo, inwardly delighted. Even the weather was working for him. Rough going the next day meant that

*(Continued on page 76)*



ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO SOGLOW

# Home, Swift Home

## By H. I. Phillips

**There are a million trailers on our roads today, a fact that leads the eminent sociologist, Dr. Phillips, to foresee a weird future rushing swiftly to collide with us**

*Mid blowouts and traffic jams, though we may roam,*
*Be it ever so bumped up, there is no place like home;*
*An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;*
*Oh, give me my sixty-horse cottage again!*
*The red and green lights and the traffic cop's call,*
*Give me them, and the detour sign dearer than all!*
*Home, home, sweet, sweet home!*
*There's no place like home, there's no place like home.*

AMERICA is entering a new pioneer era. The whole country seems to be crossing the continent again, the only difference being that the Indians are doing the driving. This spring and summer the troubles of the week-end motorist are going to be complicated as never before by such problems as whether he should pull over and let somebody's bounding bungalow go by, and what he should do when he sees his rear fender going down the road on the bay window of an eight-cylinder underslung Home-That-Stops-Only-On-Red.

The traveling domicile has become such a feature of American wild life that an odor of ham and eggs is now permanently linked up with the open road, and a man crossing a street in traffic is apt to have a hod of ashes flung in his unsuspecting face any moment.

Traffic policemen, already the most unstrung group of human beings in this country, are suffering an additional collapse of morale from the strain of straightening out tie-ups of four-room automobiles, directing automobilists to the nearest plumbing-supply store and answering such startling questions from a chauffeur as "Where can I take this car to get a frying pan repaired?" and "Officer, how far is it to somebody who can repair a rib in a migratory awning?"

Garages by midsummer of 1937 may have to put in groceries, ice, bed linens, crockery and general home furnishings as a part of regulation car equipment.

It will surprise few people if the coming spring sees the wide-awake pumping-station attendant hopping out with a bright smile and the query, "Gas, oil, fresh country eggs or a pound of butter?"

Your correspondent has made some trips about the country by auto during the past few months, with special attention to Florida, and is prepared to answer the question: What has become of the old-fashioned American home?

It has had a motor, front and rear bumpers, shock absorbers and a speedometer installed.

It has become a nonstop residence with license plates all around and taillights flickering practically from the foot of the bed. The old homestead has gone joy-riding. America has become Nomad's Land.

It is already old stuff to pick up a newspaper and read of last night's accident on Route 26 in which two houses collided, badly injuring two kitchenettes, an unidentified wardrobe and the cat.

These items in the social columns are inevitable:

Abernathy Krumm is convalescing after a serious automobile accident last Thursday. In a crash with a telegraph pole he fractured his elbow, electric toaster and alcohol stove. Mrs. Krumm and two percolators also cracked up.

---

Lester Lobb, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Zeke Lobb, was slightly hurt on Highway No. 32 Sunday night. The Lobb car was sideswiped by a bus. Lester, a portable table and two book ends were pitched through the window by the impact.

---

Two families and a dinette were badly cut up in a crash on South Hill late last night. Further details will be given later.

---

Zeke Potter lost his wife and a complete set of dishes when his auto overturned rounding the bend in the Stony Creek trail early today. Zeke attributes his own escape to the fact that he was pinned between a mattress and a collapsible bunk.

---

Charlie Narfle, our local tonsorialist, will not be getting about much for some time to come. He ran through a fence seventeen miles west of here the other night and tore out his plumbing system.

A few years from now, under real-estate notes, these jottings may be found:

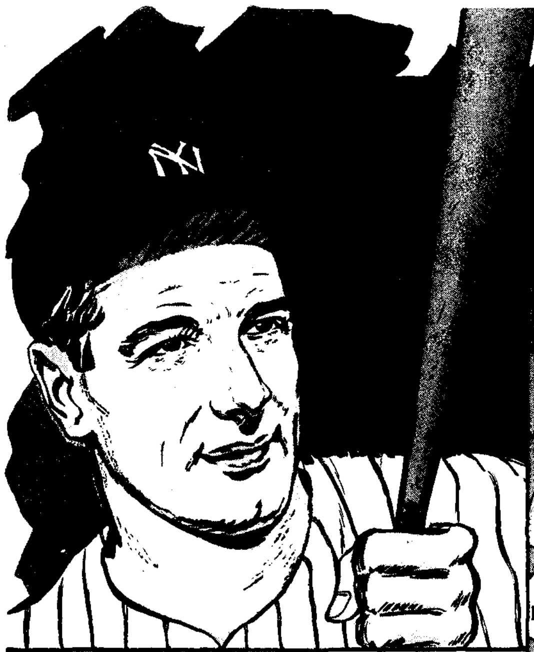
Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Bottle, who have lived here for nearly three weeks, will pull out tomorrow. They were among our oldest residents.

---

The Chester T. Bimbys have moved into their new summer

(Continued on page 29)

# LOU GEHRIG



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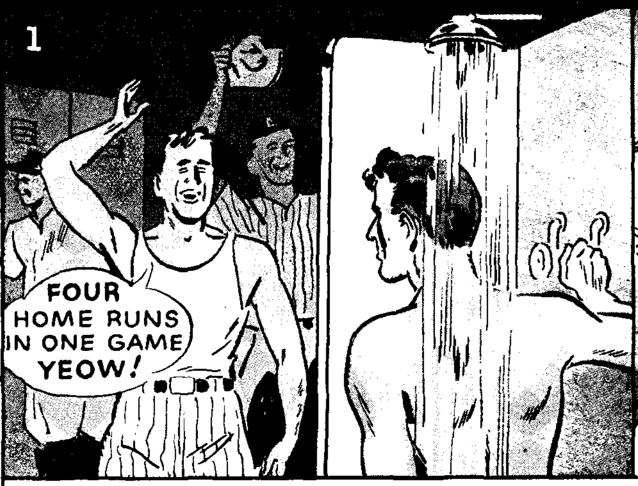
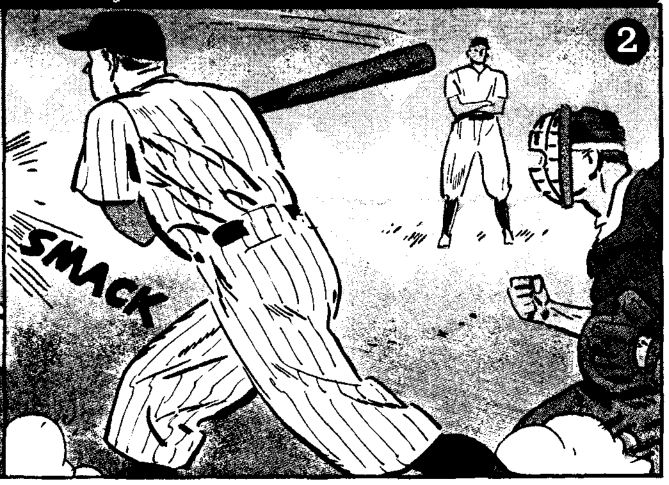
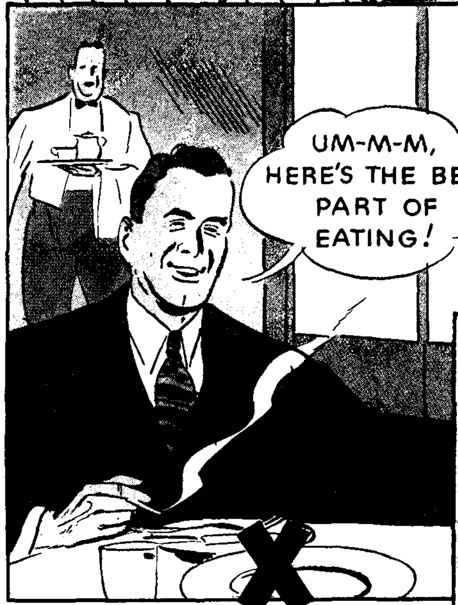

FOUR HOME RUNS IN ONE GAME YEOW!



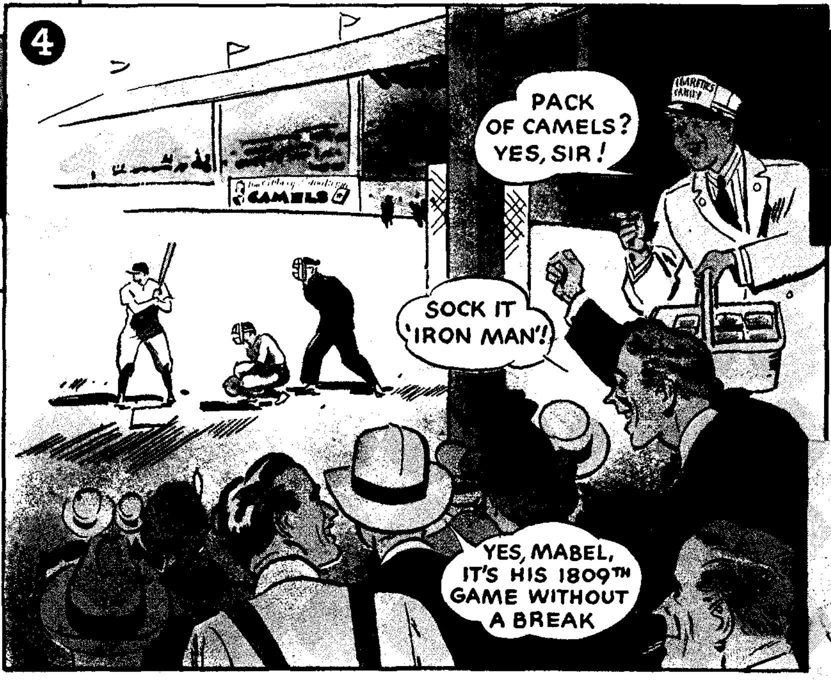
**LOU GEHRIG HOLDS MORE RECORDS** than any other player in the game today. Here are a few for any four-game World Series: most runs batted in (9); most home-runs (4); most bases on balls (6). He has knocked 4 home-runs in one game—scored 100 or more runs and batted in 100 or more runs for 11 consecutive seasons.

**HOME-RUN KING!** Gehrig (a regular Camel smoker) has an average of 38 home-runs per season. In 1931, Gehrig shared the crown as the American League's home-run king; in 1934 and 1936, stood at the top alone. Gehrig's follow-through is shown above. It takes healthy nerves to connect, and, as Lou says: "Camels don't get on my nerves."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

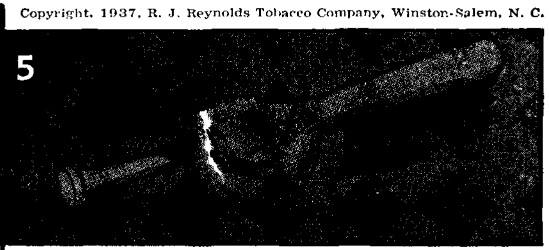

3
UM-M-M, HERE'S THE BEST PART OF EATING!

**X MARKS THE SPOT** where once there was a thick juicy steak smothered in mushrooms—Lou's favorite dish. Gehrig is a big man—6 ft. 1 in. tall—weighs 210 pounds. And he has a big man's appetite. Lou eats what he wants and isn't bashful about coming back for "seconds." So for smoking Camels at mealtime and afterward, you have Lou's own words: "I've found that smoking Camels and eating go together naturally." Choose Camels for your cigarette and see how they help to ease tension, paving the way to good digestion. What happens is this: Smoking Camels at mealtime and afterward speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Alkalinity also is increased. Thus Camels give you a delightful sense of well-being... they set you right! Smokers find that they can enjoy Camels steadily—between meals as well as at meals—and that Camels never get on their nerves or tire their taste. So make it Camels—they are so mild.

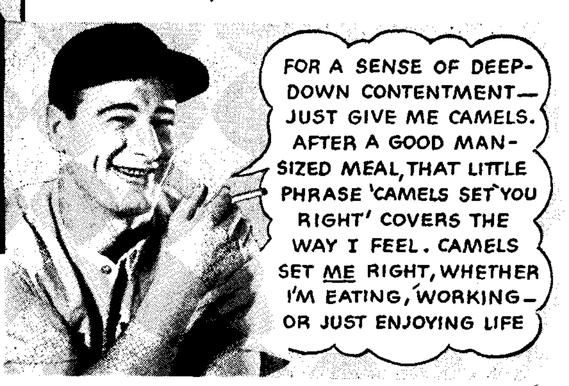

4
CAMELS
PACK OF CAMELS? YES, SIR!
SOCK IT 'IRON MAN'!
YES, MABEL, IT'S HIS 1809TH GAME WITHOUT A BREAK

**BASEBALL'S "IRON-MAN"!** When Lou steps out on the field, to play his first game of the 1937 season—he'll be playing his 1,809th consecutive game—a record unparalleled in the annals of baseball. Injuries never stopped Gehrig. Once he chipped a bone in his foot—yet knocked out a homer, two doubles, and a single next day. Another time, he was knocked out by a "bean ball," yet next day walloped 3 triples in 5 innings. Gehrig's "Iron-Man" record is proof of his splendid physical condition. As Lou says: "All the years I've been playing, I've been careful about my physical condition. Smoke? I smoke and *enjoy* it. My cigarette is Camel."

5



**HERE'S LOU'S FAVORITE BAT** and his favorite first baseman's mitt. His bat is especially made. He wears out two mitts a season. You can imagine the knocks he absorbs doing it. Last year, with 1,377 put-outs, his brilliant play at first base was only 6/1000ths short of PERFECT.


FOR A SENSE OF DEEP-DOWN CONTENTMENT—JUST GIVE ME CAMELS. AFTER A GOOD MAN-SIZED MEAL, THAT LITTLE PHRASE 'CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT' COVERS THE WAY I FEEL. CAMELS SET ME RIGHT, WHETHER I'M EATING, WORKING—OR JUST ENJOYING LIFE

**"ANOTHER BIG REASON** why I prefer Camels,"—continues Lou, *(above)*—"is that I get a 'lift' with a Camel!" Enjoy Camels freely—for that refreshing "lift" in energy—and for digestion's sake! Camels are mild—smooth and friendly to the throat.

***EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT!***

**"Jack Oakie's College"**

A gala fun-and-music show with Jack Oakie running the "college"! Catchy music! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Join Jack Oakie's College. Tuesdays—8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS Network.

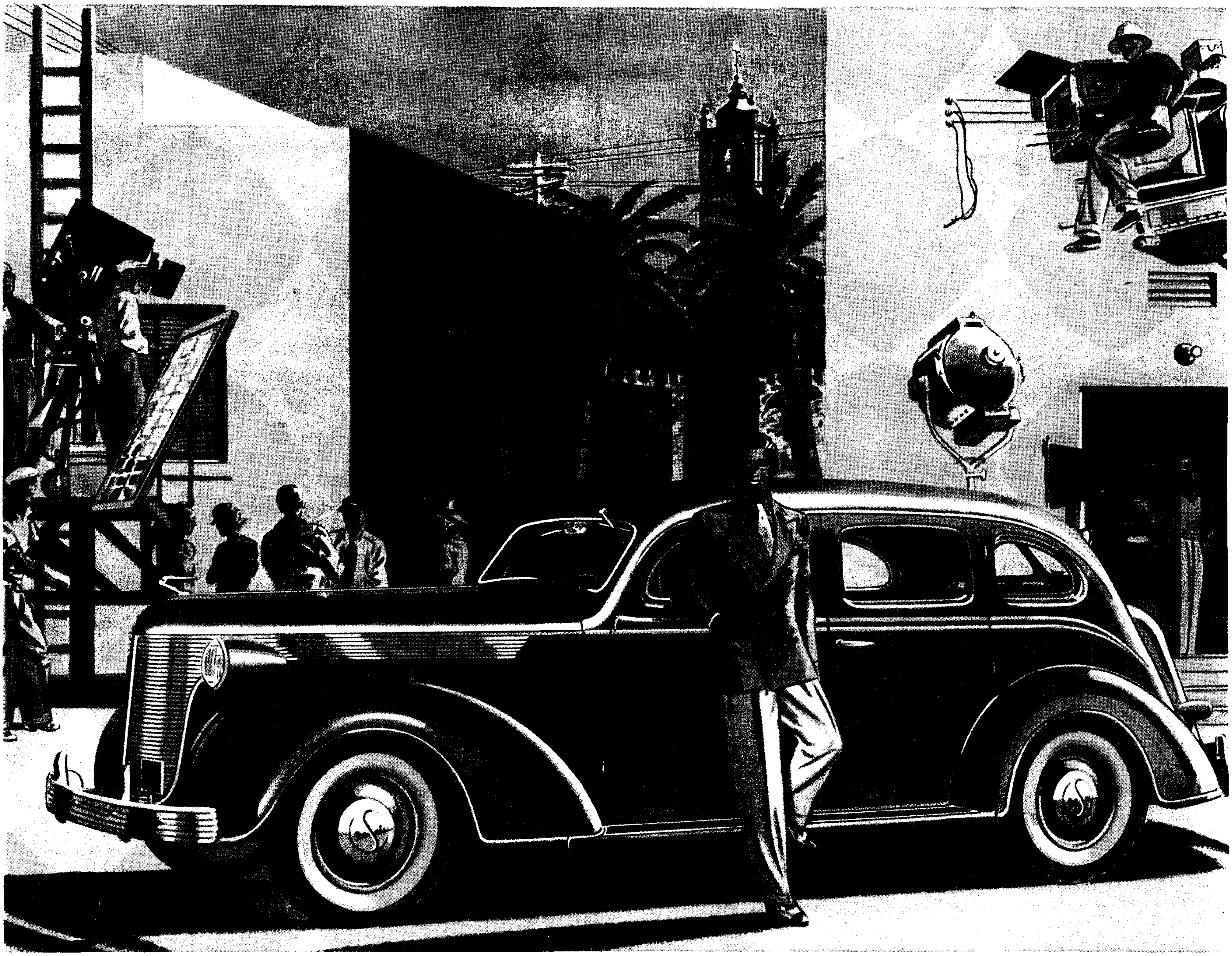
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

**Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ... Turkish and Domestic ... than any other popular brand.**

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE SMOKE CAMELS**

# MR. DEEDS REALLY "GOES TO TOWN"



## Yes, it's actually Gary Cooper, stepping out of a Smart, New De Soto!

HOLLYWOOD! PARAMOUNT STUDIOS' Stage No. 3...swarming with extras, prop-men, cameramen, stars. Suddenly, a gong. *Silence!* The blinding flash of batteries of Klieg lights. Call-boys sing out, "Mr. Cooper—ready for you, Mr. Cooper."

Out of a new De Soto steps the unforgettable star of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"...and another great picture, "Souls at Sea," is on its way.

---

STROLL DOWN the studio streets...along Malibu Beach ...up and down the boulevards...just count the De Sotos flashing by! Glamorous Hollywood has taken this low-priced car to its heart.

It wasn't an easy conquest. Here were people who demanded the finest and could pay the price. But De Soto competed, side by side, with the smartest cars in America—and *won!*

Won—with something new in design...a flash, a certain flair that no car ever had before. Won—with a ride as smooth as gliding, and just as exhilarating! Won—hands down, on safety, room, comfort, bigness.

Step up, and get De Soto's appeal yourself. The price? Far less than you imagine! With the new, low price, De Soto is just a few dollars above the lowest!

And those few dollars bring you the year's finest fine-car features: New airplane-type Shock-Absorbers. Complete Sound-Proofing. All-Steel Body. Safety Interior. Genuine Hydraulic Brakes. Independent (knee-type) front wheel springs. Hypoid rear axle.

Economy? Prepare for a surprise...De Soto costs *less* to operate than most small cars! And that's a matter of record with thousands of owners. De Soto's new 93-h.p. "Economy Engine" makes it possible.

Tomorrow...go to your dealer...get behind the wheel and "go to town" yourself! Ask for the Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

**DE SOTO**

*Now Priced just above the Lowest*

**AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR**

home, an eight-cylinder streamlined job. They have a town house but it is at present in the garage for a complete overhauling.

Warfle and Wharfle, our leading real-estate agents, reported considerable activity lately. The demand seems to be for homes with better shock absorbers.

Amos Tuttle, who bought the Glotz home last week, is having new rubber put on it throughout.

This trailer craze is spreading by leaps and bounces, and there is no telling where it may lead.

A couple of years ago it was a threat no bigger than the overnight tourist camp, but today it seems to be sweeping everything before it, including real-estate problems, mortgage disputes, vacation problems, slower-moving vehicles and railroad-crossing gates. You are lucky if you can get home from a Sunday spin without an argument with a six-cylinder house, and if you find yourself suddenly shuffled off a road which appeared to have ample room, you may be fairly sure that somebody just passed you in a duplex apartment doing sixty miles an hour or better.

### Hauling Their Homes Behind Them

Caution making blind turns is more advisable than ever this year. You may otherwise find your runabout wedged between the pot roast and the sink in the kitchen of a three-speed bungalow with all modern conveniences except good brakes.

There are 1,000,000 trailers on the road today, it is estimated, and, judging by the interest shown in trailer exhibits, the streamlined, eighty-five horsepower underslung bungalow with invisible landlord and collapsible mortgage has captured the public imagination as has no development in the automobile industry since the time-payment flivver with one-man top.

It is a foregone conclusion that 1937 will see the automotive engineers throwing aside everything to design a touring car and perhaps a roadster in which one may cook a square meal and take a bath.

Two or three of the 1937 sedan models feature a two-passenger bed in the rear, made by merely passing the hand over the upholstery and muttering "Mumbo, jumbo." In another year the leading questions from the prospective buyer of a two-passenger runabout may be "Is there plenty of room to wash the dishes in here?" "Does the icebox come with her, or is it an extra?" "Has she a guest room?" or "Does that price include cups and saucers?"

We are in the era of the Vagabond Flivver, the Gadabout Gas Buggy and the Cross-Country Homestead with quick detachable buckets, all with or without ivy and trailing arbutus, F.O.B. Detroit.

I tremble for the future of the old homestead, the real-estate promoter and those old-time artisans known as paper hangers, house painters and plumbers' helpers. The hotel business is threatened from a new quarter, the seashore cottage that spent all its life in one spot is in danger and the mountain cabin that never joined a transcontinental race is beginning to look very much like a grim reminder of the days when people had the same neighbors day after day, got to know the delicatessen dealer by his first name and had a pretty good idea where they were at any given time, and why. We are witnessing the passing of the automobile from the speed and business phase to the realm of real estate and vagabondia. Americans are whisking about America hauling their homes behind them.

What it means is that a man need no longer live in a house anchored to foundations and surrounded by the old familiar faces, and the same blighted maples. He can now hitch the old homestead to the back of a gasoline buggy and make the country his playground. His back yard may overlook a lake in the morning and top a mountain at sunset. His home may be in the country in the evening, but he can yank it down to the water front in the morning if sick of the scent of new-mown hay.

When a man in an auto heard a rattle he used to look at the springs. Now he looks at the dishes.

The Magic Carpet of Bagdad now has a radiator, five wheels and bumpers front and rear. Home, sweet home, is becoming an interchange spot on the map.

We may hear any day now of the young lady who was injured in her shower bath when it was rammed by a drunken driver, and the man who ran off a bridge and sprained his china closet.

The covered wagon of the pioneers has returned to the American scene with de luxe furnishings, suspension springs, air brakes, electric lights, lace curtains, pink awnings, modern heating and balloon tires. There are no trails to break and no savages to fight, but life between pumping stations has more terrifying hazards than the old life between trading posts. What the Forty-niners did from necessity or for adventure, the Thirty-Seveners will do from impulse, and for new scenic effects.

The Leaping House idea got its start about ten years ago when a Michigan man took the wife and kiddies with him by auto on a fishing and hunting trip. He carried a tent and camping equipment. Arriving in a downpour he had so much trouble pitching camp and listening to suggestions from the little woman that he definitely soured on tent-raising as a pleasure and began to think about a cabin that could be towed behind an auto. When he got home he designed and built a boxlike one-room hut with a bed, a couple of chairs, some coat hooks, a table and a crude icebox. It frightened cattle and startled fellow motorists, but it provided the family with a swell point-to-point bungalow.

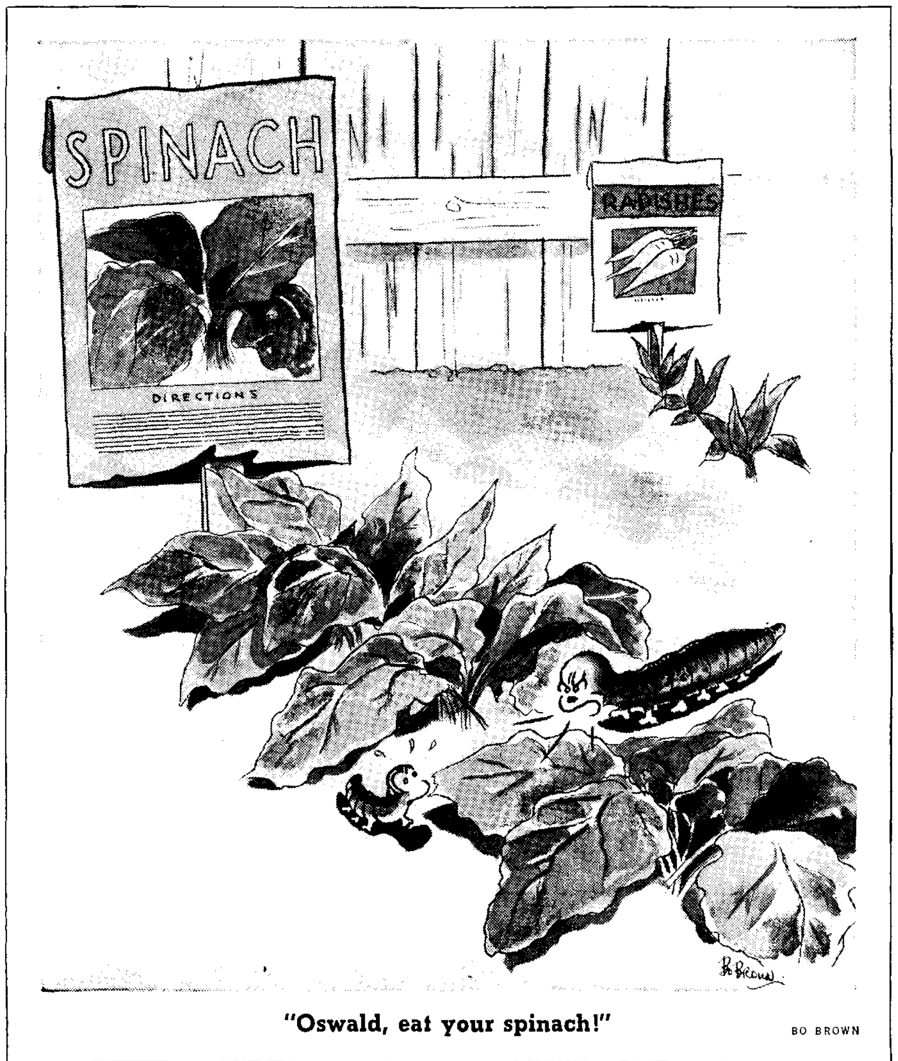
The inventor decided to combine pleasure with business, an old Detroit custom, and built a few for sale. Today trailer building is a major industry in which scores of factories are building the Home That Came Over the Mountain, the Cabin That Never Has to Face the Same Water Twice and the Palace That is Gone with the Wind.

Thousands of bungalow bedouins are at this very moment arguing with the salesman about the allowance they can get on their old home if they turn it in and get a brand-new residence, and as many more are calling up the salesroom and asking what day the manager can send over one of his latest houses for a demonstration.

### Private Parlor Cars

I may become a victim any day now. A few weeks ago I took a trip through Florida in a friend's trailer and the gypsy in me showed signs of coming out. I am not fit to become a careening cabin owner at present, however, due to my nervousness. In my friend's trailer I repeatedly broke the windows and gashed my arm in my determination to thrust my arm out of the trailer every time we were making a left-hand turn. And on several occasions I yanked a leg off the kitchen table in my involuntary attempt to throw out the clutch in what seemed to be emergencies.

It appeared to me as a beginner very much like sitting in an apartment during an earthquake, but of course I hadn't got the hang of the new design for living. Or should I say flivving? But it had its compensating influences, such as the joy of possessing a private parlor car with no timetable troubles and permanently cut off from all contacts with landlords, brush salesmen and young



"Oswald, eat your spinach!" BO BROWN

SHAVING ALWAYS SPOILS MY DISPOSITION, MISS BROOKS. IT IRRITATES MY FACE
MY DAD HAD THE SAME TROUBLE UNTIL HE CHANGED BACK TO USING GILLETTE BLADES IN HIS GILLETTE RAZOR. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THIS?
NEXT MORNING
MISS BROOKS, THANKS FOR THAT GRAND TIP. I'VE CHANGED BACK TO USING GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND THEY SURE GIVE SWELL SHAVES!
MISS BROOKS KNOWS YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

**Make Sure Razor And Blade Are Mates**

***—then you will enjoy shaving comfort at its best***

Men with tender skin are quick to appreciate the matchless comfort that comes with using a Gillette Blade in the Gillette Razor. Here indeed is the perfect combination for perfect shaves—a razor and blade that work together in smooth and complete harmony.

The Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade are made for each other. Gillette engineers designed the razor; Gillette engineers designed the blade. It is this flawless teamwork that explains the wonderful difference you will *feel* and *see* when you shave the "All-Gillette" way.

If you've been using other make blades, change back to the blade that was made for your Gillette Razor. Buy a package of Gillette Blades today and let the results speak for themselves.

***Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!***

*Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.*

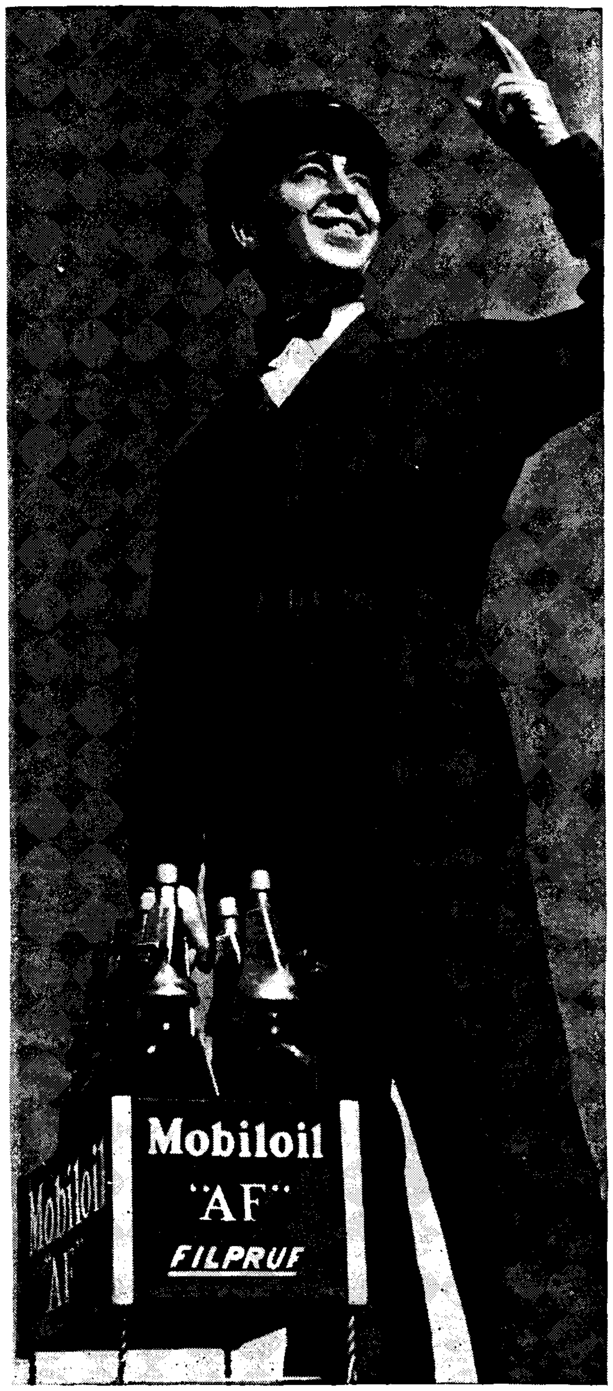
Gillette
BLUE BLADES
King C. Gillette

**Gillette Blades**

***Precision-made for the Gillette Razor***

# MADE. N

## THE REAL REASON WHY MOBILOIL IS TH



## Smoother Performance—More Mileage—Greater protection for Engine Parts—That's how Mobiloil SAVES YOU MONEY

"PRIVATE—NO ADMITTANCE!" A policeman guards the door to every engineering laboratory in Detroit.

For new-car secrets are protected like a gold vault.

"Keep Out" warns the sign—yet almost daily you'll see the men of Socony-Vacuum pass through with a familiar "Hello, Joe."

Car engineers and our research staff work hand-in-hand . . .

*To make Mobiloil the best oil for your car.*

That's what we mean when we say: "Mobiloil is made—not found."

Impurities in all crude oil, harmful to engines, must come out!

*All oil refiners know this. But not all of them do the job equally well!*

For example, the Clearosol Process, by which Mobiloil is made . . . removes impurities that *defy* all ordinary refining methods.

Hence Mobiloil is cleaner, tougher, longer-lasting.

Try it and see for yourself . . . *you will find it pays to buy the correct grade of Mobiloil... and stick to it!*

# MOBILOIL AND MOB

# T FOUND

## ORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING MOTOR OIL

WHEN YOUR CAR WAS JUST A BLUE-PRINT, *Socony-Vacuum worked with the Automotive Engineers to make Mobiloil the Best Oil for your Engine*

**GAS SOCONY-VACUUM**

Mobilgas

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Spare them your Debts

MANY a man, content with the inheritance he will leave his family, forgets the cost of dying... costs that become debts to saddle his family... debts that must be paid before his estate becomes theirs. Such obligations often shrink an average estate by as much as 40%, grip the wife and children in a net of debt before adjustments for the years ahead can be made. Protect your family against this burden with a Northwestern Mutual policy of special "clean-up" insurance. Find out now how little such a policy will cost in this *mutual* company—80 years old in conservative management—a billion dollars big in assets. Mail the coupon for estimate of smallest amount necessary to *spare them your debts.*

*Fill In This Coupon Without Obligation*

No. D-XE 21961

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company
Milwaukee, Wis.

PAY ? ? ? ? ? ? DOLLARS
To The Order of My Wife

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*________ *State*______ *Date of Birth*______

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company
*A Billion Dollar Estate*
Milwaukee-Wis.

PRESIDENT

TREASURER

SPECIMEN

C-4-24-37

men working their way through college by selling vacuum cleaners.

This trailer was the de luxe type. It set the owner back about $10,000 and he was very proud of it. He put me out at the end of the second day because I pointed out that despite all its gadgets, luxuries and accommodations it had no beer-bottle opener!

But I had lingered with him long enough to see a couple of trailer camps from the inside and, boy, what fun! Most communities are far behind in providing places for the trailers to "swarm" but we struck one of the modern type which had a community swimming pool, a town hall, an athletic field, a community restaurant and all the other comforts that make you forget you are supposed to love rough-and-tumble life with the Rover Boys.

One touch of trailer camp makes the whole world kin. People who would never speak to one another under other conditions become pals and buddies in the twinkling of a rear light once they are under the camp influence. Lester P. Woddgbutton III, touring with his family in a $15,000 de luxe trailer as big as a railroad president's special car, isn't satisfied until he has all the folks over to see how wonderful it is, and Mr. Smith, who has been rushing the family around the country in an $800 hustle-hut, can't rest until Lester comes over and has it pointed out to him how he could have saved $14,200 and had just as much fun.

### Votes on the Run

"Come over and see us sometime," urges one lady trailer addict to another. "We're Mich. D-1874."

"You must drop in on us too. Del. X-1063," replies the other lady ever so sweetly.

It's a great life if you're democratic.

The only fly in the grease cup now is the lack of standardized receptions by the cities and villages of America.

Most communities are still asleep on the trailer problem, and those that have given it any thought differ in their attitudes. One city shows the cold shoulder and literally gives the bouncing bungalows the bum's rush; another prohibits trailer parking under all circumstances and the next one greets you with open arms and full directions how to reach the new municipal trailer camp.

The country is face to face with a hot assortment of new traffic, real-estate and taxation problems. The discovery that millions of Americans have found a way to shake off ancient worries and find contentment on the open road is bringing the legislators into huddles everywhere. At present the Bounding Bungalow Gullivers do not act as if unduly harassed, but the obstacle thrower-uppers are after them and if your correspondent were buying a trailer he would get one that had a law library and a spare room for at least one good attorney.

Some communities have special trailer fees, some have rigid inspections of all camps and here and there a community ousts them unless they take out a special license tag. Co-ordinating the trailer laws will be one of the tasks of the next few years.

The politician has already begun to consider the trailer vote. There is fun ahead. And confusion!

What to do about educating the thousands of children roaming about the country in these hop, skip and jump cabins is a major problem worrying everybody but the children, who sincerely hope that a solution won't be found.

Maybe a temporary expedient may be a Little Red Schoolhouse properly horsepowered, enameled against severe weather and equipped with spare strap and electric paddler. The big difficulty may be to get Little Willie to stay in a school full of body squeaks.

Then there is the voting problem.

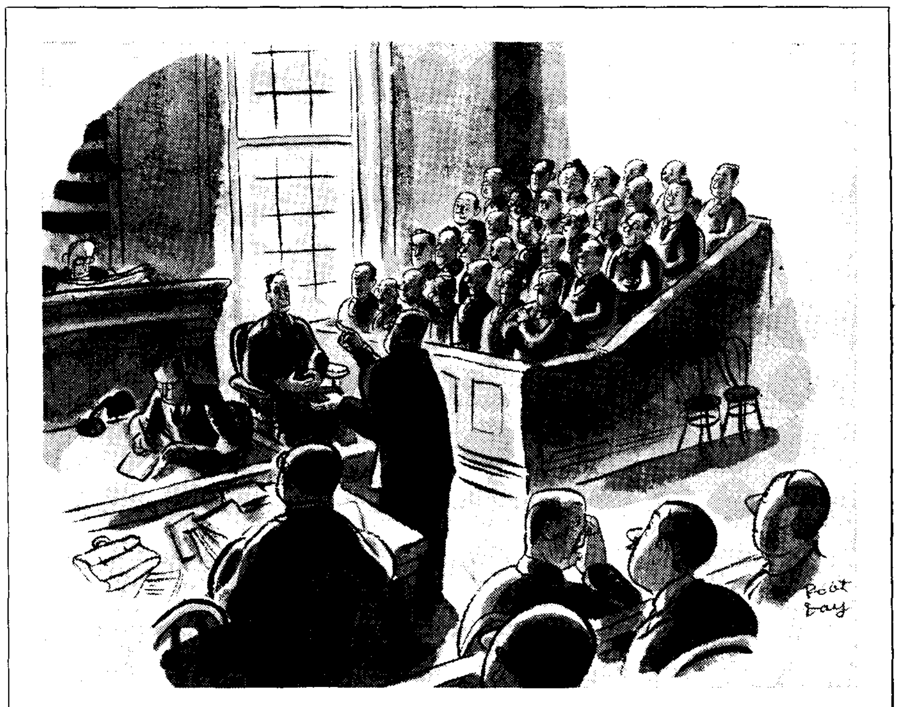
All the politicians will want that trailer vote no matter how far it has flown since the last election.

They can hardly expect a Penobscot, Maine, man who has hauled his residence to Pasadena, California, to hurry home just to cast a ballot. The right of franchise should be the pride of every man, but you know these gasoline costs.

Will time bring the 127-inch wheelbase voting booth, with motor, lights in the fender and ivory vanity case?

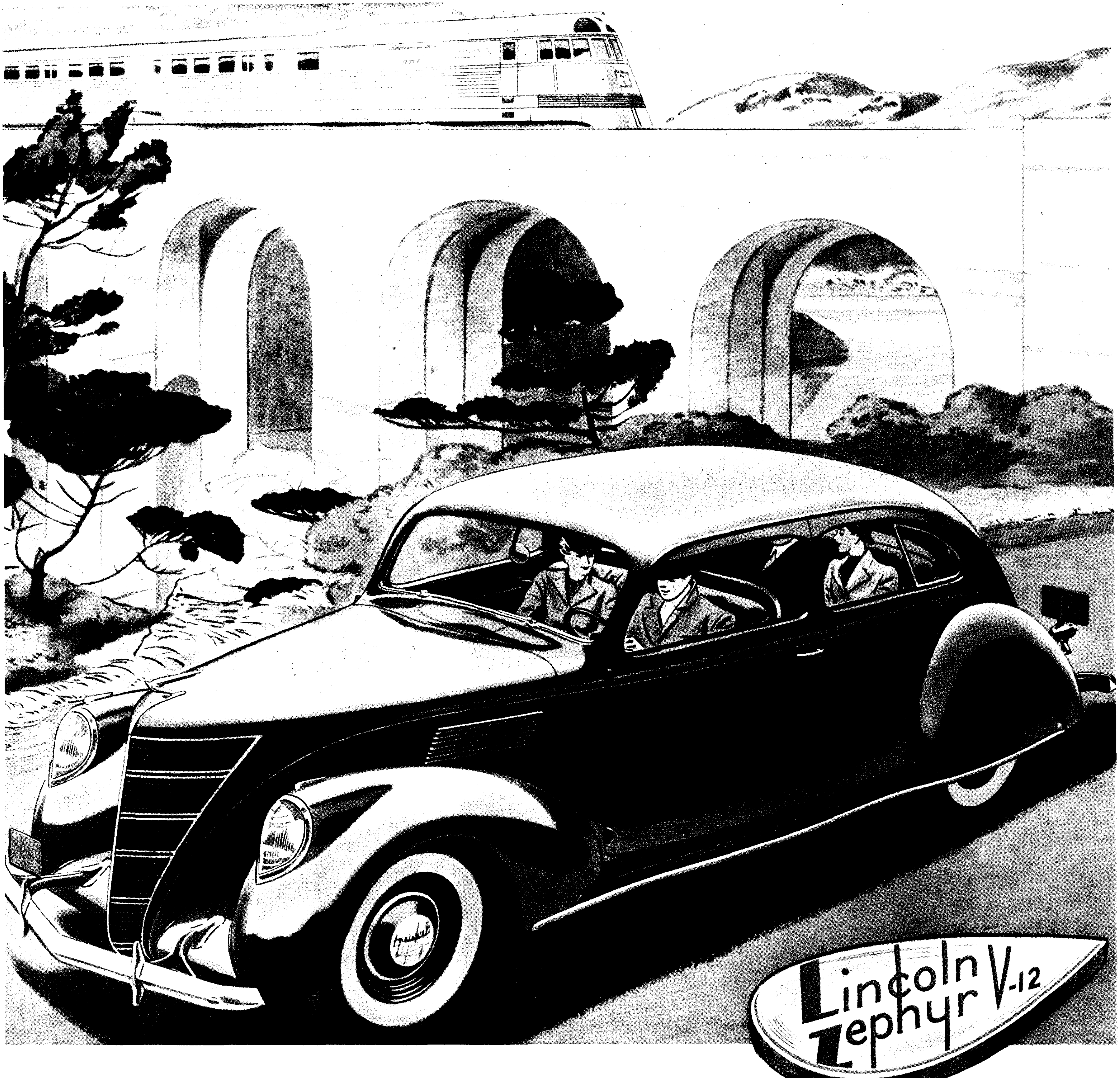
Will 1940 bring forth the candidate who will put in his platform a plank guaranteeing a stouter brand of unbreakable dishes for cross-continental eating? Will he have to promise tax relief for nonstop bungalow dwellers? Will the radio hear some seeker of the presidency bellowing:

"I realize that one of the great problems before the American people is designing an icebox that won't rattle the milk bottles when turning corners at high speed, and if elected I promise to give this my immediate attention, as well as the pressing matter of creating a trailer in which the stove will not be too near the bed."



"We've enlarged the jury to speed up justice"

ROBERT DAY



# The newest things on wheels!

ONE is a streamlined train rolling up new records on the rails. One is a motor car, the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, rolling up new records on the roads. Common to both is a break with the past—a new idea of design and performance—a new conception of safety and economy—a new point-of-view toward travel!

The first feature that sets a dividing line between the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR and all other cars in the field is the V-12 engine. It is a silent, alert powerhouse of 12 cylinders in V-style. It develops 110 horsepower; is fast as a marksman's shot on the pick-up. *It gives 14 to 18 miles per gallon!* "I am not one to expect miracles," writes a Florida owner, "but when I check the mileage I get, I rub my eyes and wonder!"

This is a big car. The wheelbase is 122 inches. And it is a safe car. Steel is around you and above you. Steel girders form a "unit body and frame" unique in the automotive world. *No other is like it.* No other gives the same protection, the same comfort. And what other car, at this price or near it, is so complete . . . so thoroughly on its good behavior *always?*

Compare feature against feature, delivered price against delivered price, and discover why those who drive the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR *once* drive happily ever after! Convenient purchase terms are available through Authorized Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company. . . . *Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr motor cars.*

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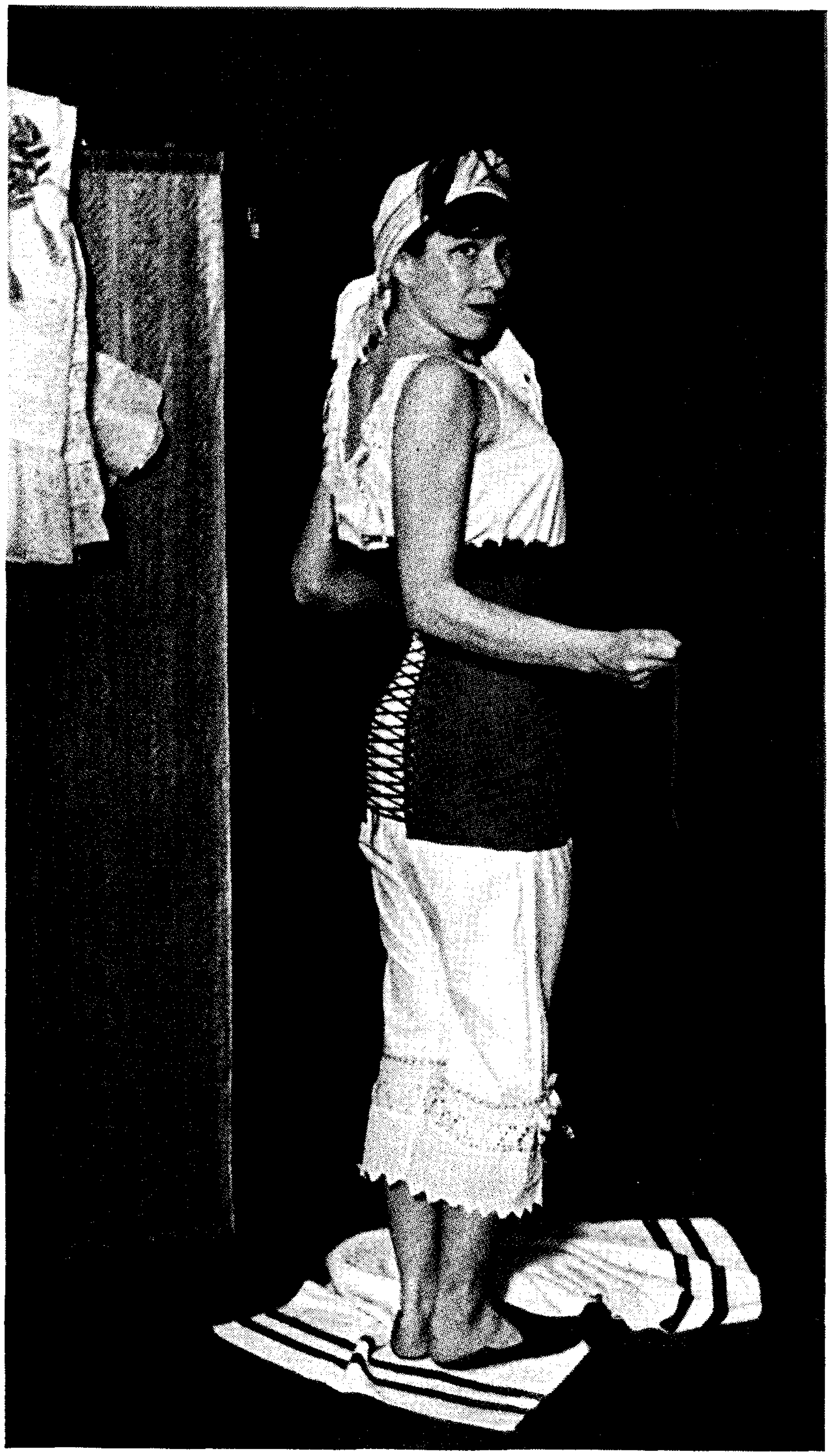
**THE CAR THAT IS PRICED BELOW ITS SPECIFICATIONS**

# Mystery GIRL

### By Henry F. Pringle

**Her name is Angna Enters, and she is a one-woman theater. Critics disagree about what she does, but there's no doubt in the minds of those who see her. She puts on a good show**



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

**Three stages in one of Angna Enters' newest numbers, Mme. Pompadour—Solitaire—1900, in which Miss Enters reverses the favorite number of burlesque by dressing before the footlights instead of undressing**

NOBODY paid the slightest attention, one day something over ten years ago, to an eighteen-year-old girl who sat on a bench in one of New York's public parks and pulled off a shoe. Had anyone been watching, he might have seen her look ruefully at a hole in the sole—and then stuff a folded envelope into the shoe.

Within the last four or five years, however, several thousand people have watched that same girl go through an almost identical routine. But now she does it behind footlights on the stage of a theater. A working girl, discouraged and weary, who has worn out her shoes looking for a job, is one of the character sketches offered by Angna Enters.

"That number isn't fiction," Miss Enters has admitted. "I've done that a good many times to keep out the wet. I know what it's like. Any art, I suppose, is partly autobiographical."

The art of Angna Enters—her name is pronounced Anjna and it once was Anita—defies analysis. She isn't a monologist because she never says a word on the stage. She isn't exactly a dancer. She can't with accuracy be classified as an actress because she has not been in a play for a long time. She doesn't sing, either. Her performances in New York last winter, though, were so jammed that she had to extend her season. Her current coast-to-coast tour is similarly packing in the crowds. She remains the great What Is It? of the twentieth-century theater. This, however, doesn't appear to bother the crowds in the slightest.

The people who worry are the critics. They sometimes get very learned and technical when they report on a performance by Miss Enters. This tendency annoys her because she is afraid that potential audiences will be frightened away.

"Esthetics of the dance?" she has retorted after listening to some high-brow dissertation. "I leave those to my colleagues. I plan my compositions to be interesting."

"I think all the titles are confusing," Angna pleaded another time. "I'd like to have the audience think of my performance as just a good show."

There is no doubt at all that she puts on a good show. Laughter crashes so frequently through the theaters where she plays that a passer-by in the street might logically suppose that Victor Moore, Fannie Brice or Jimmy Durante was prancing about inside. Among the particular prides of Miss Enters' career is the fact that a large part of all her audiences is made up of men. This is true even in communities where husbands would scream with anguish if dragged by their wives to concerts, literary lectures or dance recitals.

"In some of the cities where I've played," Angna observes, "I promise to give refunds if, after all, my show turns out to be a dance recital. But I've never yet had to give anybody back his money."

What *does* Miss Enters do then? Quite by herself, without scenery and without dialogue, she gives short, vivid character sketches. "The Theater of Angna Enters," a phrase conceived by Louis Untermeyer, best describes her art. The stage on which she stands becomes, in fact, a theater and is peopled with figures as varied as the span of recorded history. Sometimes Miss Enters dances. Sometimes she remains quite motionless in a chair or at a table and conveys her characterization by movements of her hands or the expressions on her face. For all her protestations, some of the people of Miss Enters' theater are undeniably classical. But she offers, too, a hobble-skirted young woman of 1916, who, with an imaginary partner, is dipping and twisting through the Turkey Trot, the Castle Walk, the Bunny Hug and the Kitchen Sink of that prehistoric dancing era. A few seconds later she is a savage Spanish monk whose crucifix has been cast aside for an army automatic; off stage, if your ears are keen, you can almost hear the crashing bombardments of Spain's civil war.

Let us sit in the theater of Angna Enters for still another scene. The curtain rises for one of her newest numbers, called Mme. Pompadour—Solitaire—1900. An old chiffonier stands to the left; the only other properties are a

*(Continued on page* 86*)*

# THE AWAKENING OF MR. & MRS. RIP VAN WINKLE, JR.

I THINK it was in 1930 that our great sleep started. It was just a week ago that we awoke!

Yes, we had gone to sleep as far as progress in our lives was concerned. We had become content to go along, to be satisfied with something less than the best things in life. We didn't realize it, but "doing without" had become a fixed habit.

*And then, as I said, we woke up!*

Do you know what opened our eyes? *A picture of the new Packard Six.*

"Look," I said to Janet, "we actually can afford a *Packard*. Let's snap out of it. Let's start having fun again. Let's get some of those fine things we used to dream about."

"Great," said Janet. "And what's better to start with than a Packard?"

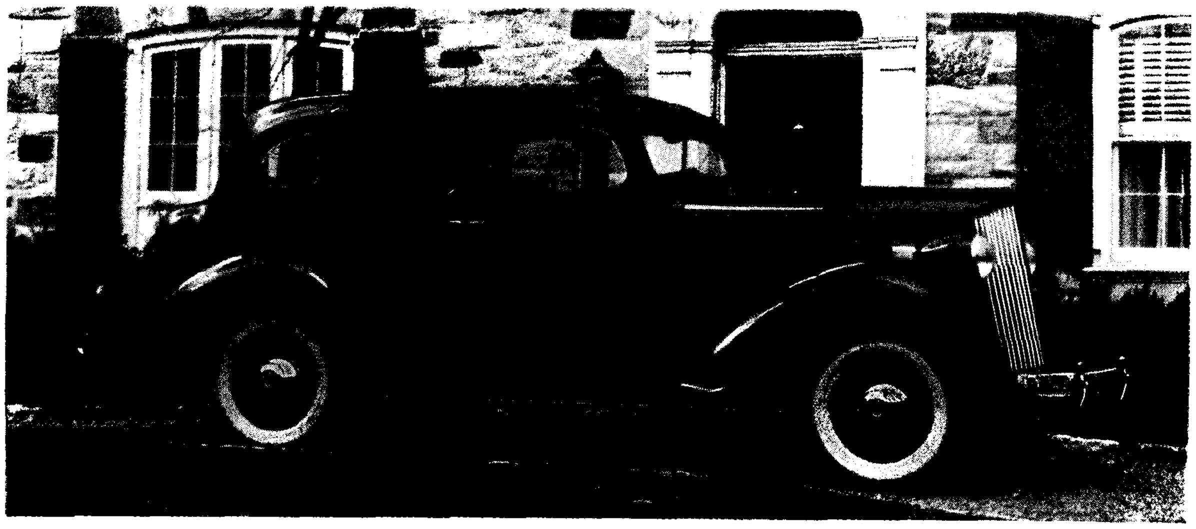
So, down to the Packard showroom we marched. "Let's see that new Packard Six." Our hearts beat a little faster as we saw it was a *real* Packard, with the traditionally beautiful, easily-identified Packard lines.

We drove it. And thrilled like a couple of kids at the way it responded—getting away like a deer, taming the bumpiest roads, turning on a dime, practically parking itself in tight places.

We came back to the Packard showroom and said, "Wrap it up. It's ours!" And so... our dream has come true—*we own a Packard!*

### *How about you?*

If you haven't yet shaken the habit of "doing without," why not decide to do it right now? *Get* that Packard you've probably dreamed of owning since you were a youngster. See the great new Packards. Drive them. *Be* the man who owns one!



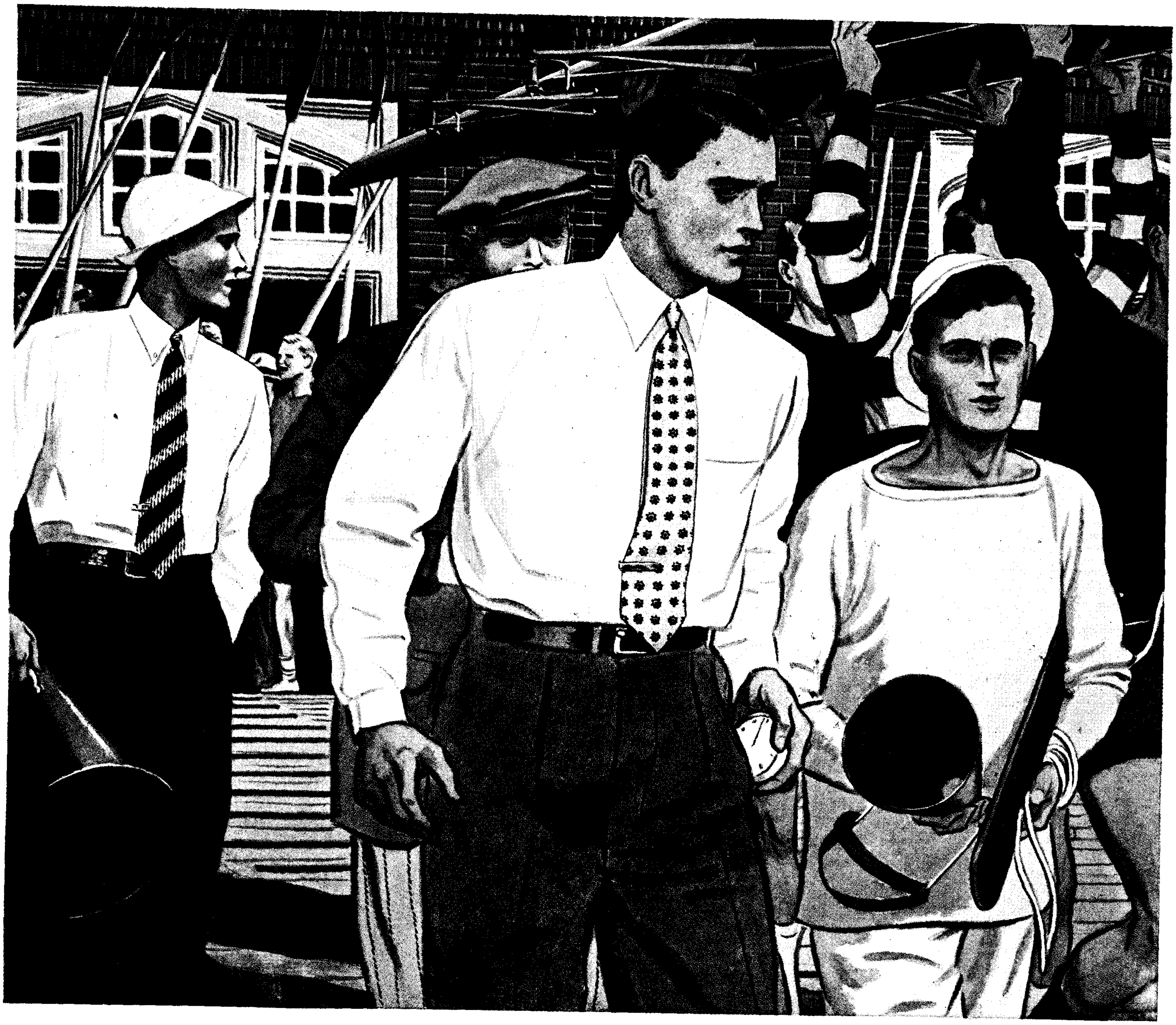
## PACKARD

**PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX**

*Let your Packard dealer give you complete price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet, "The Business of Buying and Owning a Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any car.*

**ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE**

*The car illustrated is the Packard Six Touring Sedan*



# What shirt goes the most places?

On elm-dotted campuses . . . at office pow-wows . . . at cozy evening gatherings . . . *at almost any place you name* . . . there's one shirt that's *always* in evidence.

That shirt (you've guessed it!) is the white shirt.

White is always correct. White looks well on light men, dark men, florid men. White goes with any suit or tie.

It's a necessary part of any shirt wardrobe.

Of all white shirts, Arrows are by far the most popular.

The reasons? Arrows have the best-looking collars ever stitched to a shirt. Arrows give the cleanest fit in shirtdom—the Mitoga Form-Fit. And Arrows keep this faultless fit *for life*, because they are Sanforized Shrunk.

***Arrow New Trump*** has the new soft collar that's toppling all previous records for long wear. $2.

***Arrow Gordon*** is America's favorite oxford shirt. Either button-down or regular collar. $2.

***Arrow Hitt,*** a more formal white shirt, boasts the finest non-wilt collar ever developed. $2.

These three impeccable shirts are the stars in an Arrow collection that includes several other white shirts—and the handsomest, most comprehensive array of colored and patterned shirts you ever saw . . . Your own Arrow dealer will be happy to show you all of them.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

*If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow Shirt*

Copr. 1937 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW
SHIRTS

*$2 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5*
*Sanforized Shrunk—a new shirt if one ever shrinks*

# Between Bites

Continued from page 21

Greb, debonair, clear-eyed, climbed through the ropes. The gamblers were laying three to one against him—and he had bet his end of the purse on himself.

"How do you feel?" a sports writer asked, looking up at him as he sat in his corner.

"How did those gamblers like that act I put on for them last night?" Greb laughed.

Oh, but Greb was a cutie. He knew all the angles. The fight was fairly even until the seventh, when Referee Ed Purdy sprained his ankle. This was great for Greb's style of fighting. He kept bulling Walker away from Purdy and he did everything to Mike but kick him in the head. The referee, white with agony, couldn't get close enough to separate them and Greb in close was a murderer. But Mickey was all right too at the Pier Eight style of milling and he was putting up a great fight until the fourteenth.

### They'd Rather Fight Than Eat

They'd been slashing and powdering each other plenty, for Greb too was a fighting man who loved to fight. Halfway through the fourteenth Greb bulled Walker to the ropes and he threw a hard right hand. The blow missed Mickey's chin but Greb always was a one for waving a careless thumb. The thumb dropped savagely into Mickey's right eye.

Walker snarled, "You Dutch rat," and then Greb measured him with a right hook. Because of the blood and the water which filled his right eye Walker didn't see the punch coming. It landed squarely and knocked Walker out. It knocked him out and his legs were rubbery things that buckled and acted crazily and in his head there was a roaring that grew louder and louder but Mickey stayed on his feet. He finished the round somehow and then Teddy Hayes threw water on him, held ammonia under his nose, put ice on his spine and with a few seconds left Mickey came to. He had to go through three more torturous minutes. He stayed all right because he had a heart that was strong and that was contemptuous of the weakness in his legs. But they gave the decision to Greb and then Walker went to his dressing room. He got under a cold shower and he stood there for a while and soon the cobwebs cleared away and he remembered something very important.

Doc Kearns, his manager, had been suspended by the N. Y. Athletic Commission and had been barred from entering the Polo Grounds. So he sat at a table in Billy Lahiff's Tavern waiting anxiously for Mickey to return. Before the fight Mickey had made a date with a girl and he had told her to meet him in the Tavern. He'd told her to sit with Kearns until he arrived.

Walker hurried dressing. Sure, Doc Kearns was his best friend but it would be just like Doc to try to grab his girl. More than once he'd grabbed girls from Kearns. So Walker hurried and then he went over to the Tavern and as he went in he saw Greb sitting there near the door. He had to pass Greb's table to get to Kearns, whom he saw far in the back with the girl Mike had the date with. Billy Lahiff—bless his memory—stood there and he was a bit nervous. He knew Mike and he knew Greb and he knew that they'd both rather fight than eat.

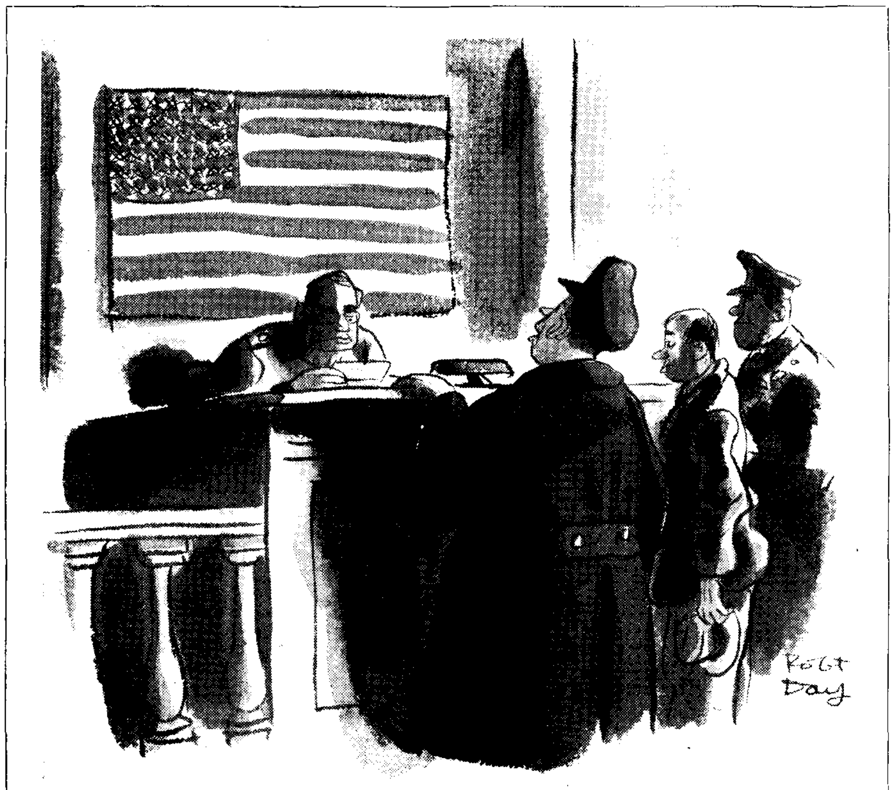
Walker looked at Greb and Greb looked back at Walker and then Greb got up and smiled. "Sit down and have a drink, Mike," he said, sticking out his hand.

Walker grinned through his swollen lips and he said: "Sure, Harry. I'd love one. I been working all night and need a drink."

"You don't need one more than I do," Greb laughed. "Toughest night I ever spent in my life."

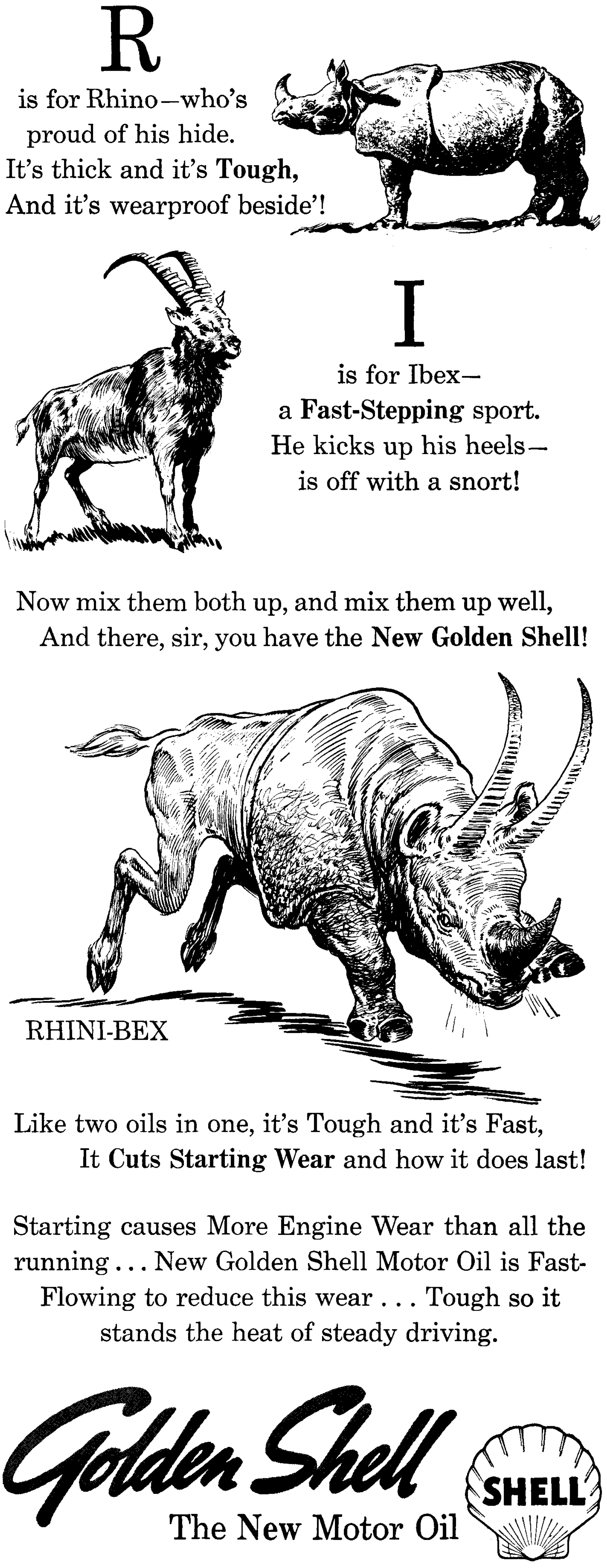
So he sat down and had a drink and they talked about everything but the fight. They talked about this movie or that and they talked about the stock market and about how much longer Babe Ruth could last.

Jack Spooner, who has been a waiter at the Tavern for so long that he belongs there like a table or a checkroom, brought two more and Greb and Walker,



"He says he forged the check because he needed the money"

ROBERT DAY


R

is for Rhino—who's
proud of his hide.
It's thick and it's **Tough,**
And it's wearproof beside'!

I

is for Ibex—
a **Fast-Stepping** sport.
He kicks up his heels—
is off with a snort!

Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
And there, sir, you have the **New Golden Shell!**

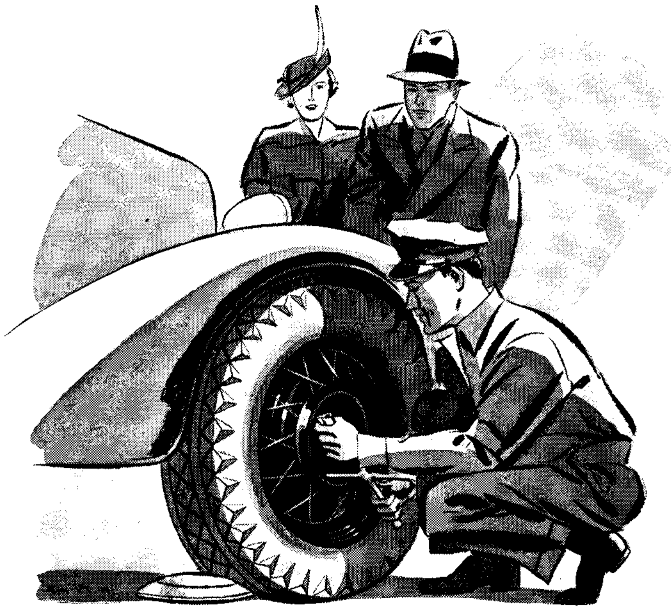
RHINI-BEX

Like two oils in one, it's Tough and it's Fast,
It **Cuts Starting Wear** and how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell
The New Motor Oil
SHELL

# NOWADAYS A
# BUYS



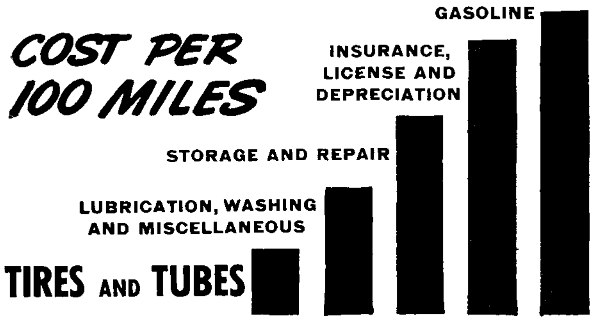
**W**HEN you wheel that good car of yours out past the city limits and head her down the open road, *then's* the time when good tires are worth their weight in gold.

It's a pleasure to be alive—to feel the joyous miles skimming past under you—not to have to worry about blowouts, skids or flats.

Why grudge along risking your neck and your fun on old worn-out rubber when actually *the cheapest thing on your car is the best tires you can buy!*

## THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!

Charted here are *average* maintenance costs obtained from fleet owners operating hundreds of cars on Goodyear Tires. Note that a full set of Goodyears costs only about one-fifth as much as gas—from one-quarter to one-half as much as other routine expenses. Ratios may vary somewhat in your case depending upon roads, climate and how fast you drive, but these nation-wide records prove Goodyears cost *least* under any conditions.



### WHAT IS "THE BEST TIRE"?

There is no test like experience—and out of the experience of more than 22 years, car owners operating under all driving conditions have found there is no tire like a Goodyear Tire. Best proof of that is the plain fact that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind—and have for 22 years!

**Y**ou can probably remember when good tires cost you half-a-hundred apiece and seldom were good for more than 3,000 miles.

Now the average Goodyear Tire delivers in normal usage more than five times that, and costs perhaps a fifth as much to buy.

The long laborious forward march to giving the public tire values like those of today wasn't covered by inspiration or any sudden advanc

It has been taken a step at a time—one carefu costly step after another—from the day the fir straight-side Goodyear bettered the then be equipment, until the present amazingly servic able Goodyear "G-3" came forth in full flowe

Today you can buy Goodyears in sever price classes, depending on how much *servi*

THE GREATEST NAME

GOODY

# ITTLE MONEY
# LOT OF TIRE!

*Goodyear gets the facts . . . beforehand! Every new improvement is proved on hard-driven test cars before it is offered to the public.*

ou need or want to pay for—and every one a tire *built to protect our good name!*

you've got a lot of driving ahead, why don't ou take full advantage of this progress by putng a set of new Goodyears on your car now?

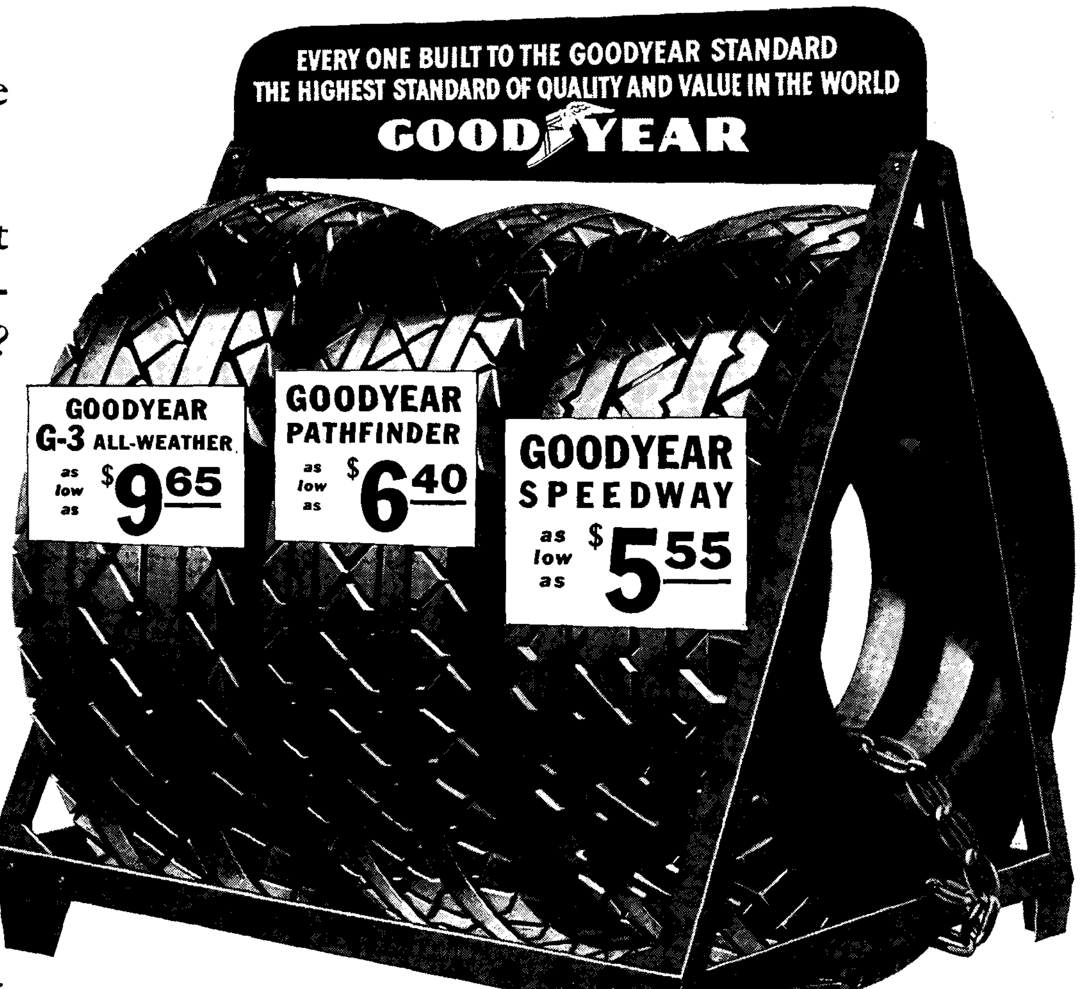
he little wear that's left in your old tires rely isn't worth the risk of trying to get e last mile out of them. *Any Goodyear dealer can show you figures on that.*

But no matter which Goodyear you choose, you get the tires that have on them the safest tread in the world—the All-Weather center-traction principle, proved by a quarter-century of usage.

Under that tight-gripping slow-wearing tread you get an extra-elastic extra-durable tire-body.

You get the tire that so stands forth from all the rest that for twenty-two years it has led any other make in sales — the world over "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

Remembering how cheap good tires are to use, make the change now, and then when you "give her the gun," you can travel without feeling that you're the man the tire ads are trying to "scare."


EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR G-3 ALL-WEATHER as low as $9.65
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N RUBBER

EAR

*Just Ahead!*

**Don't Let Tired Tubes spoil these great CORONATION broadcasts!**

Radio tubes work hard. Little by little they lose their freshness and strength. A tired tube can easily cut you off from the greatest historical event in years, the coronation of George VI, as King of England. NBC will cover every detail of this pageant. On May 12, NBC will broadcast from London for six hours starting early morning, ending at noon, over the Red and Blue Networks.

It's easy to avoid the risk of missing this great spectacle. Just ask a radio service man for an RCA check-up. It costs only $1.50, and includes the thorough overhauling listed below. If there are any tired tubes they will be discovered. Be sure they are replaced with RCA Tubes, products of the Radio Corporation of America—the only company making everything used in Radio.

PHONE YOUR RCA DEALER TODAY FOR A STANDARD RADIO CHECK-UP
$1.50

1 Check overall set performance for sensitivity, selectivity and fidelity
2 Test and label all tubes
3 Check speaker; cabinet for rattles
4 Inspect; test all power connections
5 Check aerial, ground, and lightning arrester connections
6 Align antenna, detectors, and oscillator circuits when accessible (all-wave set additional)
7 Adjust dial to normal kc. reading
8 Check causes of extraneous noises
9 Clean interior of cabinet
10 Make free estimate of any additional repairs needed

*RCA presents "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. D. T. on NBC Blue Network.*

RCA Radio Tubes
THE CHOICE OF MILLIONS OF RADIO OWNERS

who an hour before had been doing everything to each other but murder, sipped their ale companionably.

Then Greb said, "Mike, I hear Billy Duffy has quite a place in that Silver Slipper. What do you say we give it a play?"

"That's for me," Walker said, and then they left arm in arm. They got into a cab and went around to the Silver Slipper and then they got out of the cab. Walker suddenly turned to Greb and said, pleasantly enough, "I just wanted you to know, you Dutch rat, that you wouldn't have licked me tonight if you hadn't stuck your thumb in my eye in the fourteenth."

Greb growled, "Why, you Irish lug, I could lick you the best day you ever saw. Right now I'll lick you."

### He Thinks He Won

Walker said to me at that point in the story, "Harry made one mistake." Then Walker chuckled, "He started to take off his coat. I waited until he had it halfway off and then let him have it. That punch would've knocked anyone out except Greb. It was a good punch and it dropped him and slammed his head up against a cab that was parked there, but he got up roaring. Then we went."

They went, all right. People came out of the Silver Slipper to watch. Cabs stopped and delighted hack drivers watched the continuation of a fight which men had paid fifteen dollars to see a short time before. Everything went and these two were masters of the forbidden punches. Happily, joyously, they gouged and backhanded and elbowed and punched and then a burly cop roared up and laid heavy hands on them. It was a cop named Pat Casey.

"He was a real right guy, that Pat Casey," Walker says now. "He knew us both and he grabbed us and threw me in one cab and Harry in another and told the drivers to take us to our separate hotels."

Walker got back to his hotel still burned up. So he ordered some ale to cool off. He sat there and as he sipped a glass of ale a sudden thought hit him that almost made him choke. What about Kearns? Where was Doc? He was out somewhere with his—Mickey's—girl.

Walker grabbed the phone and started calling the night clubs. He called every place in town and finally he called the Silver Slipper. Bill Duffy—then and now Walker's best friend—answered the phone.

"Doc isn't here, Mike," Duffy chuckled. "But there's a pal of yours here who wants to say hello."

Walker listened and then he heard, "I can lick any Irishman who ever lived. You yellow rat, why don't you come up here now and I'll lick you again."

Walker was speechless for a moment. "Greb," he screamed into the phone, "you come up here to the hotel and I'll flatten you in two minutes."

For five minutes they hurled invectives at each other. Then the door of Mickey's room opened and Doc Kearns walked in. He caught on immediately. Then he grabbed the phone.

"Listen, Greb. We'll fight you anywhere, anytime, but not in a hotel room or a night club. We'll fight you anywhere, anytime, for fifty grand." Then Kearns hung up.

"Where's my girl?" Walker stormed.

"She got tired of waiting for you," Doc told him coolly. "Besides she wouldn't be seen with a common street fighter—a barroom fighter like you."

"Why, I'll . . ."

Kearns looked at him coldly. "You'll get to bed before I go to work on you. I'll give you more than Greb did tonight. Hit that hay, sucker, I got some ice coming up."

Walker beamed, "Fine, we'll have another drink."

"The ice," Kearns said, "is for your eye. I forgot to tell you your eye is closed."

Well, that's the story of the second Greb-Walker fight, the fight that Walker thinks he won.

The pudgy man with the soiled shirt and the tie awry wheeled up again. "You was the best man of your weight that ever lived," he growled aggressively. "You could lick anyone I ever saw. Listen, Mike, I gotta get back to Allentown tonight and I ain't got bus fare. Could you spare . . ."

"Here's a sawbuck," Mike said, tossing him a ten-spot. "Have another drink. Frank, give the gentleman a drink."

Frank poured the drink to the accompaniment of "Best lil feller—grandes' guy ever was. I'll lick anyone . . ."

"You're a soft touch for a bite," I told Mike.

"There's no pockets in your shroud," Mickey grinned. "Now, where were we?"

"About Greb. We were talking about Greb," I reminded him. "You two must have hated each other."

"Hated each other?" Mickey exploded. "Why, we loved each other. Say, when Harry died I felt that I'd lost one of my best friends. Sure we'd fight maybe, but so what? We were both fighting guys."

"You made many a buck in the ring?"

"Yeah," Mike said, thoughtfully. "I wonder how much I did make. Let's figure up some of those good purses. I guess I made close to two million dollars."

### Well Over a Million

Well, there was the $120,000 bit Mike got for fighting and beating Tommy Milligan in London. There was $100,000 for the Dave Shade fight. Two fights with Ace Hudkins brought $160,000. He got fifty grand for fighting Tommy Loughran and fifty more for boxing Jack Sharkey.

"I still think I won that fight," Mike interrupted.

The one with Lew Tendler brought $25,000 and bouts with Mike McTigue, Jack Britton, from whom he won the welterweight title, and Tiger Flowers, whom he defeated for the middleweight title, added another $100,000. Then there were plenty of fifteen- and ten-thousand-dollar purses. It added up well over a million.

"Which of them gave you that cauliflower ear?" I asked Mike.

He rubbed his one thick ear reflectively. "None of 'em. I got that in a hard fight I had in Los Angeles. It happened this way. Doc and I . . ."

Well, it was one of Mike's last fights. He didn't have much left except 170 pounds of fighting heart and a spirit that was never happy unless Mike was throwing leather. He got a shot with a pretty fair fighter named Tom Patrick in Los Angeles and after the fight Kearns collected the loot. It was $2,200.

"That ain't much, Mike," Kearns said, "but it'll buy groceries for a while. Listen, Mike, let's not split this until tomorrow. I'll keep it in my pocket, so we won't blow it tonight."

Mike nodded. "That's swell. Now, Mark Kelly and Doc Martin said to meet them for a tall one or two. Let's get going."

### Hitting the High Spots

They met Mark Kelly, who then conducted the most widely read sports column on the Pacific Coast, and Doc Martin of the boxing commission and a few other kindred spirits and they went bouncing around and around. As always when Kearns became expansive, he started looking for checks to grab. There was never a faster man with a dollar than Kearns. Not long ago he opened a place in Chicago. He had two fights there the first week. That happened when a couple of suckers tried to pay their checks. When Kearns is in a buying mood, he can make that dough go very fast.

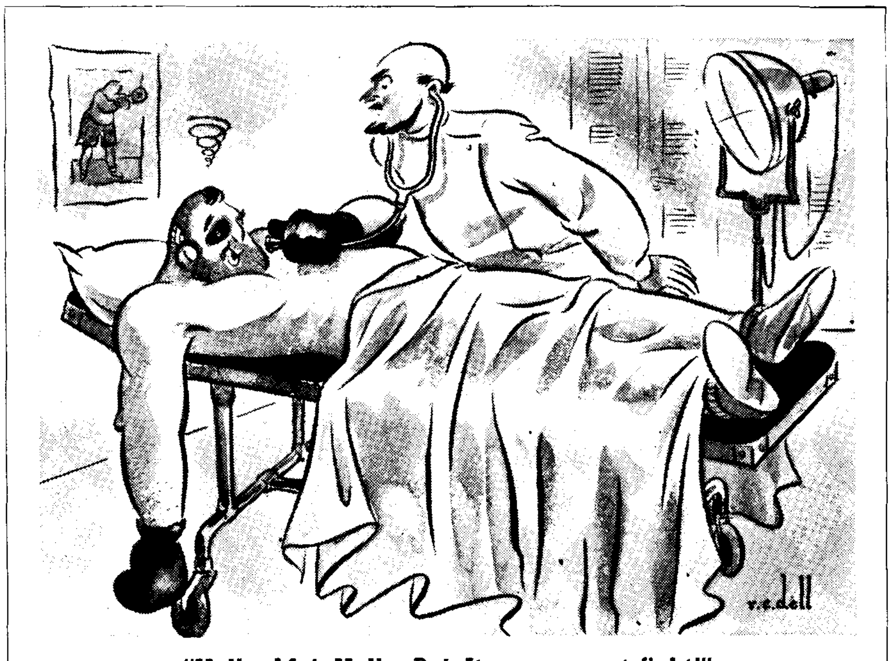
Well, Kearns was in a buying mood that night. Then, following in the wake of people like Kearns and Walker there are always a lot of gentlemen who are known to the trade as "bite guys." They began to make their gallant appearance and Kearns was easy for a touch that night. The wine was flowing fast and Mickey, who was only drinking ale —he never drank much else and now he doesn't drink much of that—began to get a bit nervous. Maybe he'd better grab some of that $2,200.

So he asked Kearns for four hundred dollars.

"For what?" Kearns barked.

"I want to send a boy out for the morning papers," Mike said and Kearns gravely handed him the four C notes. That seemed a reasonable excuse to Doc. An hour later Mike touched Kearns for four more and he put the eight hundred away.

"At least we got our getaway money now," Mike told himself and then he relaxed. Kearns still kept calling for more wine and he'd break any man's arm who reached for a check. They went to Hobo Dougherty's and then gave Ray Hallor's a whirl and they wound up in some joint a cabdriver had taken them



"Hullo, Ma! Hullo, Pa! It wuz a great fight!" R. C. DELL

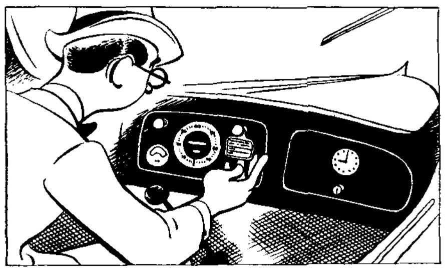
# Spring is here!

## TIME TO CHANGE

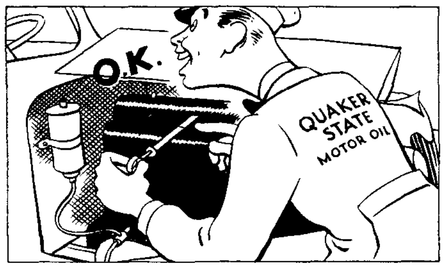
● Your car, too, feels the stir of Spring and needs a change. Give it the best Spring tonic possible... drain the worn Winter oil and fill with Quaker State Motor Oil of the correct Summer grade...and you will go farther before you need to add a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa

## *GO FARTHER* *BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART*

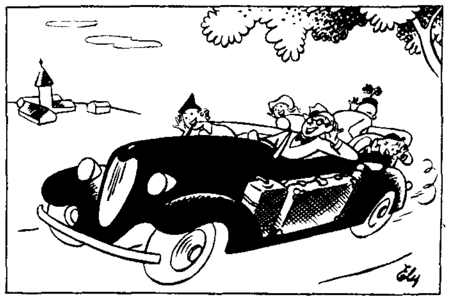
**THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO MAKE THE "FIRST QUART" TEST**



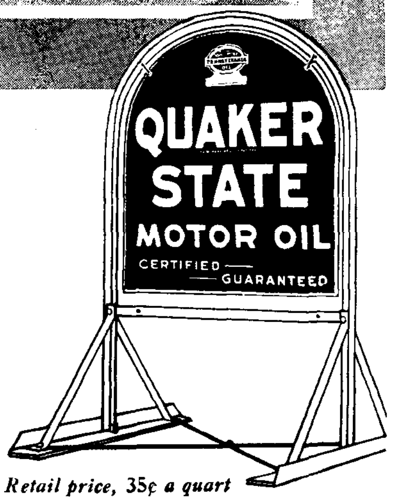
● When you change to Quaker State, be sure to note the mileage. Then . . .



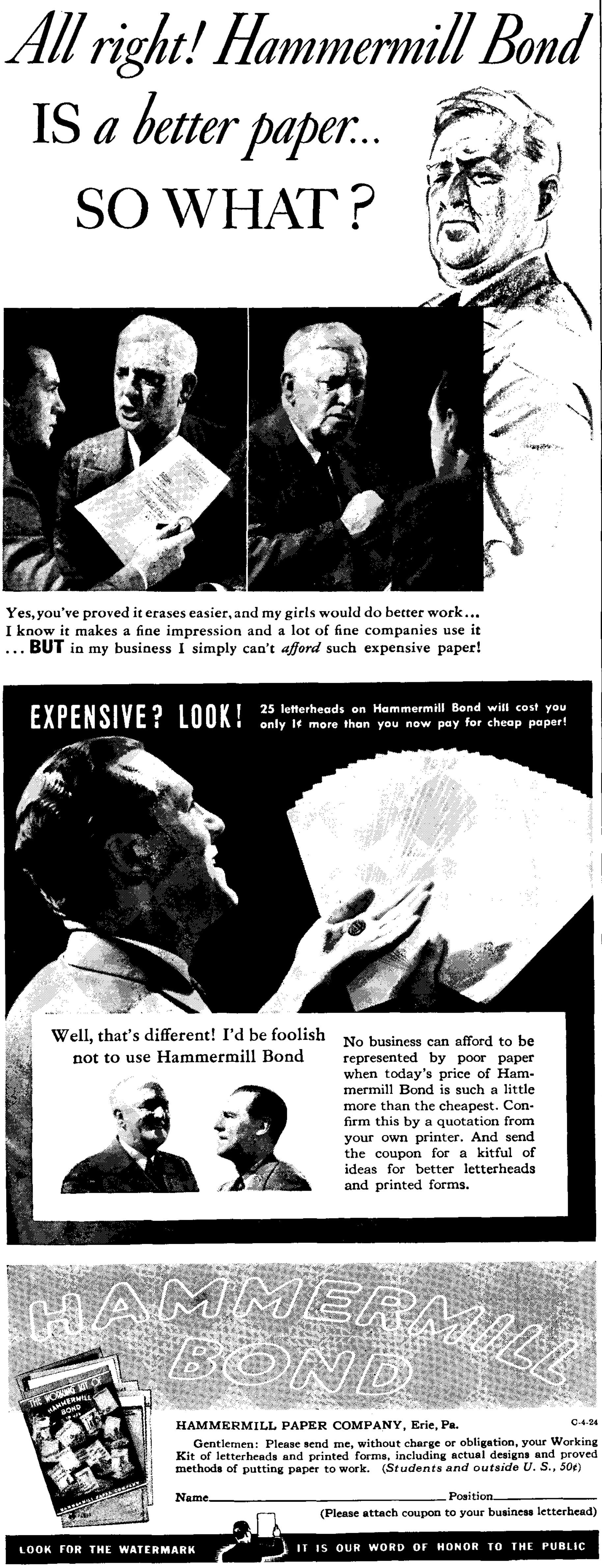
● See how much farther you go before you need to add that telltale "First Quart."



● Quaker State Superfine Greases stand up longer, too. You'll "Go farther before the *first squeak.*"



*Retail price, 35¢ a quart*



All right! Hammermill Bond IS a better paper... SO WHAT?

Yes, you've proved it erases easier, and my girls would do better work... I know it makes a fine impression and a lot of fine companies use it ... **BUT** in my business I simply can't *afford* such expensive paper!

EXPENSIVE? LOOK! 25 letterheads on Hammermill Bond will cost you only 1¢ more than you now pay for cheap paper!

Well, that's different! I'd be foolish not to use Hammermill Bond

No business can afford to be represented by poor paper when today's price of Hammermill Bond is such a little more than the cheapest. Confirm this by a quotation from your own printer. And send the coupon for a kitful of ideas for better letterheads and printed forms.

HAMMERMILL BOND

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa. C-4-24

Gentlemen: Please send me, without charge or obligation, your Working Kit of letterheads and printed forms, including actual designs and proved methods of putting paper to work. (*Students and outside U. S., 50¢*)

Name________________ Position________________

(Please attach coupon to your business letterhead)

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK — IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

to and then the fun began. Somebody said something that Doc didn't like, so Doc swung on him. The only trouble was that the man happened to be a detective. He had several pals in the place and they all went to work on Doc. So with a joyous shout Mickey came roaring in and was all set to polish them off one after another, when a big cop took out a gun and tapped Mickey very hard on the ear and the lights went out. The coppers were all right, though. They didn't arrest either Doc or Mike. They threw them into a cab and told them to go home.

Arrived at the hotel, they hopped from the cab. Kearns said, "Catch this cab fare, Mike. I find I got no dough."

### That Pudgy Man Again

Walker, telling the story, says, "So I reached in my pocket and found that I had no dough, too. During the past couple of hours I'd been buying the grape. Sure, I even blew the eight hundred that I'd grabbed from Doc so it would be safe. Anyhow, that's how I got the cauliflower ear—from getting hit by that copper."

A great pair, Doc Kearns and Mickey Walker. They roared through Cauliflower Row laughing and fighting and making big money and then tossing it away lightheartedly. Kearns was a tough man to do business with. He'd drive a hard bargain with any fight promoter and then he'd go a-celebrating. Yeah, Kearns and Walker added a lot of color and glamor to the drab, stupid, larcenous business of professional fighting. Kearns and Walker. Kearns and Walker — inseparable pals, constantly engaged in amiable argument, growling at one another, but each willing to fight a regiment if the other wished.

Walker looked down the length of the tavern to the door and there was a grim smile on his face. He'd love to fight the Dutchman just once more and then go out with him and maybe pick up Kearns and show the present-day crop of nickel nursers just how fast a buck could travel if a man put his mind to it.

But Greb didn't walk in. Instead the pudgy man walked over and said petulantly:

"Mike, that bartender won't gimme a drink. Wassa matter? You high-hatin' me?"

"You had enough, pally," Mike soothed. "Better catch that bus to Allentown. It goes in ten minutes."

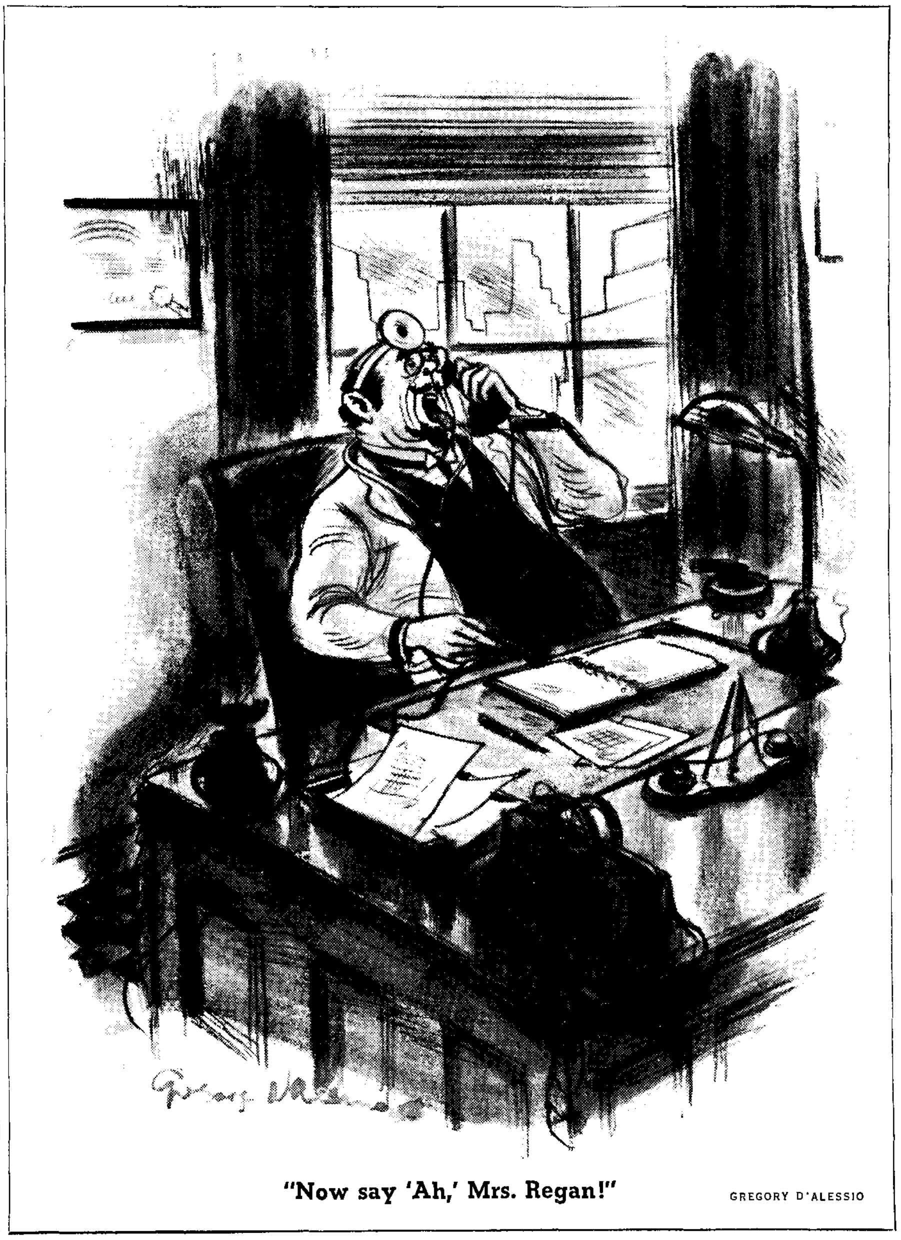
"You mean you won't gimme another drink?" the pudgy man stormed.

"No," Mike said softly, "you've had enough, pal. Get that bus."

The pudgy man drew himself up and he stood there a bit unsteadily for a moment and then he snarled, "Why, you bum, you. You never could fight. You wasn't ever good enough to tie Stanley Ketchell's shoelaces."

The lines around Mickey's jaw tightened and his hands, which had been lying loosely on the table, clenched and then slowly unclenched as Mickey relaxed and Mickey said, "Maybe you're right, pal. Anyhow, run and get that bus."

So the pudgy man with the soiled shirt and the tie awry stalked out with unsteady dignity. He'd called Mickey Walker a bum and had gotten away with it. Probably he's still telling the boys in Allentown about it. But Mickey's no bum. Mickey is a gentleman of the old school, and the pudgy man who'd put the bite on him should have taken off his hat when he spoke to him. The rest of us who spend a lot of time along Cauliflower Row do.



"Now say 'Ah,' Mrs. Regan!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

*For Eleven years*

**America has preferred to buy**

***Guaranteed OK* USED CARS**

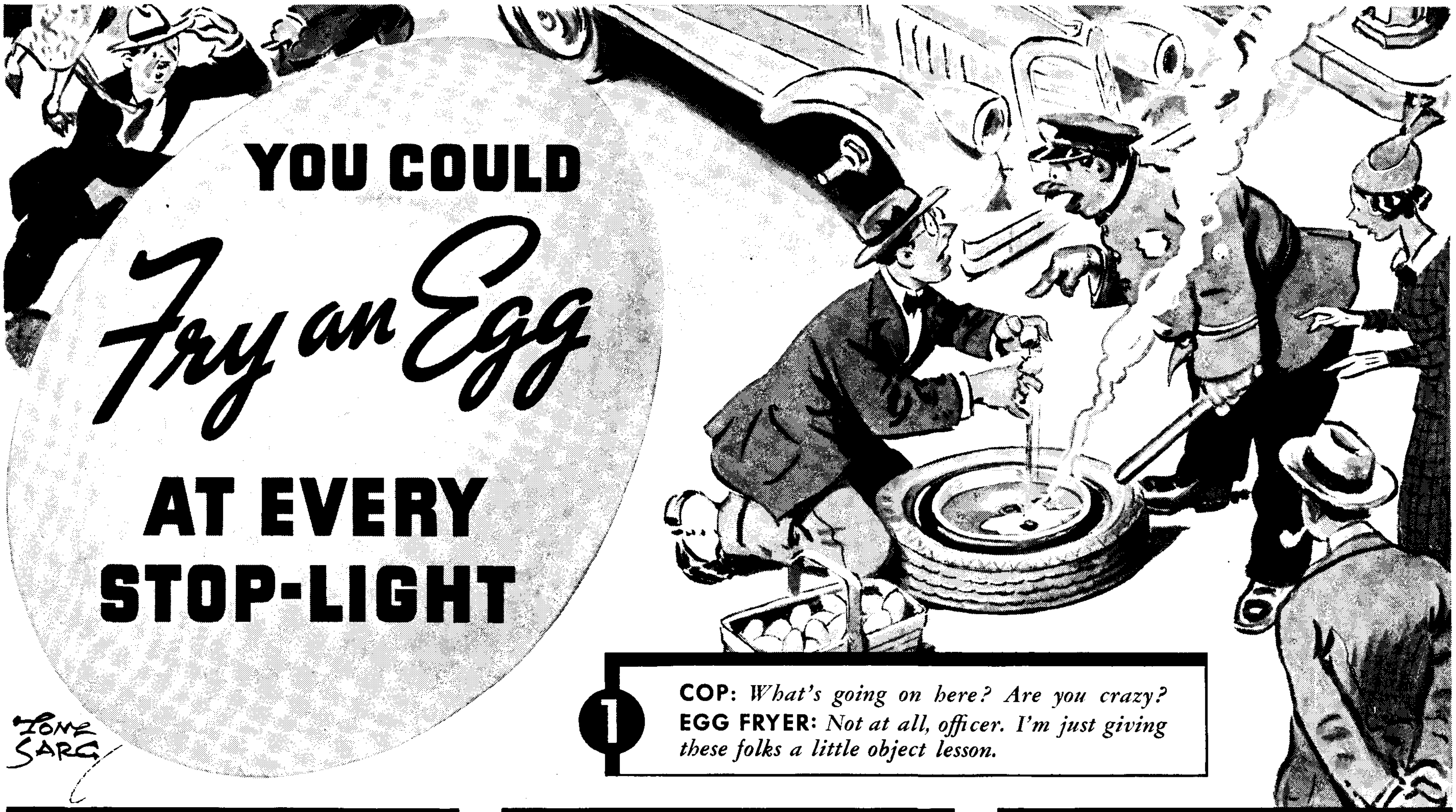
**FROM CHEVROLET DEALERS**

*Trusted because they are trustworthy*

## BUY WHERE MILLIONS ARE BUYING

| 1934 | 1935 | 1936 |
|---|---|---|
| **1,160,231** people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers | **1,425,209** people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers | **2,019,839** people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers |

# YOU COULD *Fry an Egg* AT EVERY STOP-LIGHT



1

**COP:** *What's going on here? Are you crazy?*
**EGG FRYER:** *Not at all, officer. I'm just giving these folks a little object lesson.*

2

**COP:** *Object lesson, eh! Looks to me like you're frying an egg.*

**EGG FRYER:** *Be patient, officer. I'm demonstrating how hot the brake drums get when you stop a car.*

3

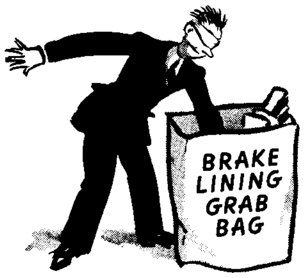
**COP:** *Oh yeah—and so what?*

**EGG FRYER:** *This scorching heat "burns out" ordinary brake lining—bakes the life right out of it. Before you know it, the lining is all shot. It fails you in a pinch—and then you have an accident.*

4

**COP:** *Well, what are you going to do about it?*
**EGG FRYER:** *Get everybody to use the kind of brake lining that won't "burn out"*. . . **Keep out of accidents, all you folks. Insist on American Brakeblok, the burn-proofed safety brake lining.**

5



*Don't take any chances*

## Sure, this Egg-Frying Business is Burlesque

BUT brake drums *do* get that hot. In fact, they frequently get hotter—700° Fahrenheit and more. There are over a hundred brands of brake lining. Some will "burn out" under this sizzling heat and some won't. You can't just stick your hand into the bag and depend on pulling out a brand that won't burn. But you *can* be absolutely certain when you insist on American Brakeblok. *It's burn-proofed.*

It took years of research by American Brakeblok chemists and engineers to discover how to make burn-proofed brake lining. Part of the secret is in the 9 ingredients that go into the formula, part of it is in the scientific process of manufacture. With this *burn-proofed* American Brakeblok on your car, you can be sure of smooth, safe stops—and incidentally, of much longer wear.

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan
*A Division of American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company*

*American Brakeblok*

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK

THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

# A Drop to Drink

Continued from page 18

return had pledged his right and interest as security. The last loan was not to be made until the city should accept the reservoir. But politics had intervened, and the city fathers had objected to the quality of the water. The unfortunate contractor had not been able to fulfill the conditions, and suddenly the bank, as his assigns, had found a reservoir on its hands and had, perforce, to operate it.

"We did not want to sell water," explained Mr. Baker, "but we did want to get our money back. The scientists we employed recommended chlorination. The system was installed. When its advantages became obvious through a falling death rate, business increased and profits accrued. A tremendous outcry arose; the city ought to own its own water supply. 'What will you charge for this property?' it demanded.

"The bank, which had originally expected to make only the normal percentage on its loan, now offered to sell at the market price. The city bought it, but it was paying for a going concern, and the bank, which had assumed the risk, was entitled to the gain."

The discovery of chlorination by some unknown soldier of science has probably saved more lives than all the generals and admirals have been able to destroy. In my opinion, it ranks with the greatest benefits that have ever been conferred upon mankind.

Chlorination is logical, efficient, cheap. At an annual cost not exceeding ten cents per capita it can make water sterile. The early method of adding chloride of lime was open to certain objections. To measure the right amount exactly by hand was difficult. On one occasion in Manila, the custodian of the chloride of lime puncheon, anxious to keep appointments elsewhere, mixed up a week's supply and was about to dump it in at one swoop, when an authoritative hand fortunately stayed him.

### Automatic Life-Saving

Now chlorine in the form of gas is manufactured largely at Niagara Falls, and shipped in cylinders to waterworks throughout the United States. Chlorination has become practically automatic—so many gallons passing the flow meter require so many pounds of chlorine. A glance at the dial shows exactly how much gas is going into the water.

No city can attain any great size or wealth unless it lies along a river or lake, or can tap a secret hoard of water. Each has to meet ever-increasing demands in different ways. In Naples the ground waters are gathered in filtration galleries of gravel thirty feet below the surface. Batavia, Java, provides for its two hundred and forty thousand population from wells. Vienna secures its supply by aqueduct from the distant Alps, Amsterdam from open canals, Jerusalem, where it seldom rains, formerly from cisterns and pools but the few quarts per capita per day were insufficient. Now at great expense the precious fluid is pumped up from Jaffa on the sea to Jerusalem on its high hill.

Budapest draws life from the Danube, Shanghai from Soochow Creek, New Orleans from the Mississippi, Albany from the Hudson. But where this great river laps at the ribs of Manhattan, it is tidal and therefore unusable. New York has always been threatening to outstrip its water supply. Although five times in three decades of the nineteenth century cholera struck at the city and slaughtered over thirteen thousand human beings, even so, quantity rather than quality has always been the most immediate problem. Since 1896 the metropolis has been stretching out thirsty hands in many directions—Long Island, Staten Island, the Croton Watershed, reaching finally to the Catskills and groping now toward the distant Delaware.

In 1915 New York, which had never had a filtration plant, was confronted with the necessity of purifying its water. At this same time I left the Philippines, and when I arrived at New York I was met by reporters and cameramen. I had no idea what had brought me into such sudden prominence until I was told I had just been appointed City Commissioner of Health by Mayor Mitchell. I went at once to his office to explain I could not accept the honor because I had joined the Rockefeller Foundation. Nevertheless we discussed health matters.

"Supposing you could accept," the Mayor asked, "what would you regard as your most important task?"

The answer almost spoke itself. "Chlorinate the water!" I replied without hesitation.

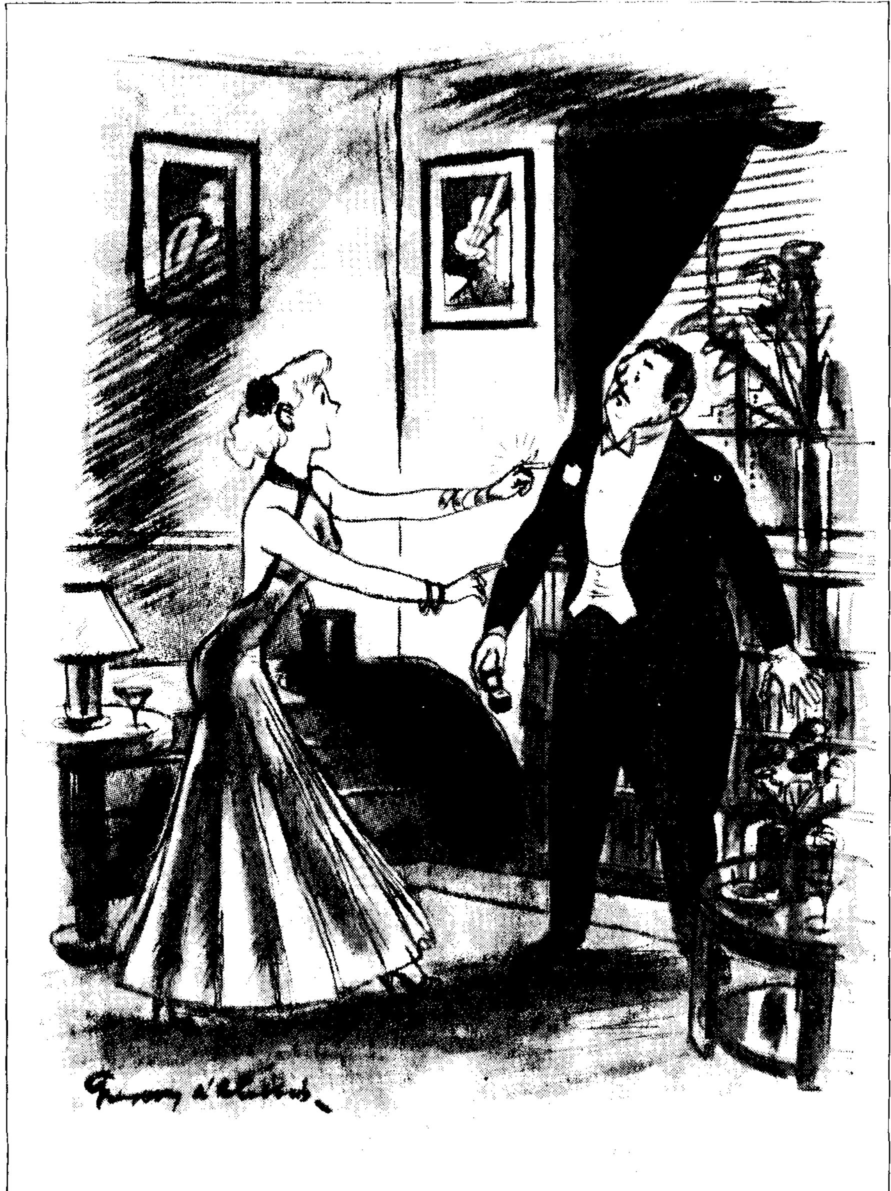
The city had long been harassed by the problem, and did not at first welcome the new suggestion. But it was put into effect and out of seven million people, seven thousand are now living at the end of each year who otherwise would have been dead.

### Watch for the Danger Spots

Twenty-five years after large cities had installed chlorinating plants, most small towns were still lagging behind. Stiff-necked, individualistic New England enunciated she had wonderful water stored in her uninhabited hills; the introduction of chlorine would be profanation. The South, which needed pure water most, realized its lack, but there the question was largely economic. Yet today, if you motor through Virginia, you will see towns of even a few thousand proudly displaying at their corporate limits, "Public Water Supply Approved."

The real remaining problem is the individual country dweller who must be individually educated regarding his well. Many of these are open, and the moss-covered rim of the old oaken bucket, while dear to your heart, may often be an enemy to your health. Most people think water stands in wells. Actually you have merely sunk a hole in a river; the water is flowing through. The only foundation for the old idea that running water purifies itself is that bacteria diminish rapidly but not sufficiently to afford protection.

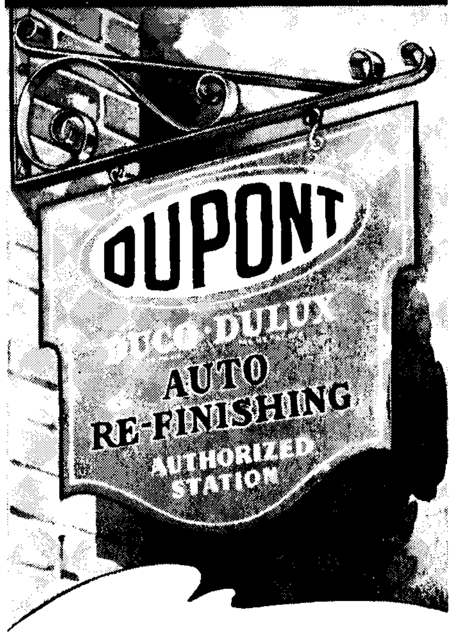
Unfortunately chlorine is not practicable for wells. If you put it in at ten o'clock, an hour later it will probably all be gone. The best thing to do is to cover the top carefully and sink a collar two feet deep around the rim to keep out surface pollution. Even with this precaution, burrowing rodents, insects, or worms may bore tunnels which will per-



"An engagement ring! Why, darling! I could kiss you!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

DU PONT PAINTS for EVERY PURPOSE in Home and Industry



Get New Beauty for Your Car

If you'd like new, gleaming beauty for your car, stop where you see this sign.

The Authorized Duco-Dulux Refinisher who displays it is an experienced craftsman. He works quickly. He uses Duco, Dulux and other Du Pont Refinishing Materials—because they're the best he can buy.

He will quickly take out dents and rusty spots, replace a dull finish with a lasting finish of sparkling lustre in any colors you want. And he charges less than you might think.

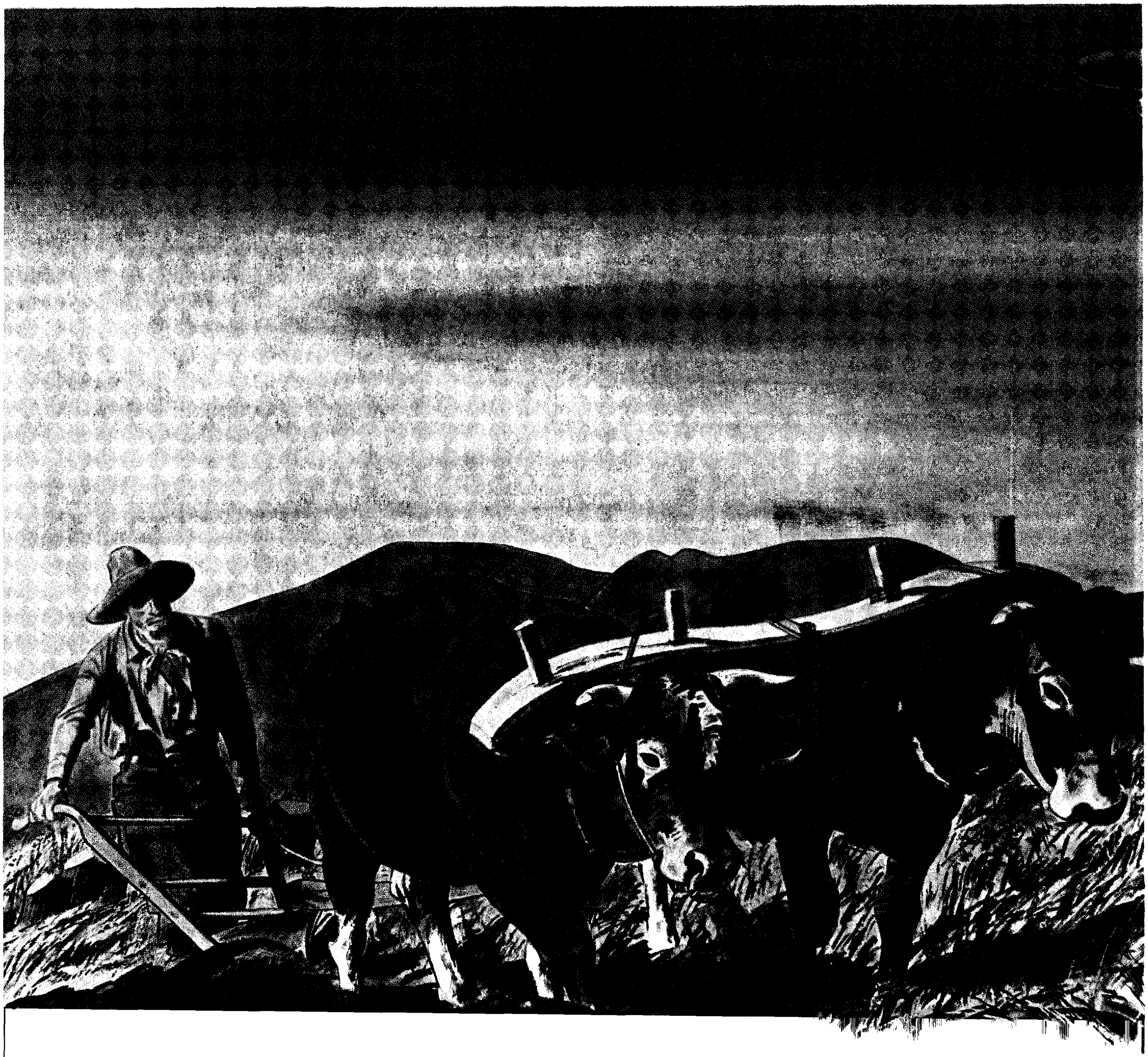
To help you protect that brilliant finish and keep it beautiful, du Pont makes the famous No. 7 line of cleaners, waxes, polishes.

You will find the nearest Duco-Dulux Refinisher in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Automobile Painters."

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

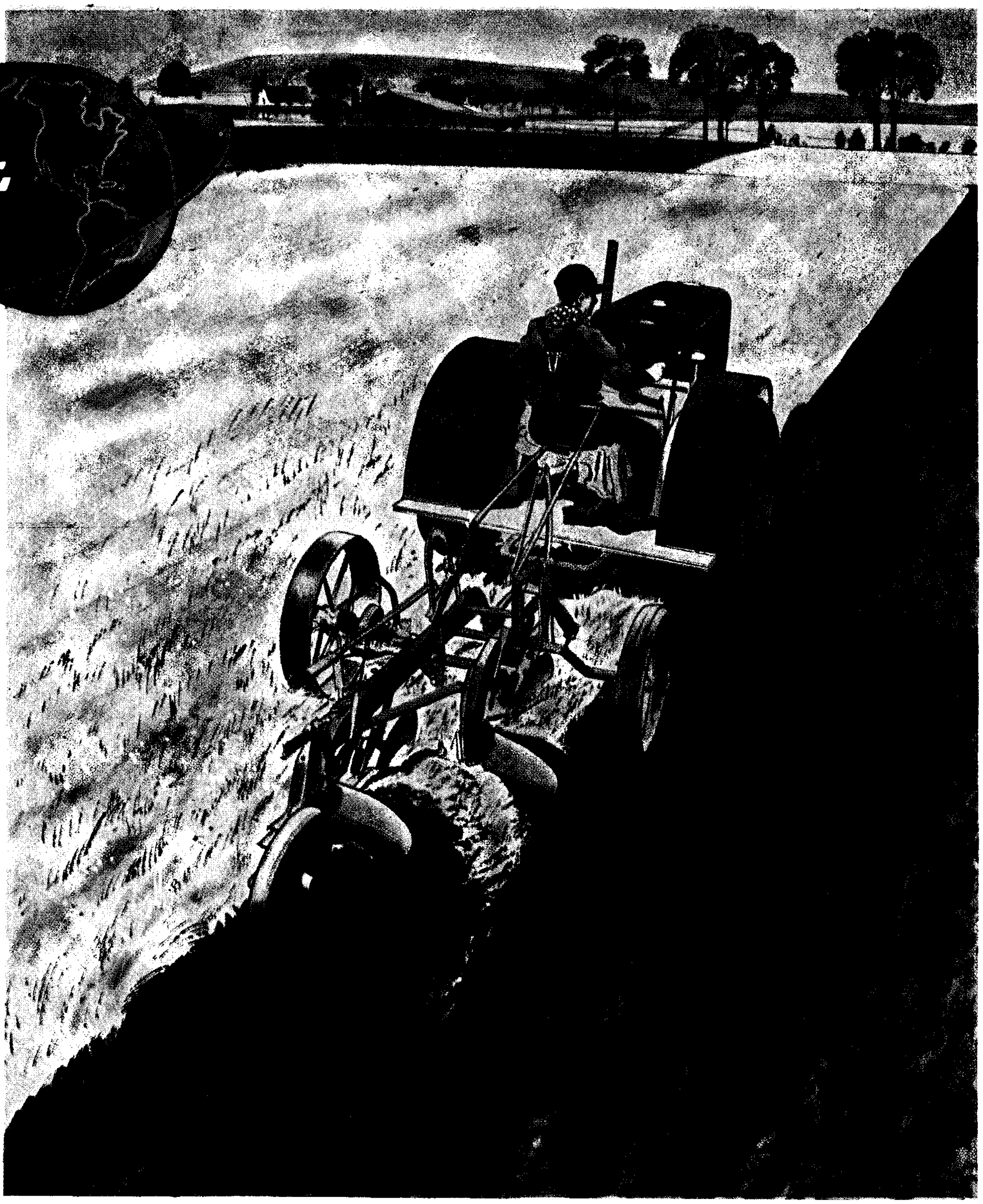
Paints..Varnishes
Enamels..Lacquers
DUCO-DULUX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# The plowman



# no longer plods his weary way

## THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD WITH STEEL



A CENTURY AGO 80% of all the people in the United States were farmers. It took that many, working from dawn to dark, to provide the nation's food.

Today 21.5% of the people do more than the 80% formerly did—and do it much more easily. Farm machinery has made the difference.

The story of farm machinery is largely the story of steel. Take tractors, for instance. Twenty years ago a "medium" sized tractor weighed from 3 to 5 tons. The use of stronger, lighter steel parts instead of heavy castings has produced tractors weighing *half* as much which do *twice* as much work. Not only weight but price has come down. For the cost of a medium-sized tractor in 1917, a farmer can now buy a better, much more useful tractor—and have enough money left over to pay the cost of its operation for several years!

The laboratories and the men in the mills of United States Steel have not only helped to bring about tremendous changes in the cities, but have played a part in the transformation of farm life as well. What used to be a hard way of making a living has become a more pleasant and profitable way of life—owing in part to the development of tougher, stronger, more durable steel.

USS

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

# UNITED STATES STEEL

ROUNDED EDGES PLEASE THE FINGERS

DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 - No 2

MADE IN U.S.A.

"I notice you keep up with my dictation all right now, Miss Jones."

"It's easy now that we are supplied with Ticonderogas."

Be sure **TICONDEROGA** is the name on the pencil you are using

**Five famous leads: No. 1, very soft; No. 2, soft; No. 2-5/10, firm; No. 3, medium; No. 4, hard. Write with the lead that helps your hand. You are entitled to a Ticonderoga for 5¢. Accept nothing else—look for the name. Get quantity prices from your dealer.**

**Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 52-J4, Jersey City, N. J.**
**Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.**

mit seepage and endanger the entire household. Therefore, location should be carefully studied as to direction of flow and distance from manure pile and outhouse.

Nowadays when the American city traveler leaves the safety of his faucet he need not worry unduly should thirst overcome him by the wayside. The State, that good Samaritan, comes to his assistance. Pennsylvania has three motor laboratories which patrol her main highways to see that water from wells or springs along the tourist routes are safe and close the doubtful ones.

Passengers by train also can rest assured that the water offered them is unimpeachable. After long and persistent effort, regulations were promulgated that no interstate carrier might take on drinking water except from approved sources. From one good deed proceeds another. Any community along the right of way not stamped with this seal of approbation considered it a tremendous reflection, hurried to take steps and thereby incidentally benefited its own townspeople.

The gage has already been thrown down before the ocean steamship lines. When it is remembered that probably over a million persons are constantly at sea and that perhaps twenty million travel during the course of a year, it will be seen that a pure water supply was a health problem of no small magnitude. Wherever I went—on the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian Ocean—I made inquiry among the passengers and found that outbreaks of diarrhea were almost universal. On shore they could have obtained water of known purity, at least by boiling it. Those who eschewed that offered on boats could purchase only charged beverages, not always acceptable to many stomachs.

### Safe Water at Sea

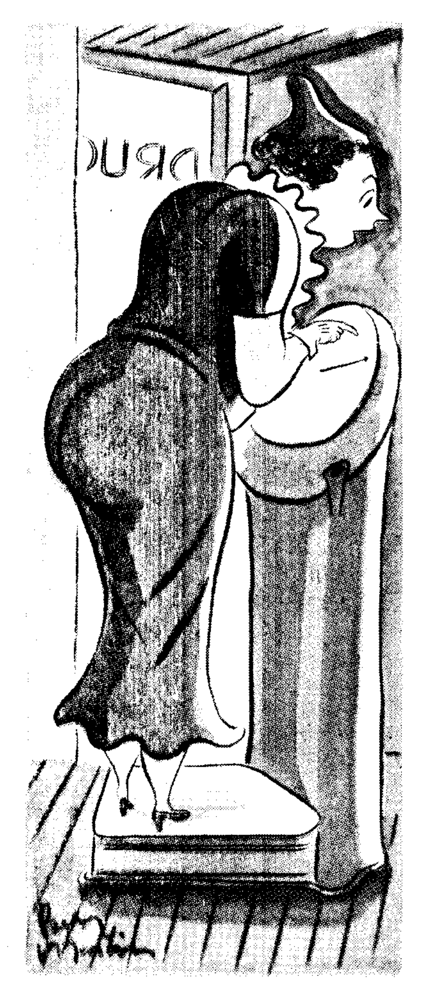
Whatever the line—British, French, or German—the officers invariably assured me, "Everything's all right on this ship. We take on good water." This may have been true. But any health officer would know that if even a small amount of infected water were left in the tanks, the contamination would spread through any new supply. I had to explain again and again that water tanks could be regarded as safe only if they were well cleansed and disinfected with permanganate of potash or other sterilizing solution once in two months. To make assurance doubly sure they should be treated with live steam before each filling.

On our own Great Lakes we had another serious source of infection. Steamers were in the habit of filling their tanks indiscriminately at any port of call. Canada was concerned equally with the United States and eventually joined with us in bettering conditions. Our common endeavors were so effective that nobody now contracts typhoid on a lake steamer.

Many great cities rim the shores of the Great Lakes, and draw sustenance from them. For none is the problem quite so serious as for Chicago, which sucks its billion or more gallons a day from Lake Michigan through intake cribs some two miles offshore. But sewage was emptying into the lake as water was being taken from it, and with the growth of the metropolis the purity of its supply was endangered. Engineers offered a novel scheme: turn the Chicago River backward. Here on the old Portage Route of the Western fur trappers the Great Divide was so low that by digging a twenty-eight-mile canal between the South Branch of the Chicago and the Desplaines rivers, the sewage could be sent down the Mississippi.

Not until this project had become a *fait accompli* did the cities below express belated indignation. The engineers met this new situation also; they increased dilution by making further demands on Lake Michigan. The amount withdrawn was so great that the level of the entire Great Lakes area was lowered. It was now Canada's turn to make representations. The United States War Department acted as mediator and Chicago promised to take no more than the amount agreed to by Canada.

Chicago seems to have had more than her share of trouble. Not many years ago cases of amoebic dysentery, normally a tropical disease, began appearing in Cook County Hospital. Most patients were found to have been connected with a certain hotel. A survey seemed to show the epidemic was caused by carriers among food handlers. The agitation quieted down. Then came the Century of Progress. Another and more frightful epidemic broke out, so serious that a special commission of investigation was appointed by the city. One of them was an epidemiologist from Columbia University who, although warned, decided to stay at the very hotel where the epidemic was centered. He said, "I've lived amid dysentery all my life and never caught it. I know what precautions to take."



**"So there you are! You double chocolate parfait with whipped cream!"**

BEN MARTIN

He assumed that merely by confining himself to a diet of cooked foods, as he had done in the tropics, he would avoid all difficulty. But he too came down with dysentery. He had not suspected the water supply.

It is expected that the flow from an open tap will always be outward. But suppose a fire breaks out in the neighborhood and water is being drawn from the main in such quantities that instead of coming from the tap, it is sucked back. Suppose also that a hose is attached to the faucet over a sink where dishes are being washed. A carrier has infected the dishwater. The hose gulps the contents of the sink into the general water supply.

Moreover, in this particular hotel, certain toilet bowls were so made that when the negative pressure occurred, a cross connection was established between sewage and water pipes. The tragically unnecessary sickness and death resulting from this chain of events shows what studious care city sanitary engineers must exercise.

The sanitary engineer has become an increasingly important factor in a health department. The ever-increasing demands on a metropolitan piping system result in time in a muddle of lines that crisscross in every direction. Paris is a case in point. For drinking purposes it maintains a special high-pressure system fed by springs many miles away and brought to the city through aqueducts; for industrial and cleaning purposes a separate low-pressure system, fed from the Seine.

Laying a new city pipe line is a complicated and expensive task. Time was when no sooner had the pipe been neatly buried underground than it had to be dug up again and replaced with a bigger and better one. But now plans are being made far in advance. If a skyscraper is suddenly erected, and a thousand additional water closets go into operation, this contingency also must be provided for. The Russell Sage Foundation has been plotting New York as it will be in 1940 and even in 1980, so that engineers may design accordingly.

### Water Shortage a Possibility

The American passion for plumbing has become a subject of sarcastic comment by other nations, although they attempt to emulate our example when they have the means to do so. We, of course, preach plumbing crusades—toilets for all—the world over. It is interesting to note that if we should succeed a hundred per cent there would not be enough water in the world to flush them. Although there would seem to be little likelihood of this coming to pass, we might succeed sufficiently to create a water shortage, and the farsighted engineer is already designing tankless toilets which use less water.

Because we Americans live so comfortably and because we consider the conveniences of pure water and good plumbing our just due, we ignore them until something goes wrong. If we realized that in this respect at least we are getting more than our money's worth in health protection alone, we might pay our water rates with better grace.

Citizens of Berlin who grumble over their water bills are given free tickets to the huge civic Museum of Water Supplies and Reservoirs. There great murals depict the cycle of water—the meeting of warm air with cold, the falling of the rain on hills and slopes, the gathering of the drops into streams and rivers, the evaporation which carries the moisture again to the upper atmosphere. Actual models of reservoirs are on display, showing how they are built, how the water is filtered, and how it is chlorinated. The city piping system is reproduced in glass so that spectators may see how it silts up, and the ingenious methods by which the deposit is removed. Finally, the models illustrate how the pipes reach the house and provide ample water.

America is learning to utilize propaganda in popularizing subjects considered to be devoid of public interest. The sewer has been too long buried. The committee of the forthcoming New York World's Fair is making plans for its exhumation. One display sponsored by the House of Health is to be a complete sewage disposal plant in operation, with attendants in spotless white, an education for the public in how immaculate and odorless such an installation can be and a service to the city of Flushing.

# "Does Jock also Dream?"

HOW important it is to answer every question that bothers the searching minds of our children—to have them believe—to win and hold their confidence — so that they may be guided and guarded against the hazards of life.

Today we know that one of the most harmful, most prevalent diseases of mankind — one of the hazards that stands in the way of every child — is tooth decay.

A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance — even actual loss of teeth — is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development — contribute to serious illness of vital organs — even shorten life.

Because of these facts, the House of Squibb has developed Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder to provide a more effective home aid in the fight against dental infection.

### *Most Tooth Decay Can be PREVENTED*

Today we offer a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented, and urge you to follow it.

Squibb dentifrices contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. You will like the refreshing cleanness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

### *Follow* THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe: one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

• • •

*For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb. Specify—*

**SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER**—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

**SQUIBB MINERAL OIL**—*a safe, tasteless internal regulator.*

**SQUIBB ASPIRIN**—*pure and promptly effective.*

**SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL**—*exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.*

**SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA**—*free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.*

**SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE**—*refined to an unusual degree of purity.*

# SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

**TIRE FACT:** Tests prove that 75% of all tire trouble occurs in the last 25% of a tire's life. Why risk life on smooth tires, when new *Armorubber* Kellys cost so little?

SAVE WITH ARMORUBBER!

You're Set for any road ...and any speed...with this New, Tougher Kelly, made of *Armorubber!*

SOMETHING has happened since you last bought tires. Hundreds of thousands of motorists have discovered a *new tread-rubber*...that gives extra thousands of miles *free.*

The name of this new tire tread is **Armorubber.** It's made by one of the biggest names in the industry... Kelly-Springfield.

Remarkable? You ought to hear what people say! "Six months, and the tread's like new." "31,000 miles, and it hasn't cost me a cent." "2 long years and hasn't been off the rim!"

All this on every kind of road in America...in highway travel and city traffic. All this with car speeds increased 48% the past few years... with brakes 55% faster-acting... with pick-ups increased 35%.

Talk to your nearest Kelly dealer. See what Kelly has done to keep you safer through the extra-mileage months. See how **Armorubber** keeps your repair bills down!

"**SIX YEARS on city and country roads,**" writes **Dr. F. M. Stanton, Columbus, Ohio,** "**and my two Kellys are still roadworthy. Never before had such service!**"

REPLACE WITH KELLY Springfield TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 43 YEARS

# Alien Lady

Continued from page 11

all to bits and simplicity appeared to her to be merely simple-mindedness. She had been in Hollywood with Damaris Lee for three years now and three years of that sort of thing do not fit some girls for letting the world think they are nobody. Especially when she began to notice the interne who was a good-looking interne. It appeared that the interne liked Elsie but she wasn't anyone to lose one's sleep for, his manner said.

So Elsie sat looking peevish most of the time. It was so absurd being here in this undistinguished fashion. It was so exaggerated of Janice, who usually showed so much sense. Fantastic! To disown all her fame and all the fuss which might have been made. Elsie missed the craning of necks, the whispers, the made-up errands to Janice's simple room in the middle of the corridor, all the things which would have followed the revelation that Janice was Damaris Lee.

SO SHE finally told. "It's just a secret," she said to the supervisor. "We don't want any publicity, you know." And then it all began—as soon as the news spread over the hospital.

"You've told them," Janice said, sitting up against the plain white pillows, looking suddenly more ill than she had looked at any time.

Perhaps it was because she was not yet strong that suddenly, as she looked at Elsie, she began to cry. The tears rolled down her face and she closed her eyes. She could not bear to look at Elsie, at Judas. She could never explain to her sister how it seemed to her. That it was as if Elsie had taken all the last three years of love and affection and thrown them away as if they were a bundle of old rags. "I can never love her again," she was thinking.

She was still lying there like that when Bill came in, and he saw her with her face all gone to pieces like a woman confronted suddenly with some abominable horror. Bill went white at first and he looked at Elsie and said, "What is it? What has happened to her? Janice! Janice, my darling!"

Elsie was weeping now. She told him what had happened. She said, "I can't think what has happened to Janice! I've not done anything, really. She looks at me as if I were—were a—a viper—"

"You'd better leave her now," said Bill. "I'll stay here. Tell them not to bother Janice. She will see no reporters, nobody but her nurse."

He sat by Janice, he held her hands in his strong fingers. "I'm an idiot," said Janice after a time. "I'm sorry, Bill, I'm just an idiot."

"I like idiots," said Bill.

"I know it wasn't important," she said. "It wasn't really important that I should—"

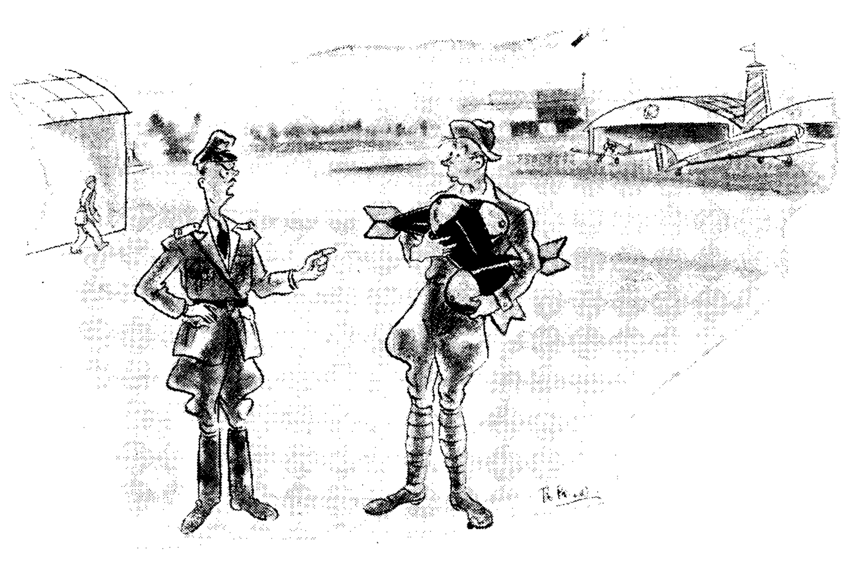
"Yes, it was important that you should have been allowed to be yourself, Janice," he said. "But that's done, now. There's nothing we can do about it." Bill, who could let any day and any act slip by when it was finished. "But what's really important now, Janice, is that you are being wrong about Elsie."

"Wrong! I never want to see her again. I'll look after her. I'll even get her a flat in Hollywood. But I can never feel that she is my little sister again. She couldn't," she said, her lips quivering, "do just that little thing for me. Make that small sacrifice!" She shook her head. "It's a small thing, she doesn't think it a real betrayal, perhaps, but it is. If she really cared anything about me, she couldn't have done it." She remembered all the drab little life of Elsie and herself at home and how even this small room in the hospital would have seemed years ago like luxury. And already this Elsie, who would have once been pleased by anything, had been changed into this person who must always bask in the limelight.

"Well," he said, "what did you expect?" He sat down on the edge of the bed, still holding her hands. "Someone had to be spoiled by all this success and you deflected it on her. It was fun for you, wasn't it, to pamper her and wrap luxury around her? You've just let yourself rip in being kind and now you are feeling sorry for yourself because she's done what a spoiled child would be expected to do." He stood up. He had told her the truth and somehow his rationality had disinfected the room of all its hysteria. He was right, she reflected; Bill was always right. It was not the first time she had seen him work the magic of his good sense and his tact. And yet that empty feeling was left. The daylight was fast fading from the room, caressing everything as it retreated before the twilight outside the windows.

"Bill—" she said aloud. And then she stopped. Something in his look stopped her. This was something important, she saw, something he had come to say when he had found her having a scene with Elsie.

He said, "Janice, you told me about



"If you drop any, Simpson, I'll put you in the guardhouse for a month!"

BO BROWN

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Veedol is made by men whose patiently earned knowledge has taught them how to create the Aristocrat of Motor Oils. Change to Veedol!

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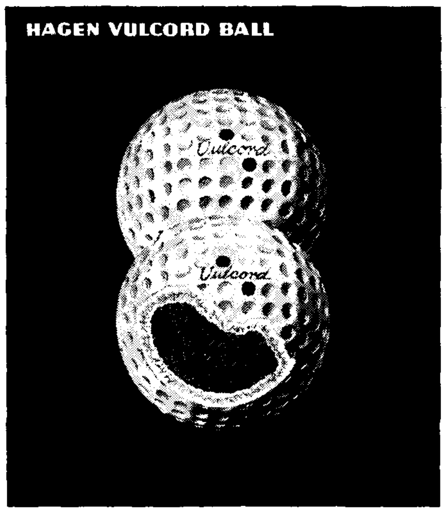

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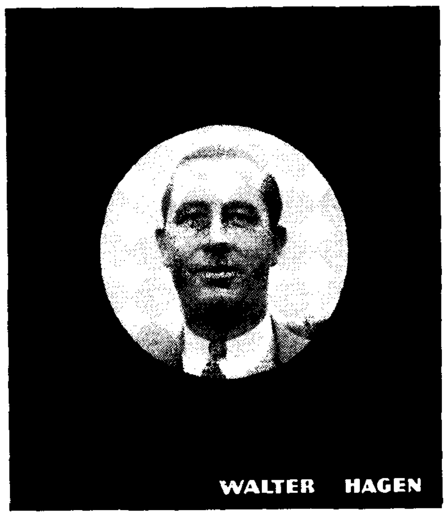


WALTER HAGEN

a man once. When I asked you to marry me—you said there would never be anyone else—"

"Yes," said Janice, holding her hands tight, holding on to herself. "Lee Bacon," she said, who could never forget. "Why?" She said, suddenly, passionately, "Why do you bring his name up *now?*" She felt all gone to pieces again. That Bill should begin to talk about Lee at this moment when she was feeling so hopeless, so alone! When she had just begun to wonder if she *could* forget, it was not possible to forget. All her past unhappiness came surging back on her, as if it were only yesterday that Lee's mother had objected that Janice Rider was out of her son's class, that he was too young, that he must finish college. His mother said that people did not make stupid marriages like that any more. In short, what she said, if not in so many words, was that the Social Register was too good for a Rider. And so all the loveliness of that young love had been destroyed. For Lee was not of age and his mother had prevailed. Even now the agony of that parting made Janice ache.

SHE whispered, "Bill, why did you have to speak of *him?*" It was not like Bill. It was not kind. "I've told you," she said passionately, "I've told you I never wanted to talk about him."

"And I haven't, have I?" said Bill. "All this time." His voice was bleak, but there was no ugliness in it, no passion. He was, in certain ways, an arrogant man but there was no arrogance now. He was tender, too, but there was no tenderness now. It was just a voice. He said quietly, "Lee Bacon is outside in the reception room this minute, Janice, asking for you."

She stared back at him and her heart seemed to have stopped. He couldn't have said that, she had heard wrong, that wasn't what he had said. Her hand went up to her cheek in that lovely gesture that her fans, all around the world, tried without success to imitate.

"He's outside, Janice. He saw your name on the door—he came here to see someone else, someone in the next room, I think—"

There was a tap at the door, her nurse came in. "There's a Mr. Bacon to see you, Miss Rider—"

Then it was true! Suddenly Janice was wildly beautiful, in the way Bill loved to have her look in a big scene. Her heart, which had seemed to cease, was racing now. She did not stop to think that she might be a little insane, that because Lee was there, was calling on an old friend it did not necessarily mean that he still loved her. She did not even consider that he might come in with a smile for the foolishness of the days when he had been twenty and she eighteen.

And she was right. For Lee, when he came, saw nothing but her, knew nothing but her. There he was, tall, golden, like a Greek god, rushing toward her.

"Janice!" Lee's own voice, gay, delighted, triumphant. Triumphant! Oh, then it was true. His voice rang in her head, his delightful voice like a song. She held out her hands to him. She had forgotten Bill and the nurse. They did not hear the two depart, closing the door behind them.

"Lee!"

"Janice, have I found you again? Janice—" She knew what he was trying to say. "Is it the same?" And oh, the uselessness of saying it—the futility of words! The futility of all the years she had spent trying to forget him, working and slaving so that she should not remember!

"Janice," he said again, and this time his voice was less sure. She saw how that was. She said, "Yes?"

"Janice," he said, "it isn't possible that you—" He stopped. His eyes pleaded with her. "That you—"

"Well?" she said faintly.

"Janice, I'm so in love with you. I can't say anything—"

She smiled faintly. "You never used to be able to say it very well either—"

He said, "You know what I mean. There'll be plenty of time to tease me later—Darling, do you? It isn't possible that you, with the whole world at your feet, that you still remember—"

This couldn't be happening. Something happening that one thought never could happen. "It might be possible," she said, under her breath. Then she was in his arms, he was pulling the pillows all around her, mussing them up. "How cross the nurse will be," she murmured into his ear. "These nice starchy pillows." It was the most important moment in her life and therefore she had to talk about pillows. She found to her astonishment that the tears which kept forcing themselves on her attention were tears of gladness. That you cry from happiness more than from grief. He took his handkerchief from his breast pocket; he wiped her tears away. "Janice, are you going to marry me? Are you really?"

"Am I going to marry you?" She was laughing and crying. "Am I not? Can you imagine my not marrying you?" So this was what fate had held in store for her that day when she had said she would not sign the contract until she returned? Destiny, some good angel had whispered in her ear. She put her head against his shoulder. Here she was back in reality and being there made her feel giddy and unaccustomed. This was what was around the corner a few minutes ago when she had felt that because Elsie had let her down she could not believe in anything again. It all seemed so far away, so trivial. Hollywood! She was through with it. Really through with it, with a place which hadn't a normal, solid standard to its name. The solidity of Lee's shoulder—symbol of all she had longed for in this last year.

"Darling," he said, "when are you going to be able to leave this awful place?"

"Tomorrow," she said. "Tomorrow."

AND she did leave the next day. She went to a little hotel on Forty-eighth Street. Just Janice Rider. "They must not know," she told Lee. "It will be so *awful* if people find out. You can't think, darling—all the interviewers and the rest of it—"

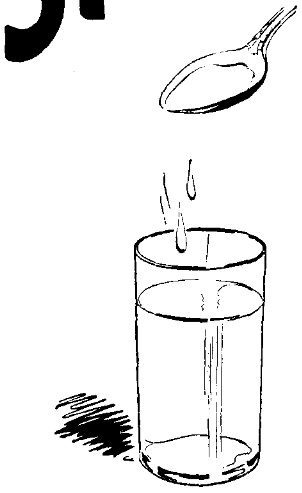
"Of course." He squeezed her arm. "We'll have a little time together, just you and I." And that was how it was. Bill came sometimes, pleasant to Lee, polite, but not at all a Lee Bacon fan. But, then, how could one expect him to be? He guarded Janice. He said nothing about her contract. He effaced himself as much as it was possible for a man like that to efface himself. Lee did not like him. "He's in love with you," he said. "How I hate men who are in love with you. But that means, I suppose, that I'll have to hate the whole sex." He held her proudly. "*My* girl!"

Elsie crept around, miserable, longing again for the spotlight, hating Lee who had taken it away forever, but saying nothing, being inconspicuous, she who had learned her lesson in the hospital.

"But when you are married," she said spitefully, "the newspapers will know. You can't go on like this forever. It isn't as if Damaris Lee could disappear like that forever, as if she had vanished up her own sleeve."

"It *can* be like that," said Janice, who would see no difficulties. Memories were short. No one but her friends, only a few persons in the whole world knew that Damaris Lee was a little unknown named Janice Rider. "Bill will fix it," she said, "he can do anything." She was

**"SOFT STILLED"**



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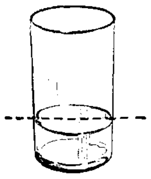

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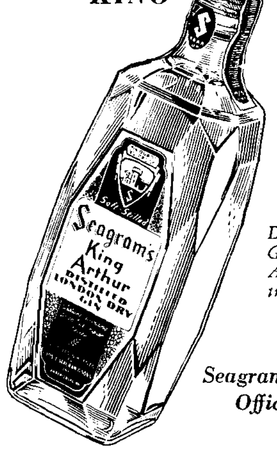

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***It's "Soft-Stilled"***

almost insane on the subject of being a nobody, Elsie said, who had not known, really, what it was to live one's life on the public surface, with no private life at all.

"My friends are dying to know you," Lee said one day. "And I want you to know them. I want them to see you, talk to you. I'm going to give a party for you, Janice."

"Oh, no! Not a party."

"Just a little one. Not a party really. Just my friends. The ones who matter." He held her so proudly, so victoriously. "You are strong again, you are perfectly well, you little coward. Now you are going out among them again, Janice."

And how she did groom herself for that party. She remembered the days when Mrs. Bacon had looked down her nose at her. Well, Lee's friends would never look that way at her again. He must be proud of her.

"Oh, my darling," he said, when he came for her, "how marvelous you look. Damaris Lee."

"Oh, no, Lee, not like *her!*" She really loathed that. For she did not, in real life, look at all like that woman of the screen, the dark languorous woman whom Bill had created. People never recognized her on the street. Her hair filmed black. People did not recognize the small girl with the red hair and the freckles on the nose, lovely as she was, for the exotic creature who was Damaris Lee. That was what she had been counting on—that was why she could be herself again; why Damaris Lee could disappear as if she had never been.

"All right," said Lee indulgently, "you don't look like Damaris Lee." He held her off and regarded her. "You don't, at that," he said more truthfully.

"You see!" She was triumphant. "But I do look nice, Lee? I don't look like something you'll have to explain?"

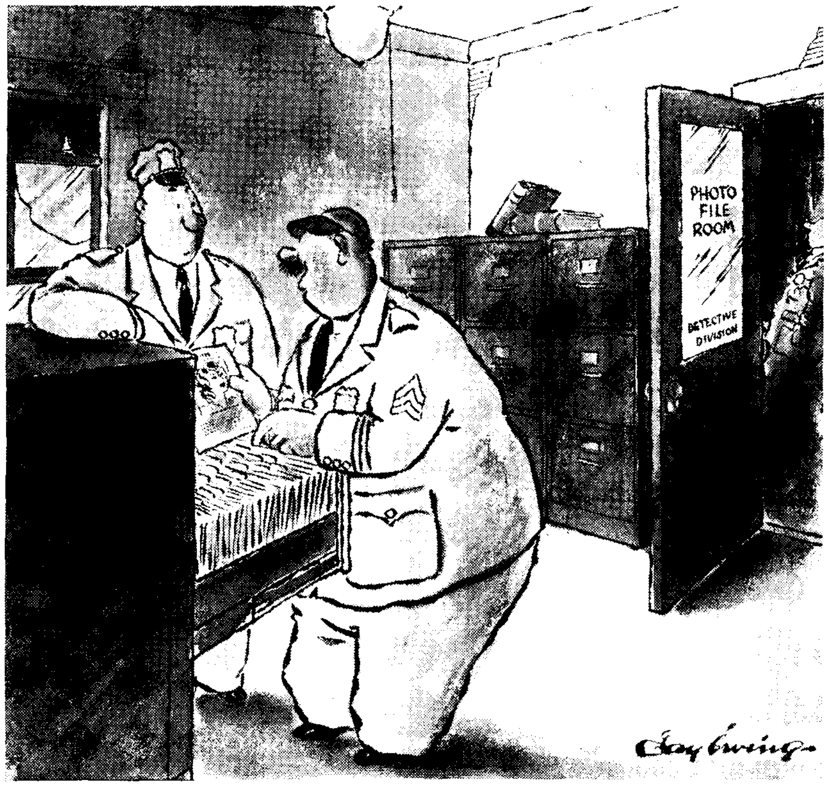
He kissed her. . . .

When they entered his apartment the noise in the room was really terrific. Nobody noticed them as they stood in the doorway, not for the first minute in which they hesitated. She saw two or three persons from the old days. A number of them seemed to be of Lee's old crowd. There was that Beatrice—Beatrice Something—whose name she had forgotten—the tall, very pretty one with the mouth too small and too well-shaped. Once Janice had been afraid of her with her successful permanent wave and her assured clothes and her nail varnish. The girl looked up and met her eyes. "She hates me," thought Janice, "she wants Lee for herself." She held his arm. With him she was afraid of nothing.

"No, I don't mind them at all now," she discovered. "They are *nothing.*" She knew what they would say and how they would say it. Knew they would never get beyond that manner of excluding an outsider. She saw how it would be—the talking among themselves, the rather elemental exchange of repartee. And nothing they would say would be what anyone could quite mean. But she had Lee.

THE room became silent. A man put down a cocktail glass and it made a tinkling sound. The fire shone bright and friendly. It was a winter day in New York but to Janice it was the sunlit dawn of a new world. A world of love and tenderness and confidence with Lee, no matter what these others did or thought. She was herself again. She no longer wished Bill had come with her. After all, Bill was the stranger. He would have come—he would not have liked it but he would have come. But she did not need him. He had laughed when she suggested it to him, and though his laugh had been harsh there had been that lovely glint of humor in his eyes. She could see now how foolish it had been—her asking him to be with her when she met Lee's friends. Well, she had been a little crazy, she could laugh now herself.

Bill had said, "Be of good cheer, blessed. 'Don't look like that—like a queen in a tumbrel." He had even kissed her when she left. Her head went up proudly. With Bill and Lee loving her, little Janice Rider of the West Side had nothing to fear. Lee now, holding her hand, led her forward. He would never let her go. "Never let me go back to Hollywood, to that snobbishness where stars associate only with stars," she had said, clinging to him. And why should she not loathe snobbishness? After all, it had almost ruined their lives—Mrs. Bacon with her hateful, vulgar climbing! The grown-up Janice



"I hear the warden had to put on an extra secretary to handle her fan mail"

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could see it all now—the feeble hold Mrs. Bacon had had on a low rung of the social ladder, her frantic kicking away of Janice lest she pull the Bacons down. Even at this minute, advancing upon it, in the midst of it, Janice could laugh at it. The Social Register. What a joke!

"Miss Deland, Mrs. Corse, Mr. Van Zelm—" said Lee. And then she recoiled as if he had struck her. For what he said was, "And this, my friends and low companions, is the girl of your dreams—Damaris Lee."

Damaris Lee! Her head went up. She must not let him down. It had slipped out by mistake, not on purpose. "Oh, Lee," she breathed, but she must not let him feel the hurt of it. It was all gone, her little day of being Janice Rider. *Their* day. The fun, the first bloom of their relationship had been spoiled. She must not let it mar his party, his pleasure. How Lee must be stunned! She pressed his hand to tell him it didn't matter, it was all right.

AS SOON as she was alone with him in a corner, she told him that. "Silly fathead," she said lightly, pretending that they did not care, "how did you happen to *do* it?"

He wrinkled his brows. "Do *what?*"

"Introduce me as Damaris Lee. After all we've said—"

His look of amazement was unfeigned. "But of course I did." He became almost annoyed. "They are my *friends,* angel. Not strangers, not reporters."

She tried to see that. She considered, "Yes, I can see that," she said at last. "They are friends. You had to take them into your confidence."

"Not a matter of taking them into my confidence," he said, still annoyed, still genuinely scandalized by the idea that he should not tell *them,* his crowd. "The thing is you've got to be given a background and a good one. These are the people you are to travel with, goose. And they've got to accept you."

"Accept me?" she repeated the words. He was startled by her tone, glancing at her as she spoke. He had to explain it to her more fully, the girl knew nothing. If she had hated the prospect of further explanation, she found the actuality an agony. Her face, showing bewilderment, incredulity, disgust, must have been astonishing to him to watch. Especially when it showed disgust.

"I begin to see," she said finally. "I am all right because professionals and other circus animals are received in your set."

He took her hand. "What a little idiot," he said indulgently. "They are all crazy about you." She left her hand in his. Perhaps he had a passing feeling that something fine, matchless, that had been between them had been done to death by him? But no. She remained, her hand in his, looking at him, at her first love. Somewhere in the room another champagne cork popped, another magnum was condemned to death. She sighed. "You are leaving the party alone too long," she said. She watched him cross the room, largely decorative, wordily intelligent. She shivered a little. Somewhere inside her, she thought, there should be the sound of a great crashing. Then it hadn't been only his mother—that woman had merely served to pull him up in a temporary madness. "It wasn't that he couldn't marry me," she told herself quite calmly, "he just backed out." She continued to regard him, laughing, receiving congratulations, blond as yellow corn, jaunty and disarming. "He is Hollywood, one of those beautiful movie actors," she thought. All he felt was what he thought the smart people feel. He had never loved anyone really but himself, nor felt the beauty of anything. He looked like a Greek god, his manner was that of a gay, chivalrous boy, and his soul was that of a snob.

She looked around the room. Nothing was left but the knowledge that all the fuss had been for nothing, it had all been for nothing, all those years of holding him in her heart. Once she put out her hand as if to arrest something that was floating away out of reach. But it dropped again.

"Janice, come here, dear," he called. "We need you."

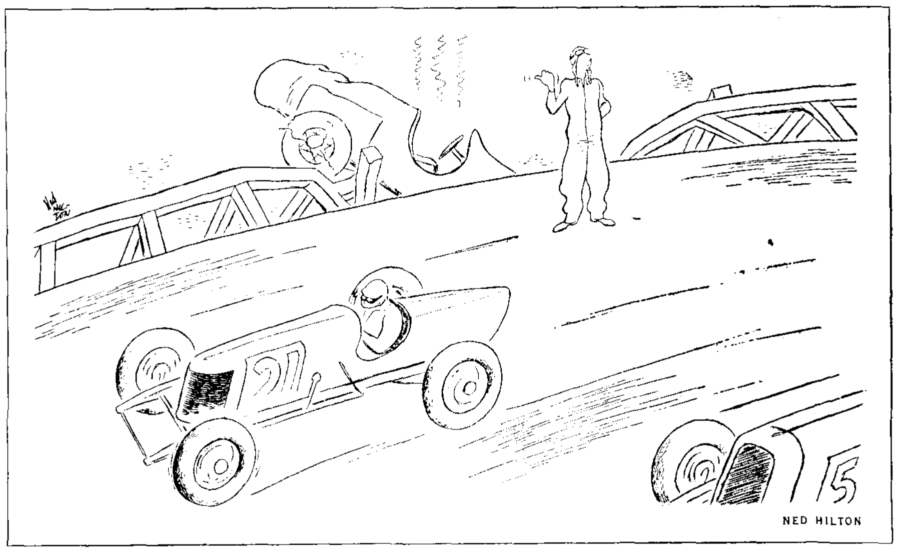
She went to him. She said, "I'm going to the dressing room a minute, to dock for minor repairs." She smiled at him. She had no respect for him, she couldn't even hate him, there was nothing important enough about him to hate. She hated only herself out of shame for her own past choice. "But I must still care a little." She thought. She didn't. Every vestige of feeling for him lay dead at the feet of his expensive English shoes.

A MAID was in the dressing room, a nice maid with a good Scotch face. She helped Janice with her coat. "Excuse me, Miss Lee," she said, "I hope you won't think me presuming in wishing you happiness, miss?"

"Thank you. It is sweet of you."

She was at the door now. "Thank you again," she said. "I must hurry now for there is someone waiting for me—it may be that we shall have to make a train."

Marriage depends upon the people in it. . . . It was what you were. It wasn't Hollywood, it wasn't this town or that town. There were the Elsies and the Lees of the world but they were everywhere, they had no locality. And the valid, durable ones, they too had no locality. Everything was all right now. She had come to the end of a long street and Bill Reynolds stood there. Had always stood there. Work was there, a career together, home and children. For Hollywood wasn't just in California, it was everywhere. But home was everywhere too, it was all in people's hands. Home was where the heart is. Home was Bill.



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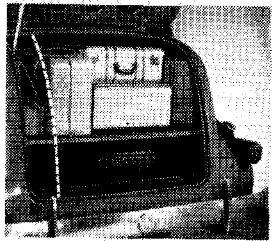
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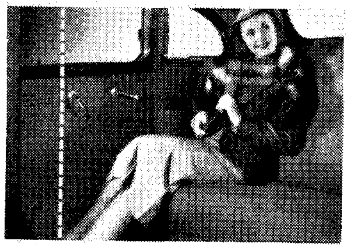
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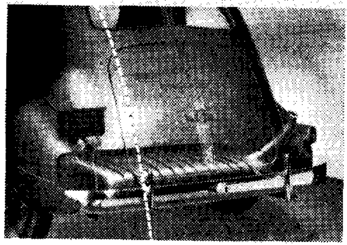
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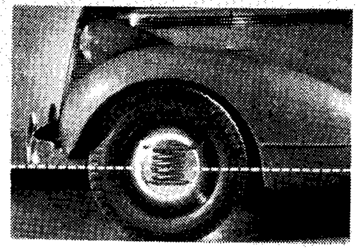
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# Castle Key

Continued from page 23

again and got it and flew off and Bill yelled after him and reeled in, muttering.

"You ought to be ashamed," June told him, "yelling at a little bird."

"A man who yells at little birds," Greg said, "will yell at anything, I always say."

"At little bitsy children, even?" June asked.

"I can't help it if I haven't any poise," Bill said. "It's not my fault."

Bill baited up and let his line ride out. At trolling speed the lure, the bait, were on the surface. In the clean green water at the waves' tops, you could see the little swirl of foam the bait made. Almost instantly Bill had the first strike. When the rod bucked, everybody yelled. Bill hit him good and jammed the rod down hard into the socket of his fishing belt and went to work with everybody yelling. Greg stood up. He could not see what Bill had, in the dazzle of the sun, but the assistant admiral yelled: "Big bonito. Yassuh. Got him now."

Bill worked him slowly in. Now Greg could see him, dark and shadowy, and putting up a fight.

"You've got him," Greg yelled. "He's a good one, Bill."

"Two bucks," Bill told them. "Coming—up!"

Then suddenly the line went limp, the rod snapped straight.

"I've lost him," Bill said. "No, I haven't! What the—!"

"Reel him in!" June said. "Don't give him line."

But Greg had seen, from where he stood, what happened. He had seen another shadow, dark and slim and swift and vicious. Then the shadows seemed to merge and wave and blur.

Bill reeled him in, or what was left of him. He had been slashed from just behind his head, clear to his tail; slashed clean, until he was a head, and backbone and a tail; an unexpected horror as Bill pulled him in.

June looked at him and looked away.

"Good lord," Bill said. "Here, boy. Git rid of him."

"Come on, June," Greg said. "It was just a fish."

"It's just that it was—sudden," June said. "For a minute."

Bill said: "Do you think it was a shark, Greg?"

"No. Not big enough. From up here I could see it; see a shadow, anyway."

"A barracuda, boy?"

"Tha's right. Yassuh! Tha's Mistah Barracuda, worse'n shark. Hit anythin' tha's movin' in the watah. Hit yo' arm off. Hit yo' leg off. Don' care nothin' about nothin'. Hit his mamma. Hit a whale."

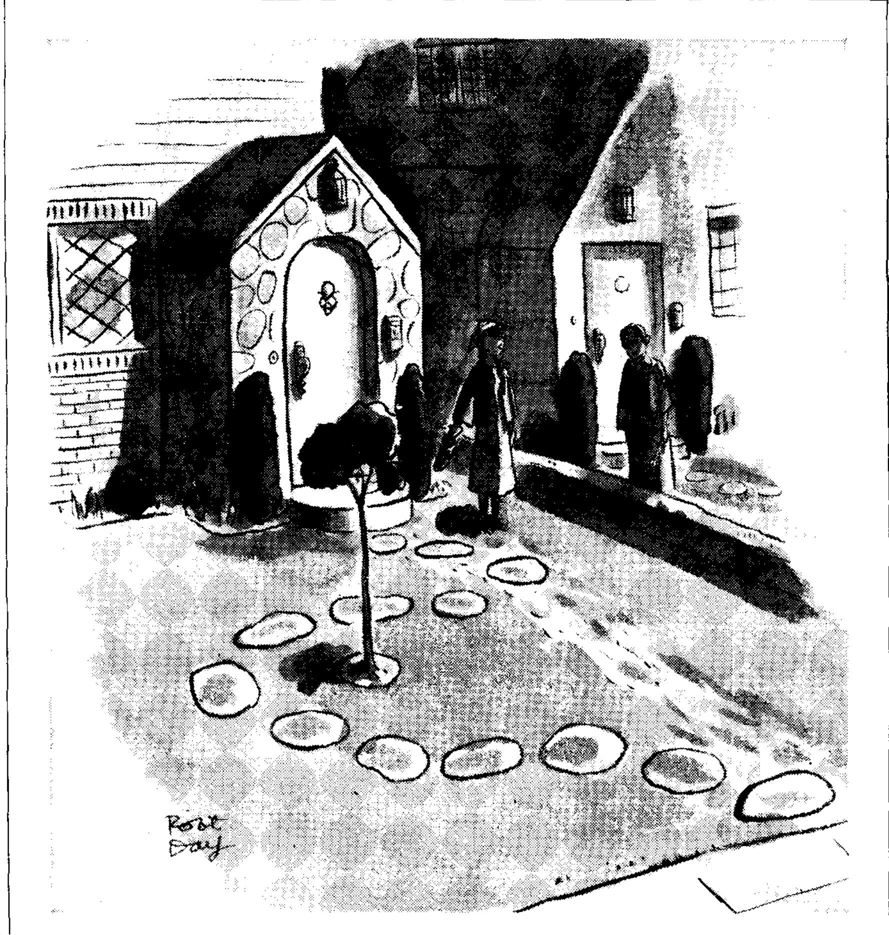
"Nice guy," Greg said. "Nice neighborhood to live in down there."

"Yassuh. Run right up and hit a whale."

Bill said: "Hey, Greg; you feel like going in for just a little dip? To cool you off?"

They laughed and went to fishing but the day was changed for June. She'd meant it to be gay, a little interlude, a little time, before they told Greg what they knew. But that swift horror, shadowy and merciless, that lurked beneath the sparkling pleasant surface of this Southern sea, had been a chill reminder of her fears, her fear for Greg, the apprehension that had grown and grown since she had been to Castle Key.

She could not make them understand; they would not understand. She'd tried to tell her fear to Bill and Bill had laughed at her, had been superior, amused and masculine. "A crazy old man and a little shyster lawyer. What could they do?" He had petted her and laughed and said: "I'll be there, honey. If the old man grabs a rock I'll trip him up." Her fears were no more real than that, to Bill; they would be no more real



"We have found that very few people follow the flagstones"

ROBERT DAY

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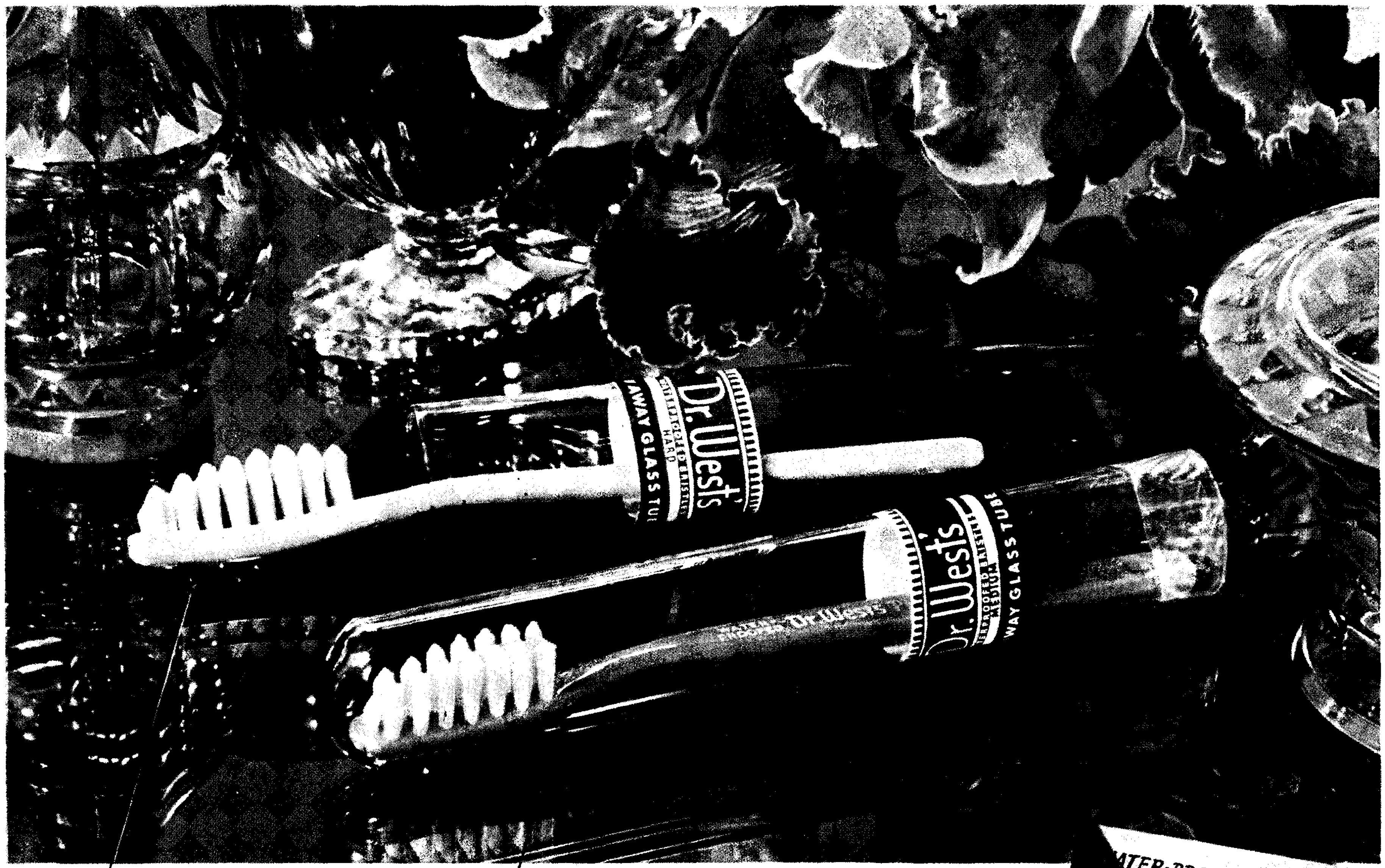

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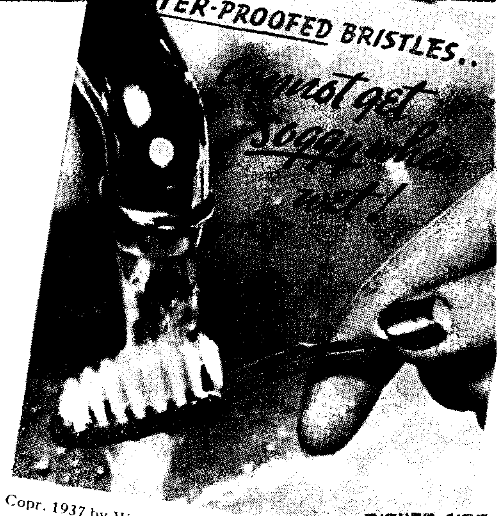

● Dr. West's famous *Water-proofed* brushes—Regular and Professional sizes—offer the quickest, most effective method known of keeping teeth sparkling-white. These brushes clean teeth 60% better than ever before possible. They're made of the world's finest and costliest bristles—and these bristles are *water-proofed* by an exclusive, patented process. Hence, they cannot grow *soggy* when wet. Sealed germ-proof in individual glass tubes, these are the only brushes that reach you surgically sterile.

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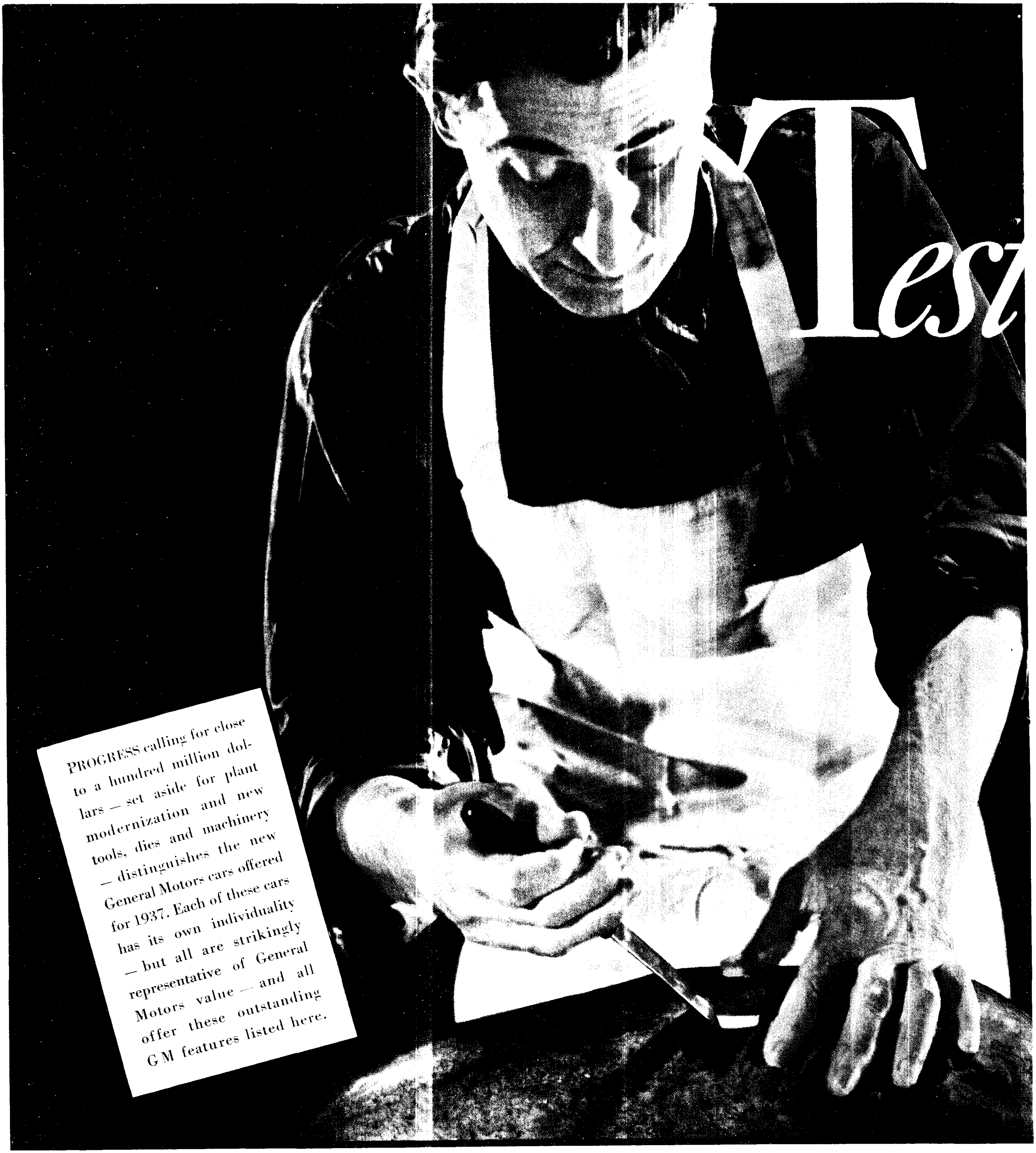
**EITHER SIZE**

**DR. WEST'S *Water-proofed* TOOTHBRUSH 50¢**



PROGRESS calling for close to a hundred million dollars — set aside for plant modernization and new tools, dies and machinery — distinguishes the new General Motors cars offered for 1937. Each of these cars has its own individuality — but all are strikingly representative of General Motors value — and all offer these outstanding G M features listed here.

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to Greg. She looked at him and he looked big and steady there above her, standing with an easy balance to the motion of the boat. She made her face into a smile and he grinned back. In spite of all that they had tried to do to him, his eyes were clear and steady; he could grin.

But he would never understand her fears. These people had involved his wife, his fortune, in a tangled trap of crookedness and trickery and blackmail. They had dragged her into it, even. They would stop at nothing. She had told Bill that: "The people who are doing this would stop at nothing." And he'd laughed and Greg would laugh. And now at Castle Key — that haunted, ruined place; that pitiful, vindictive, crazed old man—George Crane was subtly mixing the ingredients for tragedy. She felt it, felt it, felt it. And she did not know how she could make them understand—

The fishing was not very good. The main idea was sailfish but no one had had a strike. At three o'clock there were two mackerel, a dolphin and two more bonito in the box and something Greg hauled in and called "half fish, half only fooling." Bill had caught a barracuda, too, and when the boy had killed him, everybody had a good look at his teeth and then looked down at where he came from and were glad he couldn't climb.

"You're sure he can't though?" June had said. "Like up a boat a little bit? Like when your back was turned?"

NOW it was three o'clock and June and Bill were in the fishing chairs again and Greg was lying on the cabin roof and watching them. The sun had gone behind a bank of heavy, rolling clouds and it was still and hot and heavy, with a breathless and impending heaviness. The water had a dark and oily polish; it looked slippery and thick, in the enormous shadow. When it slapped against the boat it made a heavy, sullen sound that made the boat seem smaller and the dark clouds darker and the land a long way off. You had the feeling that the fun was over but you didn't want to be the one to say so.

Greg was the first to see the high fin cutting through the water, nearing June's bait. He called: "Look. A shark." The captain, at the wheel, leaned out and looked back. He called out: "Sailfish! Sailfish! If he noses it, pay out a little line, Miss. Give him line and time. You'll know it if he bites."

The sail went under. June said: "He's—he's doing something!"

"Give him line, June!"

Then her line jerked and she nearly lost it and the sailfish jumped and everyone began to yell. He jumped clean, in a thrilling silver arc; he went off fighting, in a series of enormous, gorgeous leaps that took your breath.

June gasped: "I can't—can't hold him. Take him, Bill!"

"Go on and fight your fish! Stay with him, baby. Fight him. Zowie!"

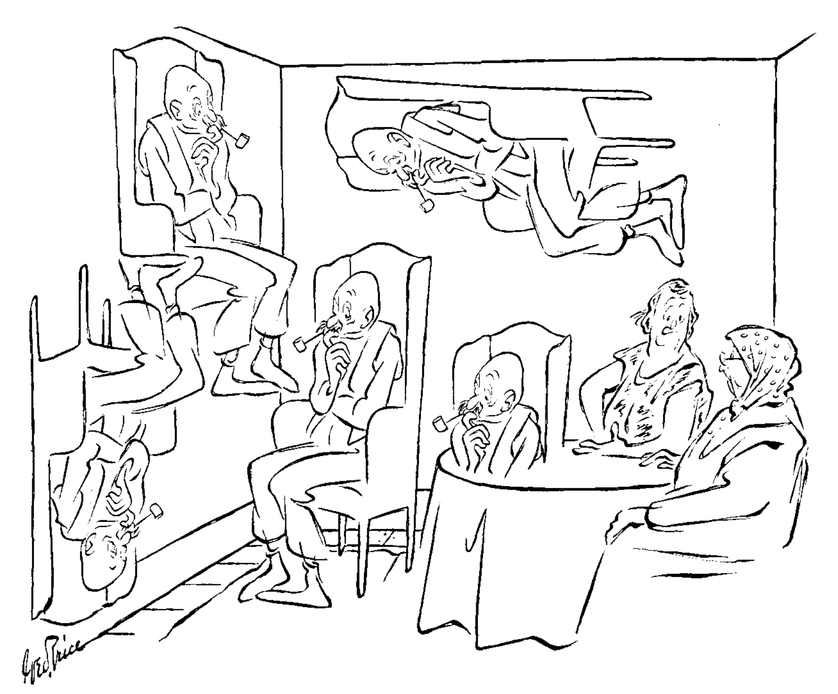
"Bill!"

Her feet braced, she was trying to stay with him. He was sounding now and taking line and she was hanging on and trying desperately to get her rod back in the socket of her fishing belt. Then suddenly, he started running for the boat, and everybody yelled again, and she got to her feet in the excitement. Greg yelled: "Sit down. Hold her, Bill!" The fish came up again and jerked June sideways with a twisting, vicious leap. He jerked her up against the low rail and her hand slipped from the reel. Her rod was jerked to arm's length and she tried to reach to get her other hand on it. Bill yelled and jumped for her and she was over and Greg thought: "Oh, God!" He hit the water in a long flat, desperate dive.

He could not see her. There was no direction. When he came up there was nothing but this dark encircling, flowing valley in the waves. The waves had looked small from the boat, but now they towered over him, enormously, impassably, and he was lost among them and he could not see her and he did not know which way to swim. He felt the strong life of the next wave; from the top of it he saw the boat and it looked far away and there were yells. A life belt smacked the water far behind him, then another, and the boat was turning with a maddening deliberation, but he could not see her anywhere. He yelled: "June! June!" He heard her answer and his heart turned over and he came up on another wave and saw her small white face not fifteen feet away. She swam as well as he did; she was swimming toward the boat. She said: "Oh, Greg!" And then he reached her with a long stroke. When he'd reached her there was nothing he could do. He said: "Don't swim. Don't move"—they would hit anything that moved— He said: "Float, June."

"I know."

"Don't move."



"I think he does it with mirrors, but whatever it is, it's damned unsettling!"

GEORGE PRICE

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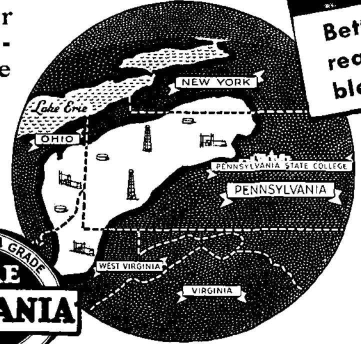

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TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.

"I won't. I had to swim. I couldn't just—just wait."

"I know."

"But now I can."

He got his arm beneath her and they floated there together, waiting, while the boat turned slowly, maddeningly, toward them.

June said: "I'm—not afraid."

"No. Just keep floating."

"There—there isn't one chance in a hundred anything could—happen."

"No. The boat will be here in a minute."

"Yes. You shouldn't have — have jumped in, Greg."

"I didn't even know it."

"But you did; you did."

They floated there together with his arm beneath her, with their bodies close together. He looked down at her small wet face against his shoulder. She turned her head and looked up and her eyes were deep and dark and he looked down into them and it didn't matter, for a moment, where they were or what could happen. Nothing mattered for a strange and breathless moment but her eyes, and what was unmistakable in them and what, he knew now with a surge of strong, unbearable emotion, there had always been, would always be.

She said, again: "I'm not afraid—now—darling."

It would be only seconds now. The boat was near them, slowing down. Bill Keith was by the rail, a rope coiled, and the colored boy was standing there beside him, with a rifle in his hands. It would be ten seconds, it would be a slow, slow year—

Greg caught the rope. Bill pulled June up, and she was up and out. Greg treaded water. Until now he'd thought about his body just to hate it for its helplessness, but now he really thought about it, now that June was safe. His legs seemed miles long, treading there beneath him; long and cold and valuable, and it seemed a long time till Bill threw him down the rope, until he finally got them out of the water.

Bill had his arms around June. He was laughing, he was yelling, he was still scared.

June said: "I'm all right, you silly thing; let go. I'm going in the cabin for a minute and—and get my breath."

"Well, hurry," Bill said. "Then we'll have a hundred drinks."

BILL walked to where Greg stood and dripped beside the rail. He poured a big drink out and handed it to Greg and Greg said: "No: I don't want one."

"You're insane. Here."

"Not right now."

Bill drank the drink. He said: "Lord, I was scared. Those long last seconds. And we couldn't kick her any faster."

"Yes."

Bill looked at him and said: "You look a little goofy still."

"It's not that, Bill."

Greg sat down. After a time he got up and walked toward the cabin. He called: "June, can I come in?"

"I'm not v-very beautiful."

She was, though. She had taken off her wet clothes and put on Bill's polo coat and it was miles too big for her of course and she had wrapped it almost twice around her and had turned the sleeves up. She looked cute and like a kid. But beautiful all right, and when he took her in his arms her eyes were wide and dark and like they'd been the night they'd sat there on the lake front, looking at a million stars. And when she said: "I love you," it would be for him.

She said: "It's been—so long, Greg. All my life."

"It will be all mine, too, June."

"I—I love you, Greg."

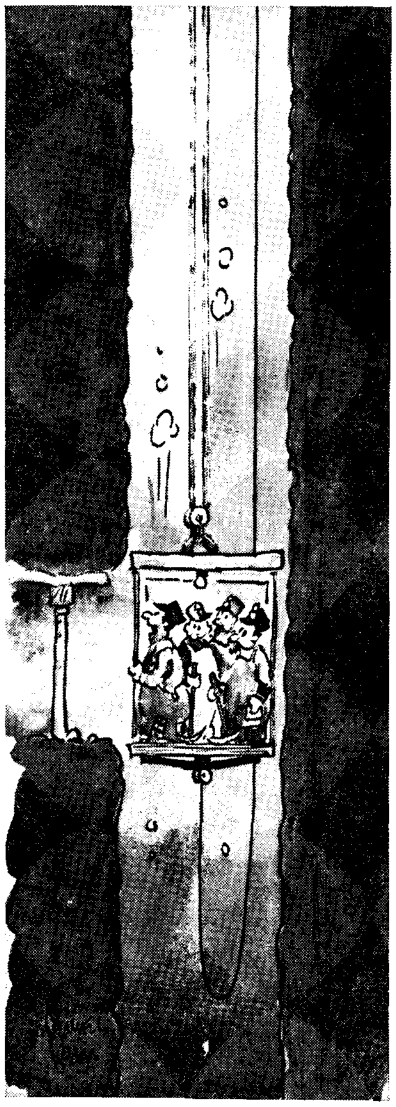
It was for him. Not loyalty, affection, trust; not any pale weak synonym, but love, and all the word was meant to mean, for him. He felt her trembling against him. She was warm and soft and beautiful and June. His lips found hers; he held her tighter, tighter, crushing her, as if he meant to make up now, in one long kiss, for all the years that they had missed— Bill watched Greg getting up and going toward the cabin, stooping at the low door, going in. He took his eyes away and made himself another drink, but it was just mechanical. He didn't really want it; it was just another drink. He tried to think of something that he did want, but he couldn't, and it was a bum idea to try, right now. It made him think: "I won't want anything, not really hard, not really want it, maybe ever." Oh, he'd want things, sure; he'd wish he had a first-flight string of ponies, or a yacht; he'd like the orchestra to play that tune again, or have a yen to be in California; things like that. But really wanting, so it hurt you, so your heart would hammer, so that there was nothing else—

BILL told himself: "You sorry louse." He leaned against the rail and watched the water, thinking how he ought to feel about this, how he had to feel, unless he was a louse. He had to feel that it was swell. He thought it, hard. It's swell; it's swell. He is a swell guy; he's—he's Greg, you fool; it's Greg and June; it should have happened years and years ago.

They called him, after a while. June called: "Bill! Hey, Bill!" Greg called: "Come on in the cabin, fool."

"All right."

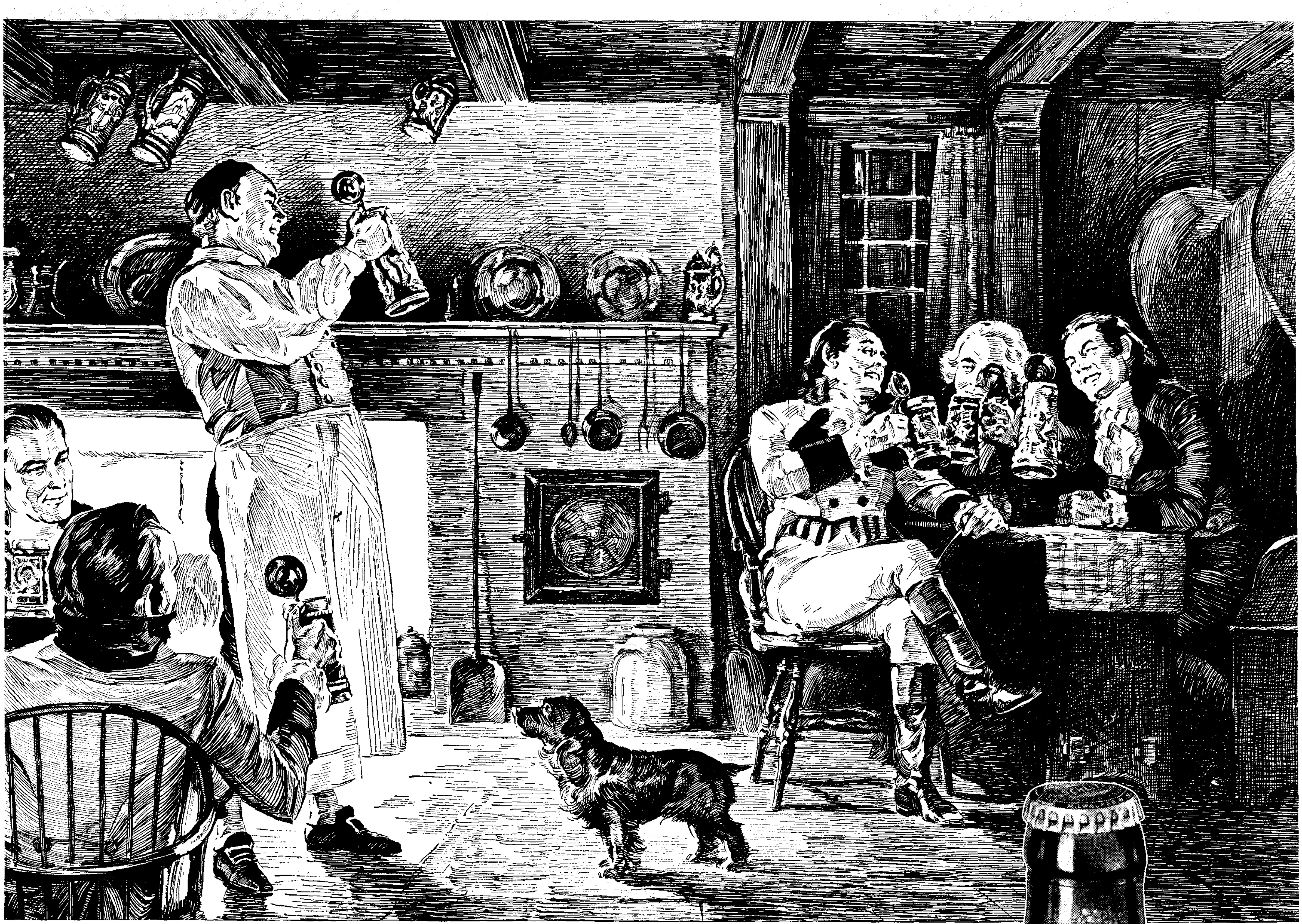
Bill got a grin together and went toward the cabin. They were calling him, inviting him; from now on this would be the way. Before, there had been June and Greg and Bill; now there were June

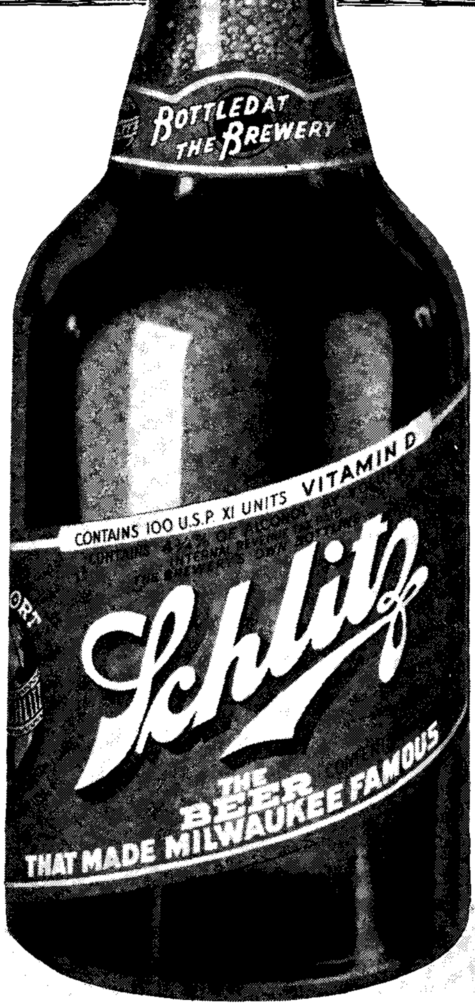


**"Second floor, bituminous, slate and anthracite"**

REAMER KELLER

# The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

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## Pleasant Memories of Olden Times
## Schlitz in "Steinies"

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*You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz... you will like it on first acquaintance... and ever after.*

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**JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.** *Milwaukee, Wis.*

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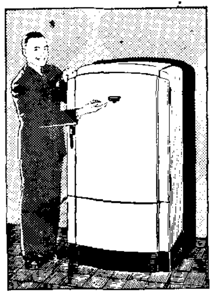

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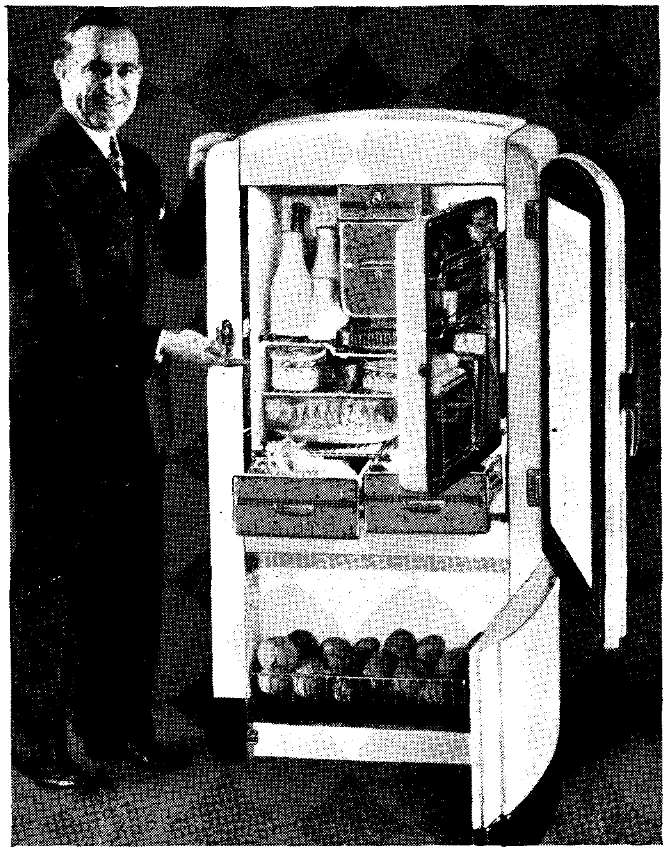
*Back of the CONSERVADOR —a complete refrigerator with every desirable feature for greater convenience, economy, and food protection.* ⟶



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and Greg and three of them would be a crowd and when they wanted crowds they would invite him; cordially; considerately: "Let's have good old Bill."

Bill kept his grin together walking toward the cabin. They were sitting on the bunk and June had twisted up her hair into a knot on top of her head and, sitting there beside Greg, huddled up beside him, with his arm around her, she looked like a little girl again; the skinny, comical, persistent kid who'd always tagged along, who'd dogged through their boyhood, Hugh's and Greg's and his, with terrible tenacity. Trailing them on every expedition and to every secret hideout, lurking in the bushes, popping from behind things, falling out of trees upon them, yah! yah! yah!

Bill looked at her again and it was over; being kids was over when he saw her eyes. They'd never been that way before; they'd never be that way for anyone but Greg. And now he had to keep his grin and clown this through and show them everything was swell.

June said: "Here—here we are, Bill. We—we wanted you to know."

"Know what?"

"You simple-looking clown," Greg said.

They had forgotten everything: the mess that they were in, the threatened scandal, Rita, everything that stood between them, everything that they must face tomorrow. They had planned this trip to tell Greg that Perry Crane had been a thief, to break the news that he had lost the fortune he'd put into Castle Key, to tell him of the crazy threats of old man Pettigrew, to warn him of their fears that George Crane planned—planned what? Bill didn't know. He knew only that even as he'd tried to laugh June's fears away, the thought of George Crane's white and masklike face, his cold and lifeless eyes— Bill pulled himself together. This was June's high hour and whatever was in store for them, for her or Greg, he must not spoil it now. He had to keep his grin and show them everything was swell.

June said: "Here—here we are, Bill. We—we wanted you to know."

"Know what?"

Greg said: "Well, look, you simple-looking clown."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Carlisle," Bill said, "but I think there's someone clutching you; at last."

"You simple clown."

Bill said: "He finally caught on, eh? Bright guy."

June said: "Well, he is. He's just as bright as anybody, Willie Keith."

"Sure. All it took for him to catch on was for you nearly to get et up by a fish. He caught on good then, didn't he?"

"He's just not very quick," June said. "He's got a brain as good as anybody's brain is, when he gets around to it, you nasty man."

"Sure. Sure he has."

"The trouble with the people on this boat," Greg said, "you don't get any privacy."

Bill took a bill out of his pocket, kissed it tenderly and held it out to June.

"What's this for, Bill?" she asked.

"For you," Bill said. "Five bucks. You caught the can of salmon."

They chugged back, everybody pretty quiet now. The clouds had gone away and, chugging up the placid channel to the bay, they sat there in the bow, not saying much, and watched the spires of Miami, delicate and tall and beautiful against the evening sky. The southern dusk came quickly, deep and soft, and, one by one, the towers put on their incandescent evening jewelry and it was very fine to watch, across the quiet bay.

Bill thought: "It's swell. It's swell."

Sitting with them, in the blue dusk, he could feel their eyes reach for each other, meet and cling.

He thought it hard: "It's swell. It's got to be."

THEY dropped Greg first at his hotel. He'd checked in at the Southcoast, after they had met him at the airport. June had taken an apartment, farther out and near the bay, with Mrs. Dale. Bill had been staying with a friend who had a little bungalow still farther out the beach.

Greg said as he got out: "I wonder if Rusty's here yet. I don't see the car."

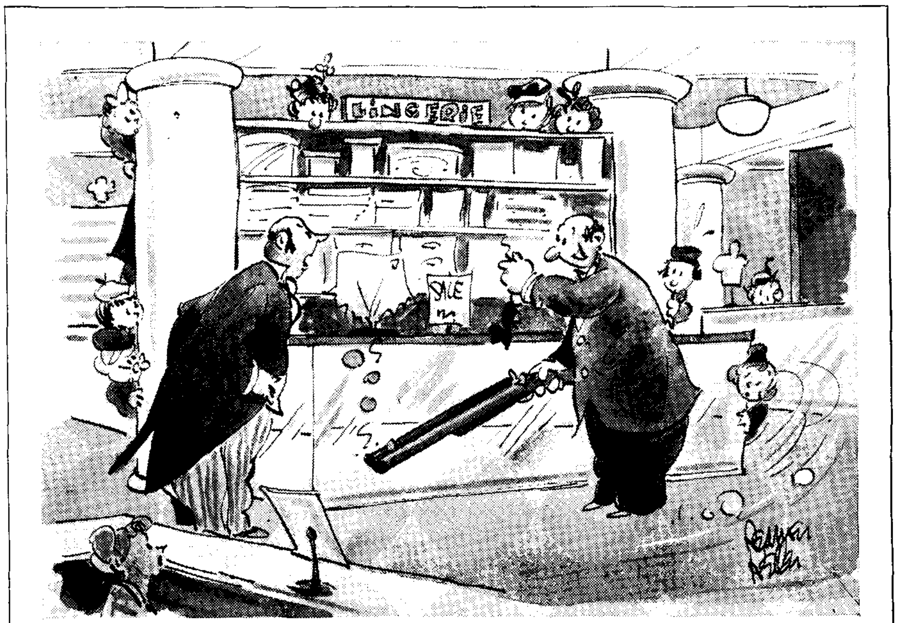
"He couldn't be," Bill said, "this soon."

"Sure. He left yesterday at daylight and he'd drive all night, or nearly. You know Rusty when he gets a wheel in front of him. It probably was silly, having him drive down here, but I thought we'd like to have the car; instead of squeezing in this roadster."

"I resent that," Bill said. "This is just as good a place to squeeze in as there is on four wheels."

"Gentlemen," June said, "we'll have no whimsey, please."

It was after seven when Bill drove June home. He'd call for her again at nine and they would go get Greg and go somewhere for dinner. Mrs. Dale was not at home and June was glad. She wanted, now, to be alone. Her clothes were still damp and she took them off and ran a cool tub. While she undressed, while she bathed, she hummed to keep herself from thinking, so she would not waste a single thought, now; so that she could save them up and have them, all



"Hereafter, use a trap. You're giving the store a bad name"

REAMER KELLER

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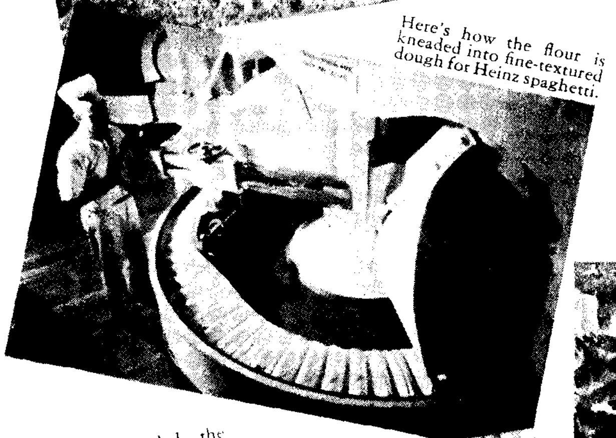
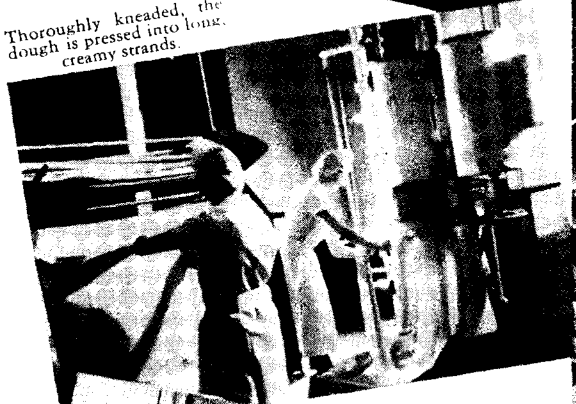
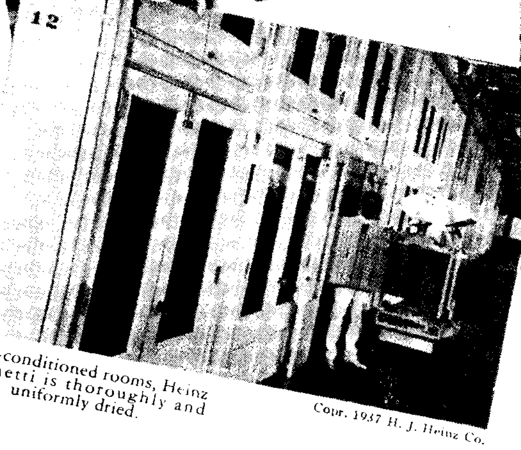
Here's how the flour is kneaded into fine-textured dough for Heinz spaghetti.



Thoroughly kneaded, the dough is pressed into long, creamy strands.





In air-conditioned rooms, Heinz spaghetti is thoroughly and uniformly dried.

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# if You could see us make it

*We take the finest durum wheat, knead it, press it into long, tender strands, then our expert cooks add a succulent sauce, savory with tomatoes, rare spices and racy cheese!*

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COOKED
MACARONI
IN CREAM SAUCE WITH CHEESE
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PAINT a romantic picture, if you will, of the sunny slopes above the Adriatic, and homemade spaghetti drying in the soft Latin breezes. But for downright appetite appeal, you ought to see spaghetti—Heinz cooked spaghetti—made in Heinz model kitchens!

Rain or shine, the air and temperature are always the same in Heinz drying rooms! They are weather-controlled! Here the long, tender strands of spaghetti—pressed from finest durum wheat—dry under the ever-watchful eyes of Heinz expert cooks. In the spotless Heinz kitchens, white-coated chefs prepare the sauce for which our cooked spaghetti is famous. And *what* a sauce this is! It's a skillful blend of tempting flavors, made from "pedigreed" tomatoes—grown from Heinz-raised seedlings and ripened on the vine. From savory spices, the pick of the world's markets, bought in the Orient by Heinz buyers. And finally, from racy imported cheese!

Heat and serve the contents of a tin of Heinz cooked spaghetti for a delicious one-dish meal. And try using it with leftovers. Heinz cooked spaghetti, you'll say, is the world's best mixer! Your grocer has it. Order a few tins today.

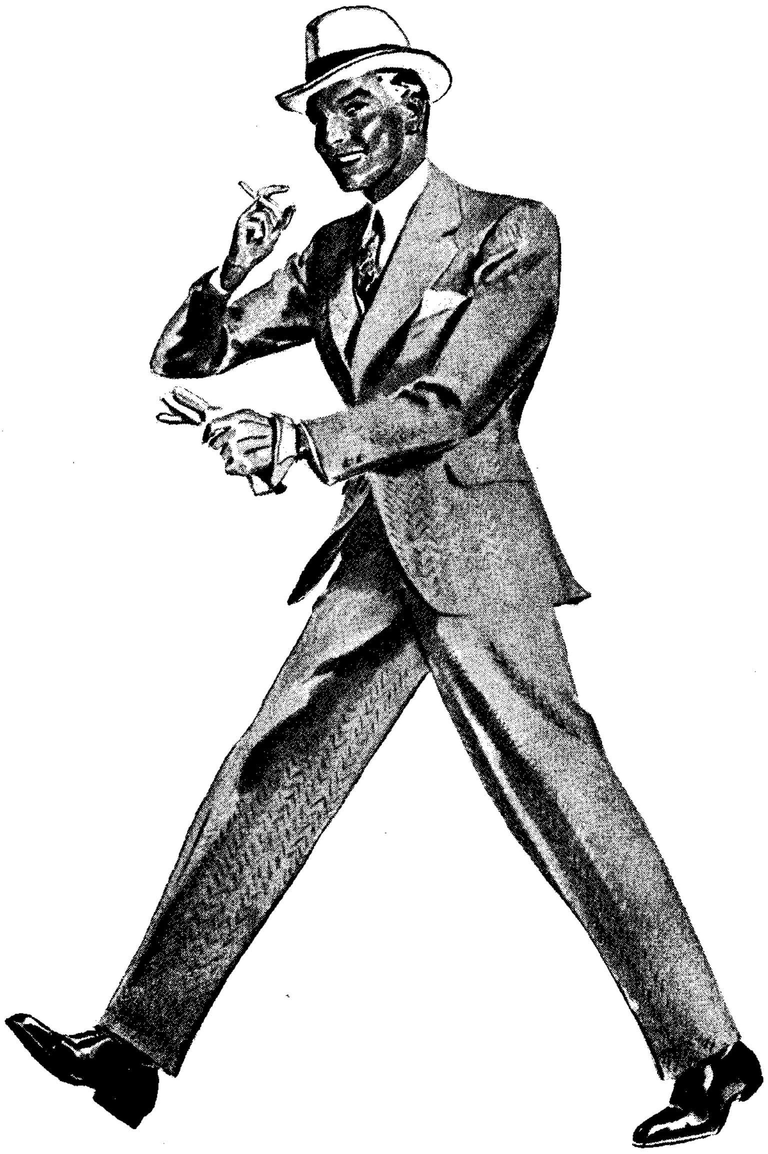
**Tune in** *Heinz Magazine of the Air.* Full half hour—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, 11 E. D. S. T.; 10 E. S. T.; 9 C. S. T.; 12 Noon M. T.; 11 P. T.—Columbia Network.

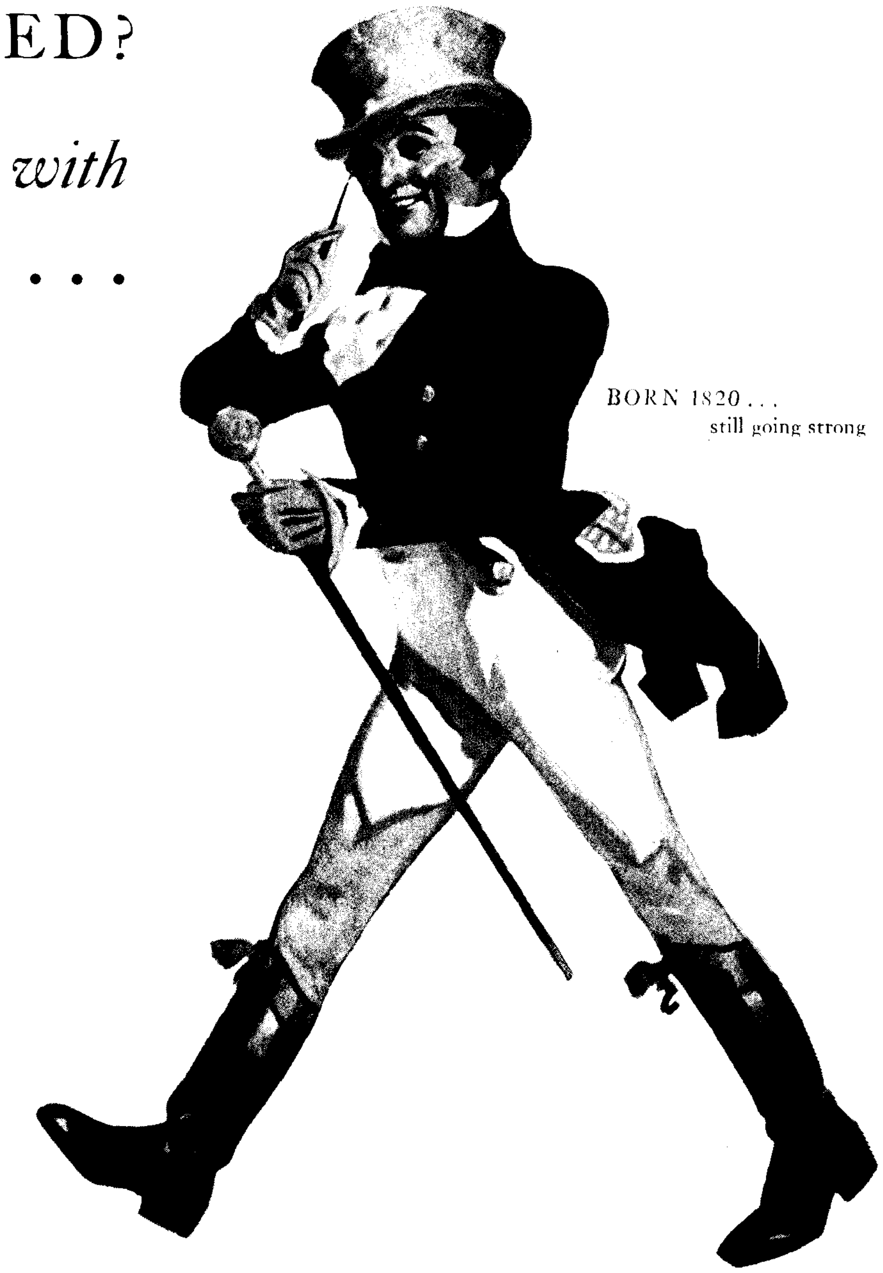
**Heinz COOKED SPAGHETTI**

**and Heinz Cooked Macaroni**

# HAVE YOU NOTICED?

*how those who "stick with Johnnie Walker"......*





*...have a familiar brisk stride in the morning!*

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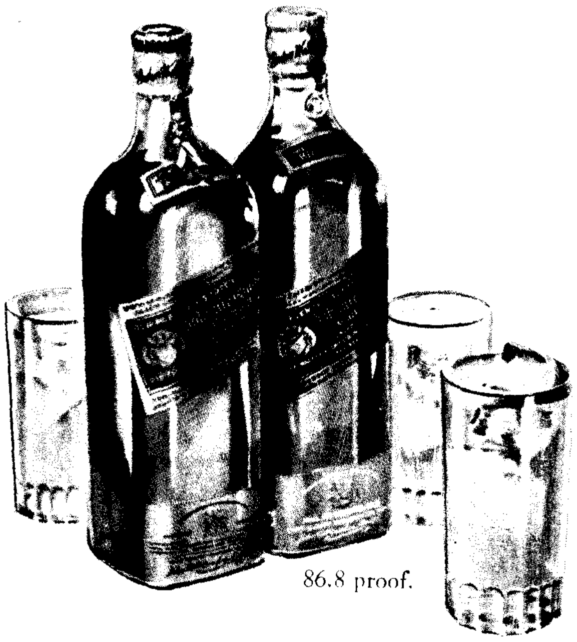


of them with all of her when she was ready. When she'd finished she lay down upon the bed. She thought: "Now." And a strong, luxurious, slow warmth went through her, till she felt it go all through her, like the beating of a strong pulse, vibrant, warm, possessive. Now. All the thoughts she had kept locked for all this time, for all these years, could now be free; the hopes, the thoughts, the secret ardent dreams. Now she could free them, let them take her, with a slow warm surge.

HER thoughts came, slowly and luxuriously, to the little cabin of the fishing boat, and Greg was stooping at the low door, coming in, and she was walking toward him, without words, and then his arms were tightening around her, tight and tight. She looked down at her breast and saw the faint blue bruise there, where a button of his shirt had hurt her with a glorious, intolerable pain. She pressed her hand against it and her breath came faster and she felt her cheeks grow hot again—

There was no past but that. There must be no past for either of them, ever. She must think that resolutely. What had gone had gone, had not been real, had never happened to them; not to Greg and not to her. She must not ever think of Rita. Even now, this one last time, she must not think of her. She must be resolute and gay and tender and absorbing so that there could never have existed, ever, anybody else. So that when they were free, when Greg was free, when everything that stood between them finally was over, as it must be, as it must be—

The thought came, suddenly, disquietingly, chill: "We didn't tell him. We—we didn't tell him."

She told herself: "You're being silly. In an hour you will see him. Anyway you're silly."

Lying there, she tried to go back to her dream, to Greg. She could not reach him. In her mind, between them, keeping them apart, there arose again the terrible, tall, icy ghost of apprehension; of the fears she never, even to herself, had put in words. She'd said to Bill: "The people who have done this to us could do anything." But even to herself she had not put in words what "anything" might mean. She only knew that fear had grown and grown, since she had been to Castle Key, since Bill had found out Perry Crane had been a thief. The implications of the threatened suit, the club of scandal and of slander they'd held over Greg, to make him pay, were clearer now. It had been blackmail; blackmail for the money Perry Crane had desperately needed to make good his loss. Whatever Rita's part in it, the fact was that. And Greg had not paid, could not pay, and people who could blackmail could do anything. She thought of George Crane, George Crane's lying wire telling Greg to come, inviting him to come—

She told herself: "But we've found out; found out in time." No matter what George Crane had planned, what new and subtle terror, it could never be accomplished now, because they'd found out, in time. Tonight, when she and Bill told Greg what they had found at Castle Key, their telling him would make him safe. They might still laugh about her fears, but now Greg loved her and she'd make him let her keep him safe. She would make Bill move to the hotel with him and never let him be alone a minute, make Bill get a gun and never let him be alone a minute or see anyone alone or go to Castle Key or anywhere, or anything, so she could keep him safe until they had put Perry Crane in prison, put George Crane in prison—

It was ten past eight. In fifty minutes Bill would call for her and they would go to Greg and then her fear could be all over. "It's over now," she told herself. "He's safe now, in the Hotel Southcoast, and nobody knows he's even in Miami." She could pick the phone up now and reach him, hear his voice and talk to him, in just a minute, but it would be silly.

She found the number, dialed it, and the operator's clear voice: "Hotel Southcoast," was a reassurance.

June said: "Mr. Adams. Mr. Gregory S. Adams, please."

"One moment, please."

One moment and she'd hear his voice. She found that she was a little breathless, holding the receiver, waiting.

"Sorry, madam, Mr. Adams does not answer. Do you wish him paged?"

"No. Yes! Yes, please. Have him paged."

It was a very long time till the operator told her: "Sorry, madam, but we cannot locate him."

"Th-thank you."

"Just as soon as he comes in we'll see he gets your message, Mrs. Adams."

"Message?" Then the import of the operator's words came clear. June said: "But I'm not—but—"

The operator's trained, polite voice: "Sorry. Mrs. Adams called. I thought that you were she."

JUNE hung up. She could feel her fingers tremble as she dialed Bill's number. She was shaking. She was cold with fear. She heard Bill whistling as he lifted the receiver up, before he said hello.

She said: "Bill! Bill!"

"Oh, hi, June. What's the—"

"Something's happened, Bill. Oh, Bill, I know it. I—" She checked herself. She must be brief, coherent, must not give away to fear. She said: "I tried to get Greg and he's not there. I—"

She heard Bill chuckle. "Well, for Pete's sake!"

"Listen. Rita's here. She—"

"Rita!"

"Yes, she's here. She had been calling him. Bill, don't you see? If Rita knows he's here, then George Crane knows; then George Crane has found him too. Oh, Bill, we didn't tell him. We—"

Bill said: "Look. Pull yourself together, June. The guy has gone to the barbershop or something. Anyway, he wouldn't want to talk to Rita. Anyway—"

She said: "Bill, are you dressed?"

"All right," Bill said. "I'll go and get him for you. Probably I'll find him having highballs with the house detective. Listen, June—"

She told him: "Hurry. Hurry, Bill. I'll call a taxi and get dressed. I'll—"

Bill said: "Love is wonderful, all right."

"Please. Hurry, Bill."

"I'll be there in five minutes, honey. Then I'll call you back."

JUNE hung up. She dialed a taxi number. She said: "Hurry. Right away." She got her clothes on. She had meant to take a long time dressing. She had meant to try to be the best she could, tonight; the loveliest she could. She got her dress on and her fingers shook with hooks and eyes and trembled with her hair. She stood there by the window watching for her taxi, waiting for Bill's call. Her thoughts were promises and prayers.

The phone rang as her taxi turned the corner, slowed in front.

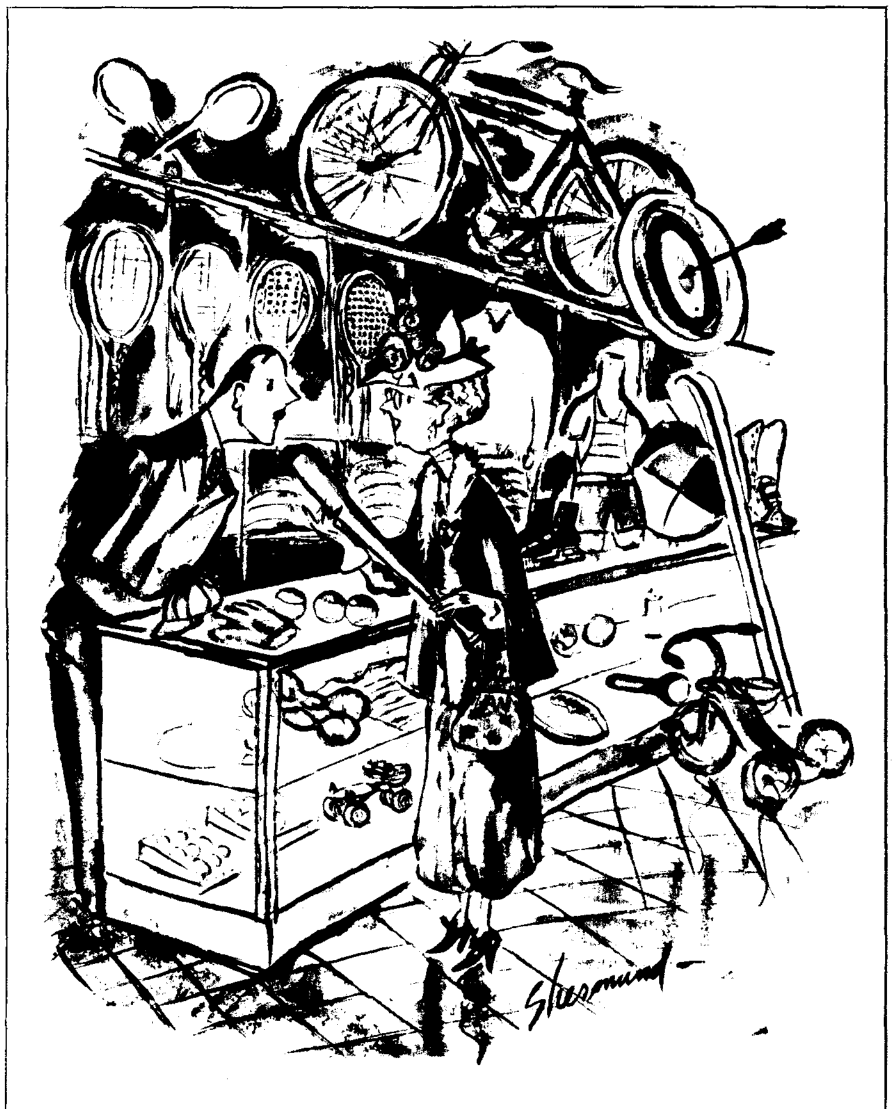
Bill said: "Hi, June. Now look—"

He hesitated and his voice was funny. "Look," he said, "don't get excited, honey, but—"

She breathed: "Oh, Bill."

"Look, honey, there's a note. He left a note. There isn't anything to be afraid about, but—but he's gone to Castle Key with George Crane."

*(To be concluded next week)*



"Aren't there any instructions to go with this?" B. SHERMUND

Dull-Lil
—SKIN BROKE OUT!

● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. And I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. No wonder my mirror whispered—"Darling, you're yourself again!"

And she's so happ

● Now life is so *different* for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Write for free sample. Dept. L9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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THE CHEWING GUM
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NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Slightly higher in Canada

# Six Golden Angels

## By Max Brand

### III

IT WAS not the first-page account that Ryder dwelt on the next morning. He sat up in bed with his coffee and passed the paper to Martin.

"Read me Jimmy Hickey's column," he directed. "I want to get the sound of it in my ears."

Martin began to read, with his precise enunciation and the faint foreign tang in the "i's" and "w's":

"John James Leggett committed suicide.

"Thirty million dollars was more than he wanted, so he just said: 'To hell with everything.'

"He began to yearn for the good old days in Canada when he was ripping the gold out of the earth; he hankered after the beans and bacon and the bite of the black fly.

"So he gave a beautiful dinner and, being about to die, he asked to it some expensive Young Things.

"He wanted Spiritual Advice, so he asked a race-track gambler, a moving-picture False Front, a columnist who once was young and bright, a political Whiz-bang, and he also asked a young nephew, a little harder than a wolf's tooth and a little sharper, who had nothing to gain by his uncle's death except thirty million dollars.

"In the course of the party, he hinted that before the end of the evening he was going to prove to everybody that one of his guests was a cross between a skunk and a laughing hyena. But the end of the evening never came. J. J. Leggett lay dead in his office with a powder mark on his forehead and a bullet right through his brain.

"The police say it was suicide. But if J. J. Leggett had any reason for dying, you and I ought to have been dead long, long ago; we never should have started living.

"Anyway, that's all we're going to know until the will is published. And then won't it be nice if he has left big, fat legacies to all of his chief mourners? By the way, why was Porter Brant hugging to his breast all evening a certain long air-mail envelope?"

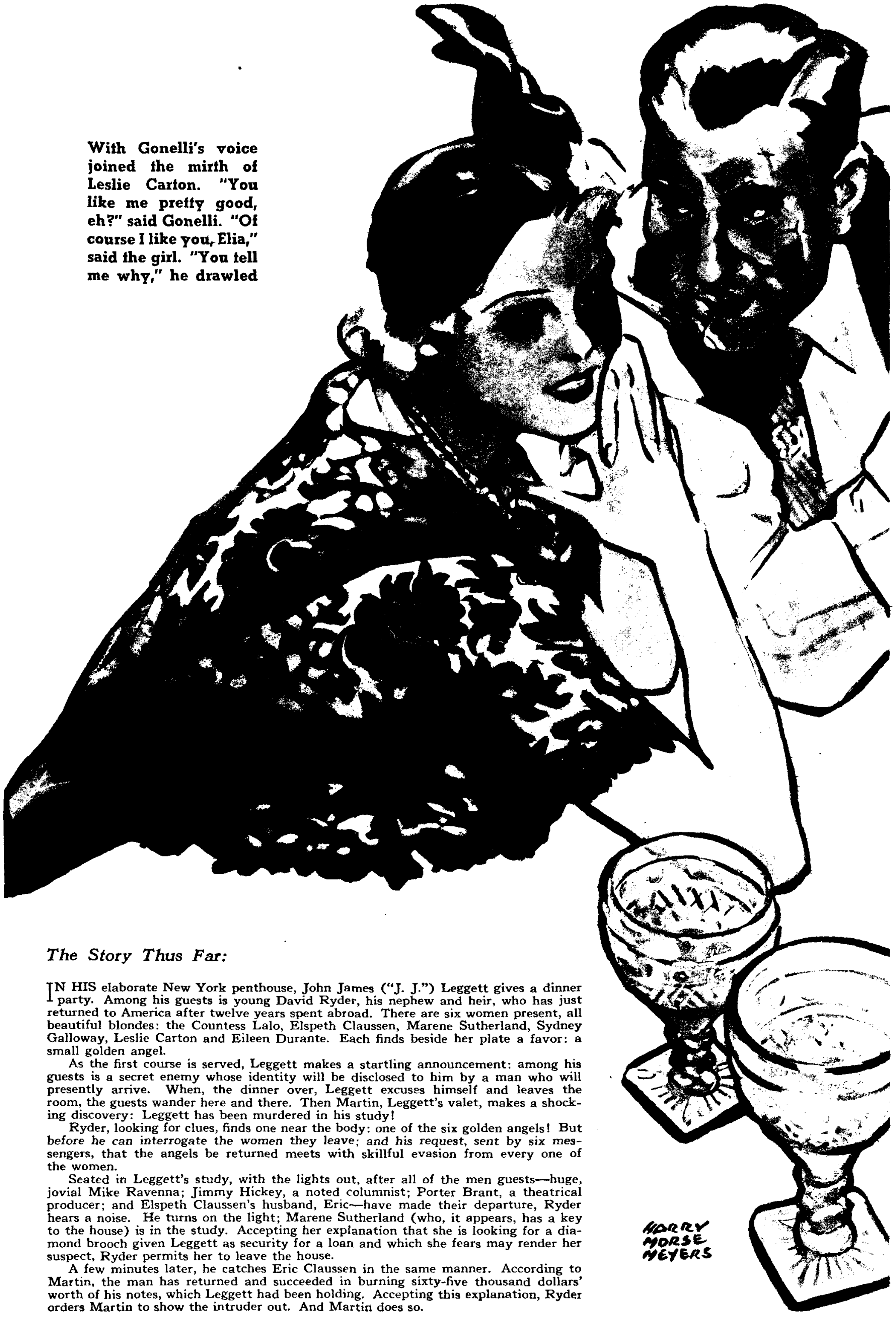
"So," said Martin, "it ends. This Jimmy Hickey is not a big knife but a very sharp one. He leaves no meat on the bone, sir."

"There's a lot in what Hickey has to say," decided Ryder. "Isn't it true that every person at that party might have had a reason for murdering my uncle?"

Martin was silent.

"At the present time," said Ryder, "you don't want to give me anything; not even good advice. Because when I first arrived and found my uncle treating you like a member of the family, I said a few pretty sharp words. But, after all, you have a brain that I could use and I have a brain that you could use; besides, we have a common purpose, which is to find out who shot J. J. Leggett. Why shouldn't we get together?"

"Certainly, sir," said Martin, but a shadow of reservation appeared and vanished from his eyes.



**With Gonelli's voice joined the mirth of Leslie Carton. "You like me pretty good, eh?" said Gonelli. "Of course I like you, Elia," said the girl. "You tell me why," he drawled**

*The Story Thus Far:*

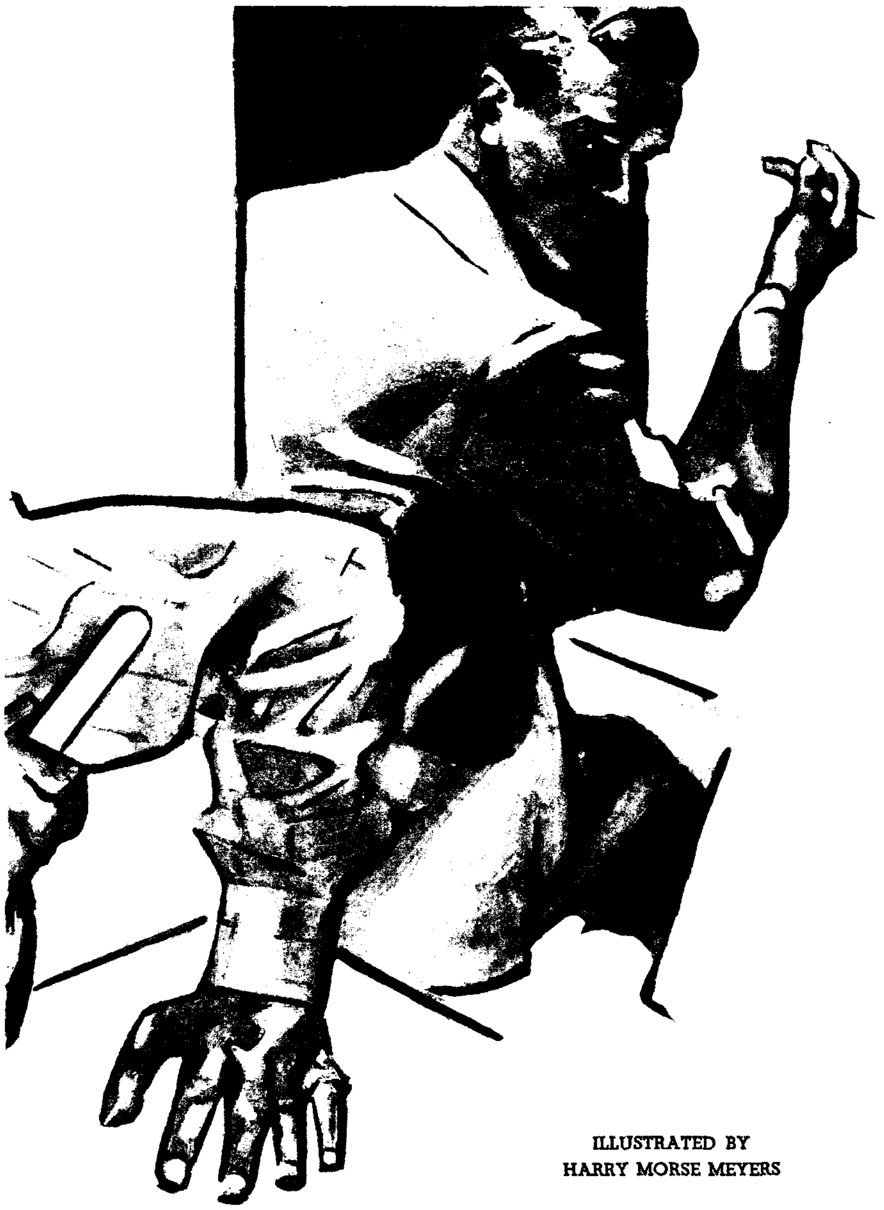
IN HIS elaborate New York penthouse, John James ("J. J.") Leggett gives a dinner party. Among his guests is young David Ryder, his nephew and heir, who has just returned to America after twelve years spent abroad. There are six women present, all beautiful blondes: the Countess Lalo, Elspeth Claussen, Marene Sutherland, Sydney Galloway, Leslie Carton and Eileen Durante. Each finds beside her plate a favor: a small golden angel.

As the first course is served, Leggett makes a startling announcement: among his guests is a secret enemy whose identity will be disclosed to him by a man who will presently arrive. When, the dinner over, Leggett excuses himself and leaves the room, the guests wander here and there. Then Martin, Leggett's valet, makes a shocking discovery: Leggett has been murdered in his study!

Ryder, looking for clues, finds one near the body: one of the six golden angels! But *before he can interrogate the women they leave; and his request, sent by six messengers,* that the angels be returned meets with skillful evasion from every one of the women.

Seated in Leggett's study, with the lights out, after all of the men guests—huge, jovial Mike Ravenna; Jimmy Hickey, a noted columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; and Elspeth Claussen's husband, Eric—have made their departure, Ryder hears a noise. He turns on the light; Marene Sutherland (who, it appears, has a key to the house) is in the study. Accepting her explanation that she is looking for a diamond brooch given Leggett as security for a loan and which she fears may render her suspect, Ryder permits her to leave the house.

A few minutes later, he catches Eric Claussen in the same manner. According to Martin, the man has returned and succeeded in burning sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of his notes, which Leggett had been holding. Accepting this explanation, Ryder orders Martin to show the intruder out. And Martin does so.



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"Go back to my last question. Do you think of a single person last night who has perfectly clean hands?"

"There is Eileen Durante," said Martin.

"Unless she's too perfect to be true," suggested Ryder.

Martin accepted this remark with a nod. He added: "I know that all the men and some of the women, at least, have had money from Mr. Leggett. And money is the same as blood when it comes to paying back."

"One person didn't do this, Martin."

"No, sir."

"I'm glad you agree. How do you see it done?"

"One takes the attention of Mr. Leggett and holds it. A second one puts a gun to his head and shoots him down, sir," said Martin.

"That means there were two of them in the study with him at the time of his death," said Ryder. "Now notice this: At the moment, people were scattered all through the place. They were going here and there, but not one of the lot noticed anyone at any time entering the study. Doesn't that seem strange? Nobody has the slightest scrap of information to offer."

"Naturally I noticed that, sir."

"Go a step farther with me. Those people formed a coterie. They all had been asked to this place many times."

"Except Miss Durante, sir. Mr. Ravenna brought her specially last night at Mr. Leggett's request. Mr. Leggett seemed to think that there should be one really good girl present . . . after he knew that you were coming."

"Ravenna and Eileen Durante. We could leave them out of the picture, I think. . . . And Miss Leslie Carton," said Ryder, lighting a cigarette, "has a damaged reputation along with the rest of those girls?"

The silence endured for a moment. Ryder looked up sharply.

When Martin felt his eye, he said: "I don't think you want that question answered, sir."

"No," answered Ryder, breathing out a great cloud of smoke. "I don't want it answered." He took a turn through the room. "The fact remains that all of those people know one another well. They make a group by themselves. You follow me, Martin?"

"They might have planned the murder beforehand?" asked Martin. "They all co-operated, you mean, sir?"

"I mean that," said Ryder, "and I mean that if we can follow the trail of any one of them to the finish we'll probably find the whole crowd. Any clue we can trace probably will be a gun held at the heads of all of 'em."

MARTIN did not answer, but he stood a little straighter and taller, like one about to take a step.

"Do you know any good private detective agencies?" asked Ryder.

"There is one which a friend of mine runs, sir."

"Telephone for him, and ask him to come here. But not at once."

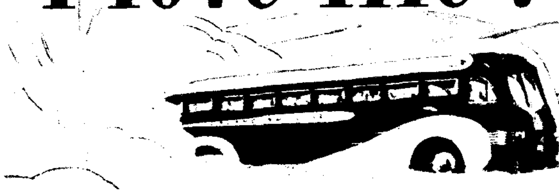
"No, sir?" asked Martin.

"No. Wait a moment."

After a moment he said: "Martin, give me the telephone number of Miss Carton."

Martin picked up the pad near the bedside telephone and poised a pencil over it.

"Before you go any farther, sir," he said, "perhaps you ought to remember



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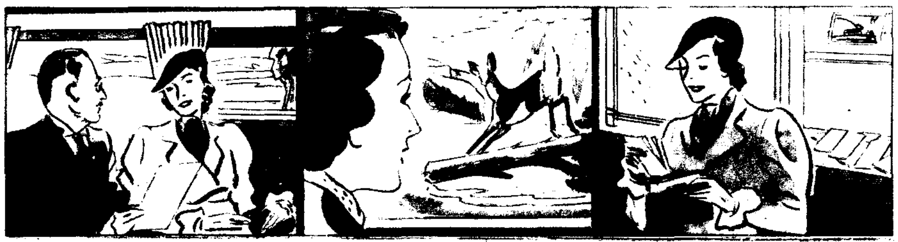

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that the police have closed this case. They are satisfied that it is suicide."

"The man who talked to me yesterday never could have committed suicide," said Ryder. He dropped a hand into his coat pocket and gripped the golden angel. "Even with every proof against us, you know and I know that it was murder. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir. You are right," said Martin, and wrote down a number on the pad.

A moment later Ryder was saying over the wire: "Did I wake you up?"

"No, I keep country hours in the morning," answered Leslie Carton.

"I want to see you if I may."

"Of course you may. I'm about to take a turn around the reservoir in the Park. Will you come along? The entrance south of the Metropolitan Museum. . . ."

"I'll be there in ten minutes," said Ryder, and sprang out of his bed.

"Get your detective up here in a couple of hours, if you can," he directed Martin; and a moment later he was amazed to find himself singing in the shower.

WHEN the taxi brought him to the Park entrance she already was walking up and down in a thin, rust-colored suit with a pale blue mist of chiffon about her throat. The glory of the morning drew suddenly close to Ryder and the automobiles which whirred up and down the avenue sang like violins for him. The shoes she stepped in, the very feather in her hat shared her life. He felt that he had spent all his years in the cold of a dark winter.

"Which way shall we go?" she asked, when he shook hands.

"Any direction away from unhappiness," said Ryder. "There it goes—over my left shoulder."

"I throw mine away, too," she said. "Whatever is horrible and sad we won't talk about."

"Do you mean the thought of my Uncle John?" he asked. "I don't mind his ghost walking along with me."

"He meant such a lot to you?"

"He did."

"Do you carry your whole life along with you like that?" she asked. "Does it all walk up and down with you?"

"I carry a lot of it along. You know how it is? Poverty gives us sharp teeth and we bite pretty far into good moments."

"You've something serious in your mind. Will you talk about it?"

"I want to know what had given you the jitters when I met you on the stairs. What had happened to you?"

He told himself that her color did not change and certainly that smile which had been for the beauty of the morning continued.

She walked on for a moment, before she said: "There was something that I wanted to ask your uncle about. It was terribly important and so after dinner when the people were scattered I went back down the hall toward the studio. When I was nearly there, I heard a dull sound; the sort of a sound that would be made by slamming shut a big ledger—all the air inside the pages squeezing out with one puff. Then I realized that the studio was carefully soundproofed and that no matter how a book was slammed the noise would not be heard so far. Perhaps a gunshot would. I ran up to the floor above and into a room which I remembered overlooked the court. From the window of it I saw the studio. A man was lying on the floor. I saw his body up to the shoulders. And another man leaning over him. I couldn't see the head of either one."

"A man on the floor. Another man leaning over him," echoed Ryder.

"It made me sick with fear. I hurried back. Then I met you on the stairs. I was afraid that if I told what I had seen . . ."

"You were afraid that you'd be involved?"

"I knew it was too late to do anything about it. I knew the man on the floor was dead!"

"How did you know that?"

"I can't tell. Something about the way the feet pointed out—but I seemed to know. I got down from the window and wanted to scream. But I changed my mind. I felt that in that house it was best to be dumb and blind; to know nothing."

He let the words drift through his mind. Then he asked: "Can you tell me what the question was that you wanted to ask Leggett?" He saw by her smile that she was enduring a sick misery. "No. I don't think I can talk about that."

"He says he put stain remover in the water!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Very well," said Ryder. "We won't."

"I'm sorry."

"We'll drop that, but how could you keep from telling the world that there was something in the study—a dead man, perhaps?"

"I didn't dare to connect myself with such a thing. If I had to be a witness in a court . . . everything might have been ruined that I . . ."

"WHAT are you talking about?" cried Ryder.

"I don't know . . . I didn't mean . . ."

He saw that she could not go on and his face turned cold with sweat.

"Forget that for a moment," he said, "but tell me why you should have been with people like that crowd of last night. You don't belong among them, do you?"

"I don't know," she said.

He asked sharply: "You remember that golden angel, that dinner favor you had last night?"

"Yes."

"Happen to have it in that purse?"

"No. Do you want it?"

"It's not important."

They passed through a drift of many people, and as they drew clear the girl paused and rested a hand on the iron fence that guarded the water. She was pale now, with a sick blue shadow around her mouth.

"What will you think if I ask you to turn back and let me go on alone?" she asked.

THE words struck him like a fist. He tasted the shock to the roots of his brain.

"You saw someone in that last group of people," he told her.

"I can't answer you," said Leslie Carton. "I'm sorry, David."

She held out her hand and he touched it. Afterward he had to turn. He wanted to say some farewell word. It seemed only fair to tell her that her talk had seemed a mere procession of lies and that the man hunt certainly would open on her trail, but he could not speak, and all the while his feet were carrying him away from a moment to which he never could return.

When he returned to the penthouse, the detective was waiting for him, Martin said.

The valet watched him with a brightly impersonal curiosity.

"Shall I bring you a drink, sir?" he asked.

"Do I look as bad as that?" answered Ryder. "Tell me about women, Martin. You're a cocksure fellow and you know everything well enough to suit yourself. Put what you know about women into one sentence."

"The ones to be afraid of are the ones we like," said Martin.

"Are they?" asked Ryder bitterly. "Well, show me your detective. And let me tell you something, Martin: if a woman seemed a saint right out of heaven with the blue still in her eyes, if I found she had a hand in the murder of Mr. Leggett, I'd throw her to the dogs."

Hans Seelig looked like the Spirit of 1880, from his spats to his round, solid stomach. His chin was so big and his forehead so low that the two tufts of black mustache marked the exact center of his face.

"Whatever client is introduced to me," he began, "by my very considered friend, Mr. Martin . . ."

"Be still," said Martin. "Here is the list of names and addresses. Have them all watched."

"By day or by night?"

"By both times."

"That will mean a detail of two to every case; it will cost a great deal of money," said Seelig.

"Mr. Ryder enjoys spending money," said Martin.

"Watch them all, but one in particular," said Ryder. "Whatever you do, be sure of Miss Leslie Carton."

Mr. Seelig laughed a little. He took from the air an invisible particle, crushed it between his immaculate thumb and forefinger, and snapped it away into nothingness.

"She will be in your hands, sir," said Seelig. "We shall count her steps and take down her words syllable by syllable."

"There's one important figure who must be made to appear," said Ryder. "The man who came to see my uncle after dinner and went away again. We have to learn why he came. The police seem to be making some effort to get at him. But they've practically closed the case by calling it suicide. Seelig, we must get to that man. Gains can tell you a good deal about his appearance."

"If he is like a drop of water in a granite rock, nevertheless we will squeeze him out, not?" asked Seelig with his fat smile.

BY THE time Ryder had dressed, Martin announced one Chester A. Chisholm on the telephone. "Mr. Leggett's lawyer," said Martin.

A sharp, rapid voice called over the wire: "Mr. Ryder? Mr. David Ryder? . . . Chester Chisholm speaking; your uncle's lawyer. . . . You probably heard from your uncle yesterday about the new will?"

"I did," said Ryder.

"You have it in hand? It was in the desk."

"It can't be found," said Ryder.

"Can't be found? It *must* be found!" cried Chisholm.

"It's not in the desk," insisted Ryder.

Chisholm groaned. Then he ran on: "At any rate, I'll see you at the crematorium and I can speak with you there . . . but the new will must be found. It was signed only yesterday."

"Who else would have known about it?" demanded Ryder.

"No one. No one at all. Only Martin. . . . I'll see you later."

THE crematorium passed through the mind of Ryder like a white blank face of horror. There was no service. Chester Chisholm, like a sleek old raven streaked with white, knew that the wish of Leggett was for no religious ceremony; only at the last moment Michael Ravenna stood by the coffin with his hand on the dead hand of Leggett and said, with that gonglike, booming utterance which changed the casual nature of the words: "After all, David, if we were standing by a ship bound for the other side of the world, we'd say goodby to John and know that he'd have a good time in every port he touched. He never worried about what lay ahead. God is no fool. He'll be kind to that sort of a man."

He ended: "Goodby, John!" and stepped back. The panels unfolded and the coffin slid in between them and was lost.

Afterward Ravenna said: "It is a bad

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shock to you? Do you want to be alone, David?"

"It's not as bad as that," said Ryder.

"Then come home with me," urged Ravenna.

"I think not, thank you," said Ryder.

"Because you love him, my boy, eh? And you want nobody else walking up and down in your mind with him? You keep remembering the long arm that John stretched out to you?"

Ryder drew a breath and said: "When I was alone in the world he came to see me. I was only a youngster. The house was empty. The world was empty outside it. But he walked in and took me away to a new sort of life, schools and schoolmasters, and all that. He kept himself aloof. I'd get a letter perhaps once a year. But that didn't matter. After that day I knew where his heart was. I knew I wasn't alone."

The gentle eyes of Ravenna dwelt on him. "Now that you've said that, John has an epitaph and you and I are the ones who know it. You feel better after talking, don't you?"

"Yes," said Ryder.

"Then you'll come home with me and we'll not speak another word about him."

Chester A. Chisholm said to them: "I have a few things to attend to, and then I must talk with you both."

"Come to my place for the talking, will you?" asked Ravenna, and pulled Ryder away.

THEY went down on the East Side to a little street two blocks long with brownstone houses on each side of it, all alike with square pillars on the porches and identical flights of stairs. Time had chipped holes in the face of this eminent respectability. Ragged children on roller skates played in the street, dipping in and out in front of the automobiles.

When the car stopped, Ravenna got out and led Ryder through a cellar door. Inside, he called: "Hai, Luigi! Luigi!"

To the right and left the partitions of four original cellar rooms had been cut into spacious arches. A vivid green made the background, but there was plenty of red and yellow all around the cellar in strong splashes, and from the arches or along the walls baskets and boxes of garden earth overstreamed with flowers. Around the sides of the rooms walked a painted frieze of fat muttons and tender young lambs running under orchards of red apples or orange trees overweighted with golden fruit.

Luigi appeared, smiling.

Ravenna said: "Luigi, give us some chicken and spaghetti cooked the way only you know how to cook it, with nothing but butter and grated parmesan." He turned to Ryder. "Shall we eat down here? No, the ghosts of all my friends would be with us sitting in their old places in this world of food and Mike Ravenna. And we wish to be undisturbed. We'll go outside where we can look at the river."

Out the rear door of the cellar they entered a garden already awash with flowers that had been forced in the greenhouse, and they sat near a little fountain in which Japanese goldfish moved with wavering, translucent fins. The East River tide rushed past the lower fence, and the Fifty-ninth Street bridge filled a quarter of the sky with its huge arch.

As their waiter came bustling out, a window of the house squeaked up.

"*Signore!* A man to see you," called a maid from the window. "A *Signor* Chisholm."

"Send him here," called Ravenna.

"Shall we ask Chisholm to lunch with us?" he added to Ryder.

"I'd rather be alone with you, Mike," answered David.

"Ay, it's better that way," said the Italian, laying the soft fat of his hand on Ryder's knee. "We begin to know each other. You have a whole continent of silence for me to explore, David, and you can see that I have a whole monkey world of noise for you to learn about."

Chisholm came out to them with his impatient step. When he sat down, it was only on the edge of his chair, with a fold of paper in one hand and a silver pencil in the other. As he talked, he made marks on the paper or drew designs rapidly in the air.

"This matter of the new will is a tragedy to you, Mr. Ryder," he said. "You have heard about it, Mr. Ravenna?"

"Not I," said Ravenna.

"But a very good thing for *you*," went on Chisholm. "Aside from a few legacies . . . but had there been trouble between you and Mr. Leggett recently, Mr. Ravenna?"

"Between us? Trouble?" muttered Ravenna, looking at the sky. "Why, no. We never had trouble between us."

"And none of your other mutual friends like Miss Sutherland or Mr. Brant . . . they had not had trouble with Mr. Leggett?"

"I can't tell about that. I think not. But there's the fact that John was suspicious of someone at the table last night. We can't forget that."

"The new will of Mr. Leggett has been stolen out of his desk," declared Chisholm. "I saw it put there myself, yesterday morning. It wiped out everything except a few legacies to servants and left the entire bulk of the estate to Mr. Ryder."

"The entire bulk? Why, David, you'll be one of the rich men of the world, eh?"

"The document is gone, Mr. Ravenna. With that out of the way, there only remains the preceding will, which was not destroyed and which is in the safe-deposit box at the bank. Do you know the terms of that?"

"I've no idea," said Ravenna.

"It's an interesting difference," said Chisholm. "The old will is very favorable to you, Mr. Ravenna."

"Good!" said Ravenna. "I'm no money-saver."

Chisholm began to stab the pencil in the air toward Ryder.

"There are four distant relatives. It took years to locate them. They are almost unknowns—fourth cousins and such matters. And in the old will you are grouped with them, Mr. Ryder, at only ten per cent of the entire estate apiece . . . a little difference of twenty-four or twenty-five million dollars to you, sir! While the other point is that Mr. Ravenna appears in the old will for forty per cent of the total fortune!"

THEY got rid of the calamitous Mr. Chester Chisholm, but not before he took them each by the arm and whispered: "The estate is not worth thirty millions. It comes nearer to forty! . . . The rumors of loss that Mr. Leggett spread from time to time were as a rule perfectly without foundation. . . . Mr. Ravenna. . . . Mr. Ryder . . . with such an immense fortune at stake, the loss of the most recent will points directly at—murder! . . . Mr. Ryder, I beg your pardon!"

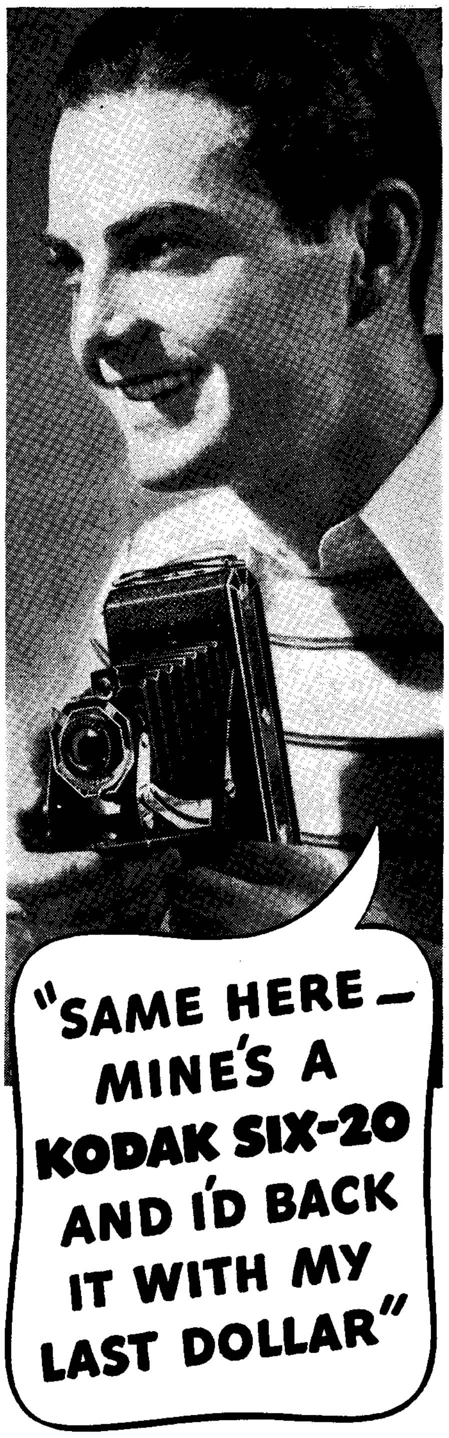
"Ask Ravenna's pardon for talking about a thing like that," said Ryder. "He's the fellow who benefits most by the old will, so you can see for yourself that he must be the murderer."

"Good God!" cried the lawyer.

"Is Leslie Carton in the extant will?" asked Ryder.

"For two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Chisholm. "A girl to my knowledge acquainted with Mr. Leggett not six months before her name was entered in . . ."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" said Ryder bitterly. "It was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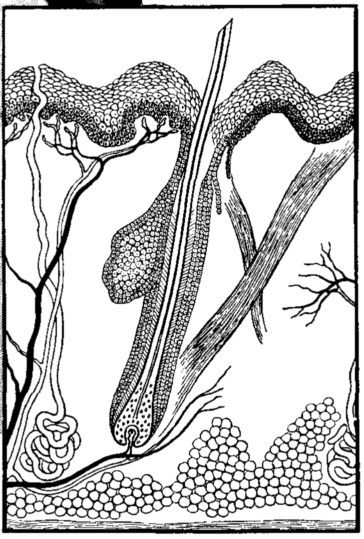
# DANDRUFF at last

## *Research, for the first time, finds that queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale causes dandruff. Listerine brings quick relief to 76% of patients in Jersey Clinic*

*The ducts or follicles (1000 to the inch) through which the hair leaves the scalp. When follicles become infected falling hair often results.*



If you are one of the twenty-five million people who suffer from dandruff, there can be no better news to you than this simple statement:

That now quick relief, if not complete cure, is possible with Listerine Antiseptic.

This humiliating disease which defied Science for so long has at last been stripped of its mystery—labeled and ticketed like any other disease. Its cause is known; its treatment established. Some of the foremost men in bacteriology and dermatology have now completed research that began ten years ago.

With considerable pride we print their conclusions—so complete that they have already altered the approach to dermal therapy:

1. *A known micro-organism, Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff.*
2. *Dandruff caused by this germ can definitely be arrested by systematic use of Listerine Antiseptic.*
3. *Dandruff's collateral symptoms, burning and itching of the scalp, can usually be stopped promptly.*

### "Bottle Bacillus" Studied

How these patient men, toiling in laboratory and clinic on guinea pigs, rabbits, and man, reached the truth is one of the fascinating chapters in the history of research. We ask you to read it carefully.

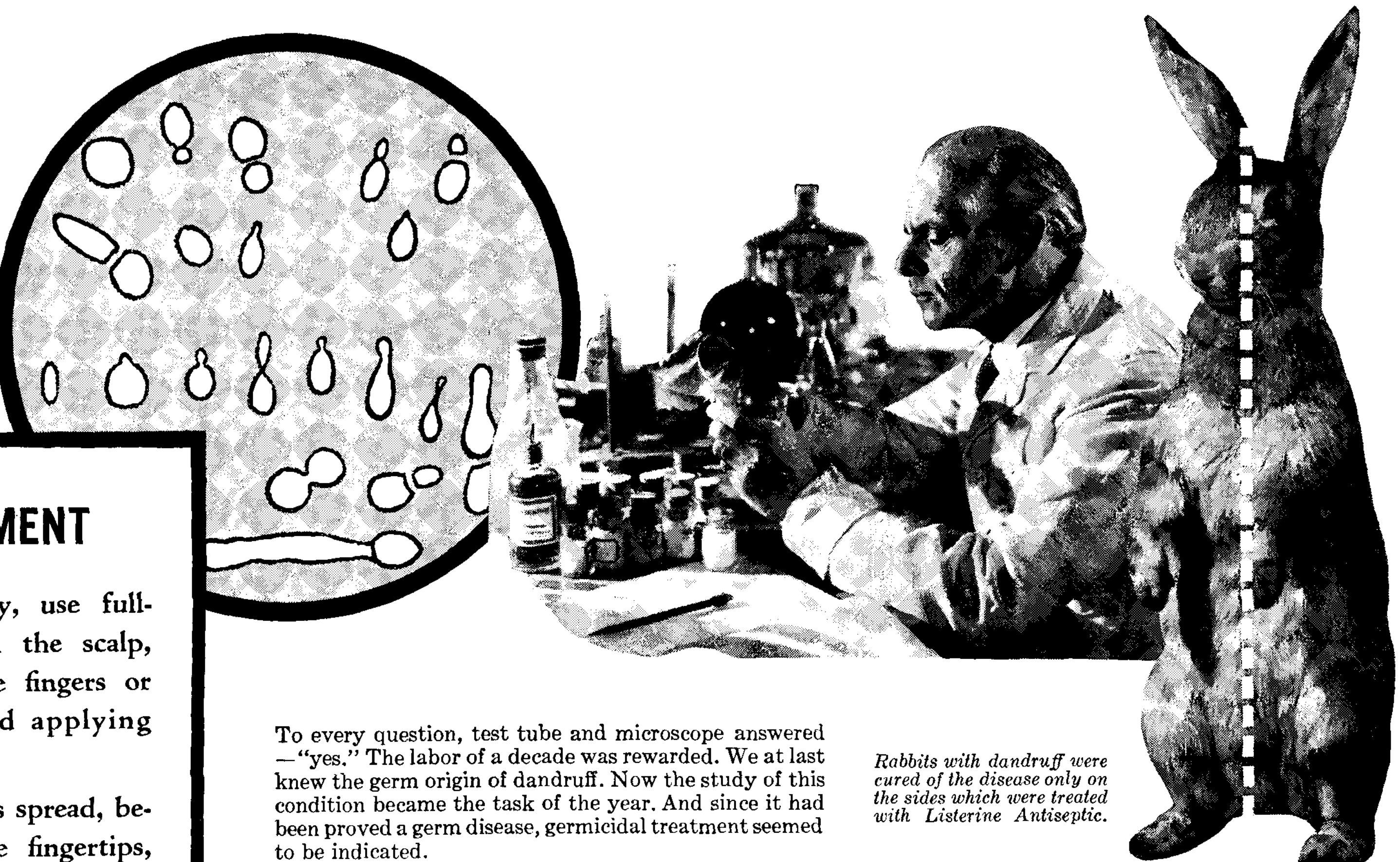
On the queer "bottle bacillus," the germ looking sometimes like a bottle, sometimes like a bowling pin, their first studies were focused. This germ was identified by eminent bacteriologists as Pityrosporum ovale. Always present in dandruff conditions—on the scalp, in hair follicles, and in dandruff scales—it had long been suspected of being its cause, but its unstable character had defied effective experimentation.

### At Last Isolated

Was this will-o'-the-wisp of the germ world the cause of dandruff? That could be proved only by isolating it.

THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC **LISTERINE**

# found CURABLE!



*Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.*

*Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic.*

## THE TREATMENT

Once or twice a day, use full-strength Listerine on the scalp, spreading it with the fingers or parting the hair and applying Listerine with cotton.

Once the solution is spread, begin massage with the fingertips, using a rotary motion. See that the massage is vigorous and persistent; the active stimulation of the scalp is highly important in dandruff treatment. After massaging, the hair may be rinsed free of Listerine although better results are obtained if Listerine is occasionally allowed to remain on the scalp till dry. This promotes healing.

If the scalp or hair is excessively dry, use a little castor or olive oil in conjunction with Listerine. Listerine will not bleach the hair.

Could modern men and methods succeed in this delicate task at which great research men had once failed? Could this active invader be isolated and kept alive long enough to permit further research? The answer was—"it *could*"—and was.

### Producing Dandruff Artificially

Now, would it, by inoculation, produce dandruff? On guinea pigs? On rabbits? On man? Could the germ then be reisolated from the dandruff thus artificially created and again produce dandruff?

To every question, test tube and microscope answered—"yes." The labor of a decade was rewarded. We at last knew the germ origin of dandruff. Now the study of this condition became the task of the year. And since it had been proved a germ disease, germicidal treatment seemed to be indicated.

### Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Dandruff as typical as that in man and woman was produced in rabbits by inoculation with Pityrosporum ovale. The rabbits were then divided into groups.

In Group 1, no treatment whatsoever was given. The rabbits in Group 2 were treated *on one side only* with Listerine Antiseptic once a day. Now, note the results:

1. Group 1 showed practically no improvement. At the end of twenty-one days, both scales and Pityrosporum ovale were still present.

2. The rabbits in Group 2 showed improvement within four days. And at the end of fourteen days, on the average, dandruff scales, eruptions, itching, had completely disappeared on the area which had been treated with Listerine Antiseptic. In other words, a complete *cure* was effected. The untreated sides of the animals showed ample *evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.*

Could these encouraging results be duplicated on men and women? Soon we were to see.

### It Worked On Humans, Too

Men and women dandruff patients in a great midwestern skin clinic were chosen for the test. A majority were instructed to massage the scalps *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

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4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching was stopped, dandruff scales eliminated, and in some cases falling hair terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

### 76% Get Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

### Other Corroboration

A great many hundreds of thousands of people had used Listerine Antiseptic as a dandruff treatment before these clinical studies were made. More than fifty per cent of the letters that came to the company commented enthusiastically on Listerine's success when used this way. They revealed that some of the stubbornest cases of dandruff responded frequently after a few treatments. In view of the preceding research, this is readily understandable.

### Try This Proved Method

If you have any evidence of dandruff, don't take chances with untested ointments, salves or solutions, which may only relieve symptoms momentarily. You have seen that dandruff is stubborn and of germ origin calling for considerable treatment.

You have seen also that Listerine, in test after test under the supervision of experts, achieved remarkable results against even severe cases. Not every time, mind you, but often enough to stamp it as an outstanding dandruff treatment, in which you can place confidence.

At the first sign of a dandruff condition, begin the daily treatment with Listerine Antiseptic, rubbing it vigorously onto the scalp and massaging thoroughly. If your case is mild, you should get prompt relief. If stubborn, persistent treatment twice a day for several weeks may be required. You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of freshness and cleanliness that this *proved* method brings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

*for the prompt relief of itching, burning scalp, and dandruff*

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MARVELOUS creations of Nature await you in the mysterious caverns and grottos of the Oregon Caves. Winding corridors connect countless underground chambers, deep in the heart of the Siskiyous. Electric illumination reveals the rare beauty of the caves—named with such vividly descriptive titles as Dragon's Mouth, Heavenly Boudoir, Petrified Garden, Dante's Inferno, King's Palace, River Styx. A superb scenic highway takes you right to the mouth of the caves.

Drive on to Crater Lake, the "Crown Jewel" of America's scenic gems. See the beautiful Rogue and Umpqua rivers, famous among fishermen the country over. Spend your vacation in Oregon, the hub state of the Pacific Coast. San Francisco or British Columbia are less than a day's easy drive from our borders. Seattle only a few hours away.

Vacation in Oregon, a land still new, where the costs are exceptionally low.

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**The Pendleton Round-Up, Sept. 16 to 18**

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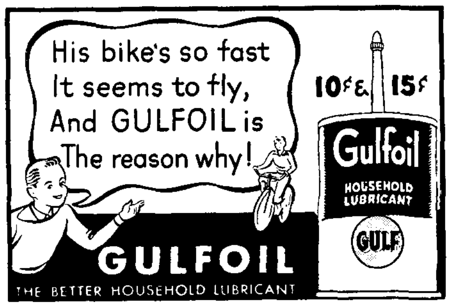

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PULVEX WORM CAPSULES

worth a girl's time to be a friend of my uncle, eh? . . . And what about the Countess Lalo?"

"For fifty thousand dollars, and a picture from the Venetian room!" said Chisholm.

"Porter Brant?"

"Not mentioned. . . . Yes, a legacy of twenty-five thousand only."

"Sydney Galloway?"

"Ah, yes. Seventy-five thousand to her."

"In short, Mr. Chisholm, was everybody at that dinner party remembered in the will of my uncle?" asked Ryder.

THE lawyer glanced rather guiltily at Ravenna and then he added, slowly and almost secretly to Ryder: "The same thought has occurred to me. I can't tell why it hasn't occurred to the law. Everybody—every human being at that table, was enriched by the death of Mr. Leggett."

The lawyer left them, hurrying as though a gadfly were hunting him along. Ryder remained deep in thought.

"But, David," roared Ravenna, "you can't sit there quietly under a blow like this! You could have been one of the world's rich men . . ."

Ryder stopped him with a lifted hand.

Ravenna said: "It's not the thinking about your uncle that takes you away into your thoughts and leaves you between smiling and groaning, David. Who is the woman?"

Ryder considered the fat man for a moment.

Then, faintly smiling, he said: "Are you to know everything, Mike?"

"Sooner or later, my boy," answered Ravenna cheerfully.

"I think that's true," said Ryder.

"All right," said Ravenna. "Who's entered your bloodstream?"

"Leslie Carton," said Ryder.

Ravenna bounced from his chair.

"Not Leslie Carton!" he cried. "Anyone rather than Leslie Carton! She's the . . ."

He stopped himself by striking his hand across his fat lips, and keeping it there while his eyes stared rather wildly.

"She's the what?" demanded Ryder.

"Nothing, David! Nothing!" groaned Ravenna. "I can't talk about her. I won't talk about her. You don't *want* me to talk about her, do you?"

Ryder wiped the fine sweat from his face.

"No. That's true," he said. "I don't want to hear rotten things about her. I'm only asking you this: Do you *know* something about her? . . . No, don't answer that, either."

Ravenna went to him and put his big hands on the shoulders of Ryder.

"It's love, eh? The real thing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Ryder. "I'm afraid it is."

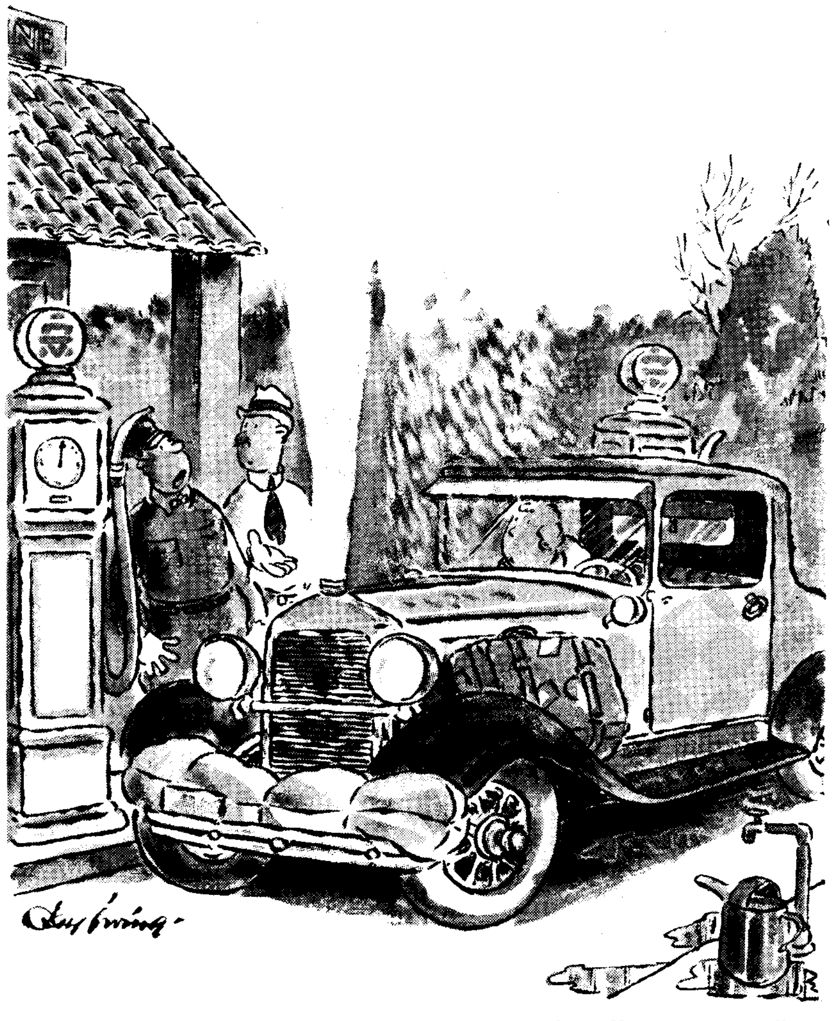
"Ah, what a hot hell that is to burn in!" sighed Ravenna. "Poor David! It makes you pale and sick to think of her. Must you have her?"

"If I can," said Ryder.

"Does that mean that you will? When I see the set of your jaw, I'm afraid that it does. In that case, I must help you?"

"No," answered Ryder. "Help from you in anything else, but not about Leslie. I love her, Mike, but I think I'm going to put her in the electric chair—and buckle the straps—and close the switch."

IT WAS the evening of that day Ryder sat down with six typewritten sheets of paper which checked the movements of each of the women who had attended the dinner the night before. Sydney Galloway had remained in her rooms without leaving them once. Eileen Durante, after practicing scales a long time in the morning, had gone to the



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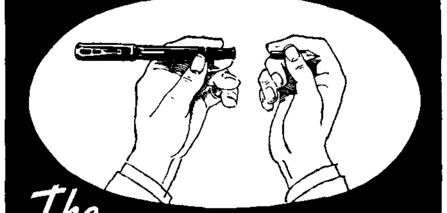

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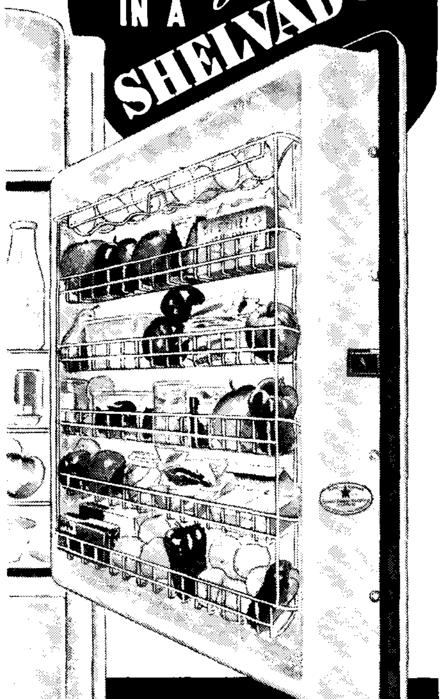

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house of Ravenna. Elspeth Claussen went shopping. . . .

It was all as inconsequential as that.

He broke open a note from Ravenna. It said, briefly: "There's no doubt that Chester A. Chisholm has the correct information about the last will and the whole estate really should be yours. . . . As you saw in my house, David, I'm a fellow who likes good living on a fairly gross scale but what would I do with my share of all those millions except be hounded to death by hungry devils begging for help? Let the beggars come to you, David. When the will is settled, I shall pass over my forty per cent to the man who ought to have it: yourself. Then I think you ought to be big-hearted and give me a handsome gift, so that my friends never will find my ice-room empty.

"Aff'ly y'rs, MIKE."

Ryder sent back by special messenger a note that said:

"My dear Mike,

"Unless the last will is found, it doesn't exist in the eyes of the law. So it doesn't exist in my eyes, either. After all, my ten per cent is enough to set me up for life, even after the inheritance taxes cut my throat. I don't want your money. I want your help to run down the murderer.

"Yours, DAVID."

MARTIN announced Hans Seelig and Ryder saw him at once. The private investigator folded his hands across the round of his stomach and said: "I took the chief point myself . . . that's Miss Leslie Carton. I think you'd like to see where she is now and who she's with. Can you come?"

"I'll come," said Ryder and went out at once with the detective. Mr. Hans Seelig was silent for a time. Then he said: "You have no personal interest in Miss Carton, of course?"

"I've only seen her twice," said Ryder.

"Well, it may interest you to learn that Miss Leslie Carton is now sitting in a cheap Italian restaurant—hardly a restaurant so much as a gathering place for the half-criminal Italian elements of the town; and with her there is a low-caste Italian capable of anything in the world!"

"She went there of her free will?" demanded Ryder.

"She could have gone there in no other way. Now the question is: Did she go there with Mr. Gonelli with some hidden purpose in her mind? Is there something that she wishes to get from him? Or has mere social consciousness placed her there?"

They had passed across town to the verge of the East River. The cool breath of the sea was in the air when the car drew up at the curb across the street from "Tony's."

"They are in there," said Mr. Seelig. "Elia Gonelli and beautiful Miss Carton. If I were you, I would study them with some care, while remaining unseen."

"Why couldn't you study them for me?" asked Ryder.

"The truth is," said Seelig, "that Mr. Gonelli knows so much about his New York that he would be sure to recognize either me or any of my assistants. Shall I wait here and see that no harm comes to you, Mr. Ryder?"

"What sort of harm?" asked Ryder.

"Well, Italians are excitable people, Mr. Ryder. And they hold closely together. If Mr. Gonelli grew alarmed, who can say how many knives would jump on his account?"

"I think I'll take my own chances," said Ryder, and went into the restaurant.

It was true Italian. That is to say, at any given moment there was always one voice raised in laughter, one voice raised in anger. Steam from the open kitchen soured the walls with damp; the floors were dirtier still. A bar faced the kitchen and Ryder stopped there for a vermouth. With the glass, he stepped back from the bar and looked into the dining room. Along the rear wall, partitions fenced the tables on two sides and in an alcove toward the right, with her back to the room, sat Leslie Carton. He knew her not by the brightness of her hair, not by the gown of black lace in which she was dressed, but by something about her back, her neck, the carriage of her head, all fitting that picture of her which was so clear in his mind. Opposite her sat a handsome brute of an Italian in his shirt sleeves; and the shirt was an affair of pink stripes!

He finished his vermouth quickly, because he needed it, and then went back to the alcove on the left of Leslie Carton. She and her companion were too close in talk to lift their eyes toward him. A waiter brought ripe olives and celery; he indicated his choices on the menu with his thumb and asked for red wine very quietly, for those flimsy partitions permitted voices to pass as freely as the empty air.

That was why he could hear Elia Gonelli saying: ". . . there it is with more than a hundred dollars on the table and Alfredo says: 'Ah, my God, to think of this in lire!' I throw. Eight is my point. I throw and throw. No seven. No eleven. A five. A ten. And then eight! I sweep in the money. Alfredo screams out. He screams so loudly that for a moment he cannot move his hands but I see in his eyes what is coming and when he catches out a knife, I have mine ready and put the point at his belly. He says: 'Shall I let myself be killed for the sake of killing you? All the devils that live in dice, may they walk over your brain when you sleep at night!' And he takes himself away!"

Gonelli broke into strong laughter and with his voice joined the mirth of Leslie Carton. The flesh of Ryder crawled.

"You like me pretty good, eh?" said Gonelli.

"Of course I like you, Elia," said the girl.

"You tell me why," he drawled.

"Well, because you have a scar on your chin, and a scar on your cheek, and a scar on your forehead," she said, laughing again, and the husky sweetness of her voice blew like a melancholy wind through the open soul of Ryder.

"YOU like a man when he fights big, he fights strong, eh?" said Gonelli.

"Of course I do," said Leslie Carton. "Tell me about your scars, Elia."

"One is a man, one is a woman, and one is a boy. . . . Sicilianos, when they pray they ask God to make the knife sharp. He stab me in the right arm, my knife falls down. He stab for the face and the point of the knife sticks in the bone of my forehead. *Dio Santo!* What can Elia do? He can kick, and that is enough! . . . Hai! How he screamed on the floor, and how I still kicked him! . . . Then there was the boy that threw the stone that hit me here. When I catch him, I take him by the leg, fast, three blocks till his face is almost rubbed out. . . . But the woman. Ah, well, that was just a little thing."

"Tell me about her, Elia."

"You little bit jealous, maybe?"

"A little bit," said Leslie Carton.

Elia Gonelli laughed loudly. Small electric currents darted up the face of Ryder and shot out at the roots of his hair.

"She was one pretty thing," said Gonelli. "You tell me why the pretty girls she like Gonelli so much?"

"Because you have such nice brown eyes, Elia," said the girl. "*And because you're so bad.*"

(*To be continued next week*)

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# The Marlo Blackout

Continued from page 25

people would be too much occupied with themselves to notice him. The stewards would be too busy to bother with either John Storch or Charles Martin, unless he sent for them, and he didn't propose to send for them. As for tomorrow night, if the weather held thick and rough that would make it about tops.

After dinner he took a turn on the glass-enclosed deck and then went to Storch's stateroom. He unpacked a nightgown and Storch's toilet things from the satchel. Then he took off his shoes and coat and lay down on the bed. He twisted and turned for a few minutes, achieving the effect of a bed completely slept in. Then he got up, put on his shoes and coat and threw the nightgown over the foot of the bed. In case an inquisitive steward came in, that would look as though he'd gone to bed and then decided to get up again.

He opened the door and went into the passageway, locking the door after him. He walked aft and around to the port side of the ship. The rolling was appreciably greater. Combined with Storch's oversize shoes, which were stuffed with paper, it made his footing uncertain. That was something new for Slip Marlo, but he almost welcomed every stumble. The rolling meant deserted passageways and freedom for him to come and go without benefit of curious eyes.

Up forward he crossed back to the starboard side of the ship and approached Charles Martin's stateroom. Just before he reached it the little steward from the other station came out from a cross passage hurrying forward with an armful of dirty linen, and passed Marlo. He didn't waste a look on Marlo, only muttered something which sounded like an apology as a roll of the ship almost cannoned Marlo into him.

MARLO walked a few paces beyond Stateroom 96, giving the steward plenty of time to get forward and out of sight. He turned. The passageway was again deserted, and he unlocked the stateroom door and went inside. Quickly he shed the clothes and the character of John Storch, packing everything away carefully in the suitcase. A shower in the private bath off his stateroom, accomplished with some difficulty due to the motion of the ship, washed the gray powder out of his hair and eyebrows. He got into pajamas and went to bed.

He stretched comfortably. He was tired. It had been a marathon of a day. First, down to the ship and on board in the character of Charles Martin, a good two hours before sailing. Then uptown again in a taxi to the hotel room where he had changed into the character of John Storch. Then back aboard ship as Storch, just before sailing. He had slipped into Martin's room under cover of the confusion of the last-minute goodbys of passengers to friends.

He yawned. Tomorrow would not be so strenuous. And tomorrow night, if Elaine followed instructions and sent the wireless message and the letter exactly on schedule, would see the last of Slip Marlo for all time and beyond all question. In due course, police department records and fingerprint cards bearing the name of Slip Marlo, in half a dozen cities, would be destroyed to make space for those of some lesser crook. . . . Marlo gently fell asleep with a conscience as clear as a bishop's.

TRUE to the prediction of the table steward, the next day came up with an iron sky and a sea even rougher than the night before. The course of the Malecon had been altered and instead of the more or less regular roll she was pitching and bucking like a wild horse.

Marlo rang for the steward and had breakfast in his room in pajamas. He took his time. It was to be chiefly a day of waiting. He would make one appearance as John Storch for lunch in the dining salon. That was all.

He had managed to convey the impression to the steward of Stateroom 96 that he was even sicker and more nervous than he had been the day before. That steward would remember his jumpy passenger and report his actions when the time came, as Marlo intended he should.

AS SIX o'clock approached, Marlo's nerves began to jump in fact. Sometime within the next hour the wireless would come. Elaine had been curious about that message which he wanted her to send, too curious. He had had a bit of a job convincing her that it was a necessary part of his impersonation of a businessman on a trip, keeping in touch with business matters at home.

The letter, too—the letter addressed to the Detective Bureau, New York Police Department, Centre Street, and marked "Urgent." He'd dictated that letter to her, told her he wanted it in a woman's handwriting. "If you want Slip Marlo, watch San Francisco air-line planes," he had dictated. Only that wasn't the letter he had folded and sealed in the envelope addressed to the Detective Bureau. The real letter, the one that Elaine would mail, had been made up of letters and words he had clipped from a newspaper and pasted on a sheet of paper to make a message. A much more specific message than he had dictated to Elaine.

She would never know the difference, never think of opening the letter again before she mailed it. That thought rather amused him, the idea of putting one over on Elaine like that. It was characteristic of him, Marlo thought, of the nerve that had made him immune for so many years. He felt rather uplifted at the thought, a curious and pleasant feeling of power and certainty surged through him. He was stronger than the police, stronger than Elaine, stronger than all the poor fools who had slaved and bargained for the gems that he had so easily taken from them and made his own.

There was a tap at the door.

"What is it?" he called querulously.

"Wireless message for you, sir."

He opened the door. A diminutive page boy with cap cocked to one side tendered the message.

Marlo took the envelope, fished a quarter from his pocket and gave it to the boy, slamming the door on his brisk "Thank you, sir."

He slit the envelope. The message was addressed to "Charles Martin, SS Malecon." It read: "SUGAR FUTURES WEAK COFFEE STRONG ADVISE." It was signed "REDMOND." The message he had dictated to Elaine.

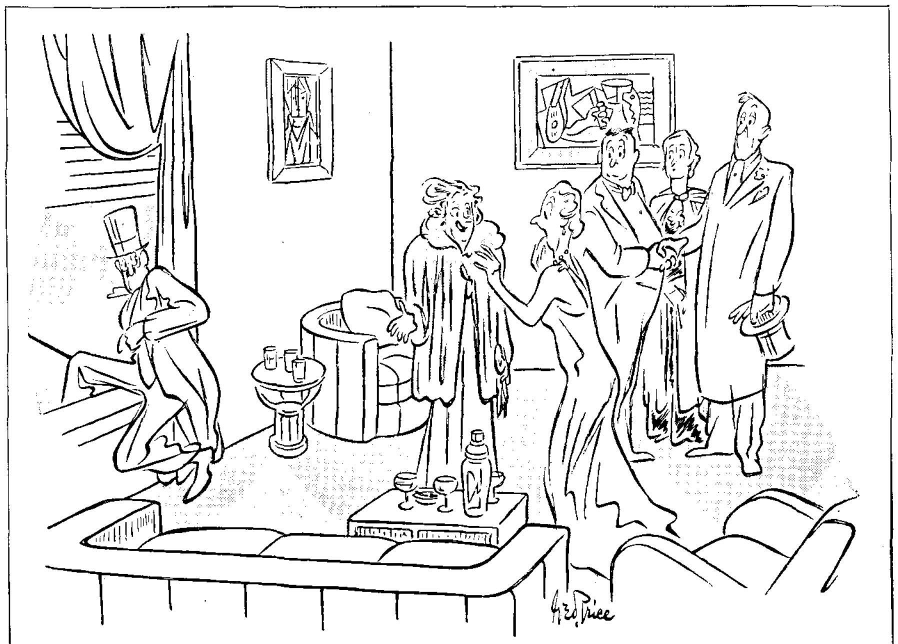
He looked at his watch. Seven o'clock. He went to the dining salon. It was the first time he'd gone to a meal in the character of Martin. There were barely a dozen people in the room. He ordered soup, toast and coffee, again making sure that the table steward would note the tremor in his hand and the shakiness in his voice. The man would attribute it, with his lack of appetite, to seasickness, but later on he also would remember. Marlo tried to assume an air of furtiveness and uneasiness every time the steward approached. He scarcely touched the light meal and went back to his stateroom.

He looked at his watch again. Now that the time for the last bit—the blackout—had almost arrived, he felt restless, possessed with a consuming desire to have it over with.

AT NINE-THIRTY Marlo sat at the dressing table with the radio message and a pencil. Above each word in the message he penciled another word or phrase. The result of his decoding—he grinned grimly at the thought—read: "Cops have hot straight tip. Get ready for trouble." He didn't touch the signature. It didn't mean anything, had no purpose. He crumpled the message into a ball and put it into the side pocket of the white English raincoat he had worn on board the ship in the character of Martin. He stripped off his clothes and wrapped them in the tightest, most compact bundle he could manage, tying it with heavy string.

Then he dressed quickly in the garments and character of John Storch, topping off with a shapeless, dark topcoat.

He wrapped the white raincoat around the bundle of clothes and buttoned it



"Please, you'll excuse Stanley, won't you? He hates goodbys"

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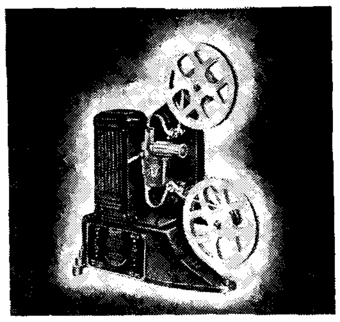

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under his coat together with the snap-brim blue felt hat "Martin" had worn. He unlocked the stateroom door. The passageway was deserted fore and aft except for a white-jacketed steward disappearing around a corner up forward. He noted, too, that the door of the women's bath across from his room was open an inch or two. He hesitated, scanning the door opposite. No light came through the opening. He shrugged. Someone had forgotten to close it. That was all. Swiftly he locked his own stateroom door and walked aft.

At the end of the passageway a door led out into the after well deck of the ship—the section between the superstructure and the poop where the cargo hatches and winches were located.

He opened the door and went out. A slat of rain drove into his face. It was pitch dark but the sea was calmer and the bucking of the ship had lessened.

The darkness didn't bother him. He had a vivid mind picture of the well deck and its layout. He crossed to a winch. Taking the bundle from under his coat, he unwrapped the raincoat and put the key of Stateroom 96 in the side pocket where he had put the wireless message. Then he wedged an arm of the coat between the steel cable and the drum of the winch, drawing it in as tightly as possible so that the coat would not blow away. He shoved the blue felt hat under the winch, trusting to luck that it would stay there. The hat wasn't important, just an extra touch in the stage setting. He dropped the bundle of clothes over the rail.

"Goodby, Slip," said Marlo as the bundle disappeared down the side.

He crossed over the hatch cover to the port side of the ship, dodging under cargo booms. A ladder led to the deck above. He climbed it and crossed through the deserted deck café, into the bar.

Marlo ordered a double brandy and chatted with the bar steward while he sipped it.

"Fair weather tomorrow and all the way to Havana, I guess," said the steward.

"Fair weather! Here's to fair weather!"

Marlo said good night and went below to John Storch's stateroom. He opened one of the Gladstone bags, took a bottle of brandy and poured himself a drink. He looked at John Storch's watch. It was ten-thirty. He drank the brandy and undressed. Well, it was all over now and how easy it had been! He got into the voluminous, shapeless nightgown and laughed out loud. Marlo finished half the bottle of brandy before he went to sleep.

A CALM sea, a fair sky and a ship buzzing with wild, exciting rumors. Just as Marlo finished dressing there was a knock at his door. He opened it. The purser stood there.

"Beg pardon," said the purser. "Captain Jaxon's compliments, sir, and he'd like a word with you."

"Sure," said Marlo. He'd expected to be questioned, everybody on the ship would be, but was a little surprised at being sent for by the captain.

He went forward and up to the bridge. Captain Jaxon was direct.

"Sit down, Mr. Storch," he said, swinging his chair around from his desk.

"We've had—ah—a bit of tragedy," he began. "Did you by chance happen to know a passenger on this ship by the name of Martin, Charles Martin?" His blue eyes stared steadily at Marlo.

"Martin?" repeated Marlo, his eyes blank behind the thick tinted lenses. "No," he said, "no, I can't say that I do. In fact, I don't think I know anyone on ship by name."

The captain cleared his throat. "This man was about five feet eight, thirty-nine years old, thin face, dark hair, dark eyes. Wait a minute—" Captain Jaxon interrupted himself to rummage on his desk. He held up a passport, with the usual passport likeness of Charles Martin. "There's his picture. Do you remember meeting or talking with this man at any time?"

Marlo studied his own picture gravely. "No," he said. "I've never seen this man in my life, to my knowledge. Why?" he asked.

The captain cleared his throat again. "Well," he said, "we have reason to believe this man Marl—Martin"—he corrected himself quickly—"went overboard last night. Suicide or accident, we don't know which. We've been trying to locate someone who may have been acquainted with him."

"I see," said Marlo. "Sorry I can't help you."

"So am I," said Captain Jaxon.

Marlo left the captain's quarters, pleasantly satisfied. The captain's break over the name Marlo signified that everything was working to schedule. It meant that Elaine had mailed the letter to the Detective Bureau, the letter that had told the police that Slip Marlo had sailed on the Malecon under the name of Charles Martin. The police had wirelessed the captain and the clear evidence that Marlo had jumped over the side in fear of capture had been found. From now on Slip Marlo, if he used ordinary care, would be free forever of law and punishment. The proceeds from the sale of the diamonds in Havana would give him ample funds for years to come, probably for the rest of his life.

MARLO opened his eyes next morning with the white, flat-topped houses of Havana in full view through his porthole. The Malecon had slowed down, presumably to take on the pilot. Marlo dressed leisurely. He would have whistled if the plate in his mouth had allowed. He put on Storch's old felt hat and picked up his stick. His hand was on the key to unlock the door.

He was startled by a sharp knocking. He felt a distinct tingle in his scalp.

"What is it?" he said.

"Medical inspection," a voice answered. Marlo felt a sense of relief. Of course! He unlocked the door and opened it.

Three men stood there. A wave of fear swept down into Marlo's knees. The first man shouldered into the room, pushing Marlo back. He was a big man, six-feet-four at least, with a huge barrel of a body. Small head and features emphasized a mammoth double chin and a neck that went down from the crown of his head into his collar in a straight line.

The other men followed him into the room and one of them shut the door.

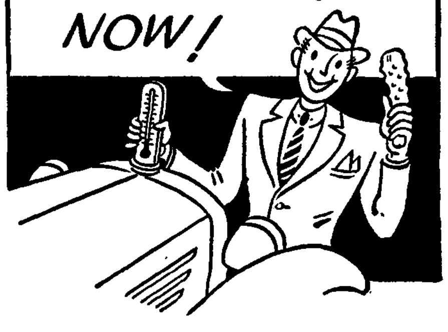
"I'm McGhee," said the big man, watching Marlo with a deceptively mild gray eye. "Detective Sergeant McGhee of the New York Police Department. This is Detective Sergeant Pierce and Mr. Ritter of the Jewelers' Indemnity Association. We want to ask you some questions, Mr. Storch."

Marlo felt like a trapped fox. What did it mean? What had gone wrong? He was sure that McGhee had no idea of his identity, else there would have been no parley, no pretense of politeness. But why was he here?

"Go ahead," he managed to say, pulling himself together from the first shock. "I suppose it's about this man, what's his name—Martin—who jumped overboard."

"Right," said McGhee. "Only his name wasn't Martin—it was Marlo. And we're not sure he jumped overboard. Maybe he was pushed."

Marlo's wits were coming back fast. Obviously they hadn't the slightest idea he was Marlo. The big thing then was to try to stall them, slip them long enough to get ashore and lose himself.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"I'm sure I don't know anything about that," he said. "I told the captain so yesterday. He questioned me along with the other passengers."

"Yeh?" said McGhee. His eye was milder than ever as he regarded Marlo.

"You never saw this feller, Marlo, or Martin? Never talked to him—never had any contact with him?"

"Of course not!" Marlo managed to get a sharp note of indignation into his voice as his mind raced. "I told the captain." Marlo wondered desperately if anyone had seen him come or go from Martin's cabin. One of those damned stewards, perhaps. Well, the only thing to do was to brazen it out.

"Pierce," McGhee called to his partner and nodded toward the door.

The other detective went to the door and beckoned to someone in the passageway. He guided a woman into the room, grasping her elbow. A red-headed woman in a green knit sport skirt and sweater.

MARLO felt the deck surge under him. Elaine! Through a fog he heard McGhee speaking again.

"Is that the man, Elaine?" McGhee asked. "The man you saw come out of Marlo's stateroom about ten o'clock night before last and lock the door after him?"

Elaine gave Marlo a hard quick look.

"Sure it's the man," she asserted, turning to the detective. "I couldn't mistake that mug, could I?"

"Tell us about it," suggested McGhee.

"Tell you about it!" Elaine flamed at the detective. "How many times do you want me to tell you about it!" Her voice was high with hysteria. Her eyes were red, the lids swollen with crying.

"Now, now," soothed McGhee. "Just once more, sister—for his benefit." He jerked his head toward Marlo.

Elaine, her eyes on McGhee's ample chest, spoke in a low voice, her words tumbling together as though she wanted to get it over.

"Slip Marlo sailed on this ship under the name of Charles Martin. I bought his ticket for him. I got passage for myself, too. Marlo didn't know I was on the same ship. He thought I'd sail a week later and meet him in Havana. He told me to do that." She choked and swallowed. "Night before last I thought everything was in the clear and I'd go to his room and surprise him. He'd given me a letter to mail and a wireless to send at a certain time yesterday. I left them with the janitor's wife to send. Oh, I knew there'd be plenty trouble when he saw me on the ship, but I figured he couldn't do much about it then. When I got to his door I saw a steward coming toward me down the passage. I didn't want the steward to see me going into his room, so I ducked into the ladies' bath opposite. I watched through the crack of the door. Right after the steward passed, this man shoved his head out of Marlo's door, looked up and down the passage and came out. He locked the door behind him. He was carrying something under his coat. After he was out of sight, I went over and knocked on Marlo's door. I didn't get any answer, so I beat it back to my room."

McGhee nodded. "All right, Elaine. Now you go along with Mr. Ritter and answer his questions."

He turned to Marlo. "Hear that, Mr. Storch? Got anything to say to that?"

"No!" said Marlo. "It's just a lot of lies this girl made up. I never was in Martin's room. And what's more you haven't got any authority here. We're in a foreign port."

"Yeh?" said McGhee. "You're wrong there, buddy. We're right in the U. S. A. on this ship, under the American flag. And we're going to stay on this ship until we get back to New York. I flew down here last night just especially with that idea in mind."

"You can't hold me!" Marlo stormed. "I don't know anything about it!"

"Cut it out!" McGhee snapped, losing his mildness. "Where's the rest of the diamonds Marlo had on him—Mosher's diamonds?"

"I don't—" Marlo started to speak.

"Go through him, Pierce!" interrupted McGhee. "I'm tired of this bird's stalling."

FIFTEEN minutes later Ritter came back with Elaine.

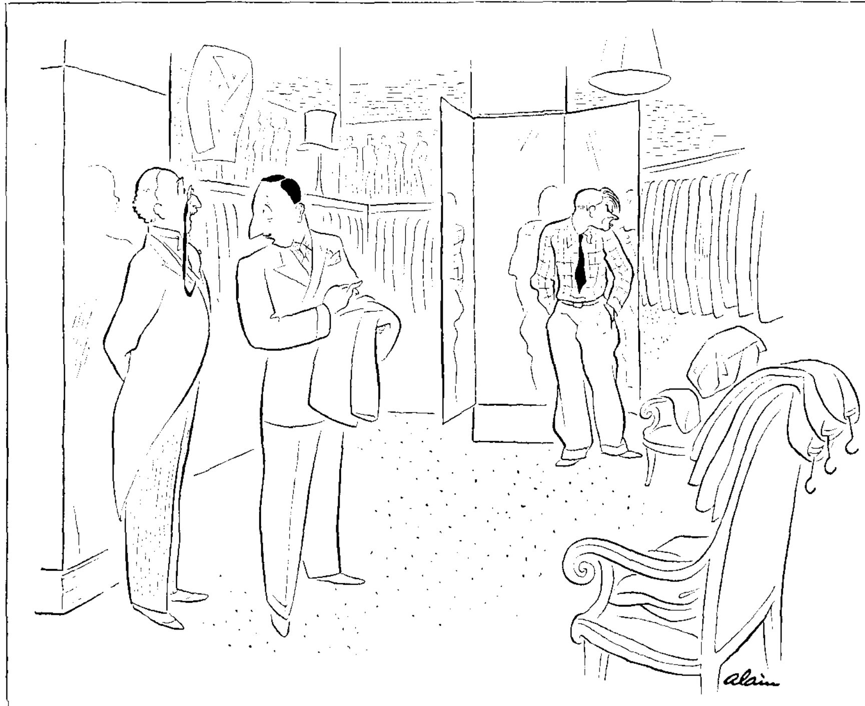
"She won't talk any more unless she's assured there's no charge against her," he explained to McGhee, who was sweating and puffing, but with a look of triumph in his eyes. "She wants Marlo's clothes and—"

Elaine looked past him toward Marlo, who was sprawled in a chair. The thick, tinted glasses were lying on the floor in front of him, splintered and twisted.

She stared at him. Sudden comprehension swept her eyes.

"Oh, my God," she said. "Slip! Oh, my God!"

"You brick-headed tramp!" said Marlo.



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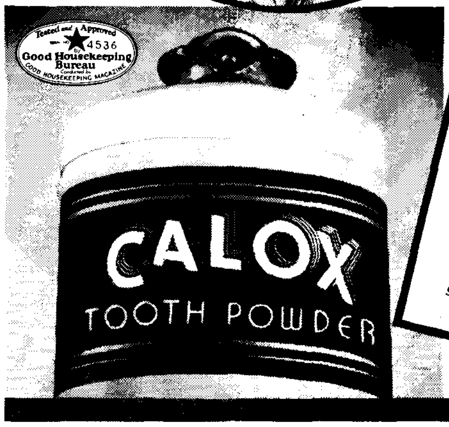

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# Popskull Preferred

Continued from page 13

Moreover, the odor of corn whisky even in its purest state is assaulting, and in its average and worst examples is too repellent to permit you to toy with a long, cool glass under your nose. That's gospel: you can't mix corn. But there are various schools of swallowing in the technique of gagging it down more or less straight.

The largest, most popular and most tradition-bound school of North Carolina corn whisky drinkers believes in the simplest and most direct attack. They take a quarter glassful of whisky in one hand, a half glassful of water in the other, touch the glasses lightly together and toss the corn down in one gulp and follow it with the water. It is considered good form to delay the water for a fraction of a second, especially if your host is watching.

Some drinkers like to mix their corn with a little water, weakening the dose, and follow the ordeal of swallowing with more water. Women usually do this. It is excusable in men, but not really considered up to North Carolina virility.

You may, of course, use ginger ale for a chaser without immediate disastrous effect, but this is dangerous. You may be a champion liquor-holder, but you're going to have lots of trouble holding that sweet'nin'. All in all, the least painful method as practiced in the best bathrooms and hotel rooms is to toss 'er down and reach for the water. If you really want to impress people in North Carolina, if you happen to be a damn' Yankee down here on a visit, say, you can accomplish it by the manfulness of your drinking and staying powers. And if you want to stay any time at all, don't try to show off. Take 'em easy, and don't sit or lie down. Keep moving. You'll probably do that anyway.

### A Trail of Blazing Barns

The effects of corn liquor are instant and emphatic. First, there's the scalding of tongue and gullet. You feel it all the way down, hot and glowing. Then, as the fumes rise on your politely suppressed burps, you become amiable and doting or a truculent, fighting fool. Save for old and experienced imbibers, there's seldom a middle course.

Corn isn't served in the drawing rooms or parlors, but then, neither is Scotch or rye. The W. C. T. U. and the more popular Protestant churches have made liquor-drinking a social sin, and the delights of civilized tippling, of before-dinner cocktails, or even of wine, are virtually unknown in this state. When a man offers you a drink in his house, he says, "Let's have a snort," and usually leads you to the kitchen, where you perform the proper ceremonies over the sink.

Moonshine sells for $2 a gallon almost universally in this state, and the same goes for Virginia and South Carolina, where repeal hasn't diminished manufacture by a pint. Of course, I can't say how many stills are operating in North Carolina today, but the number is probably more than 5,000, estimating by the 1936 report of the Federal Alcohol Tax Unit's state headquarters in Charlotte. Chief Ed Patton proudly told me that twenty-five agents seized 1,399 stills between Jan. 1, 1936, and Dec. 31 of that year. With so small a force to work with, it hardly seems likely that they nabbed even one fifth of the outfits in operation. The capacity of the stills they did get was 197,192 gallons, along with 1,718,510 gallons of mash. They seized 206 automobiles and made 958 arrests, convicting 905 in the federal courts. They did this in addition to conducting a steady and much fiercer warfare with rumrunners. Nobody was killed.

In Charlotte, I met a bootlegger who operated without fear of the law. His trick was simple: he kept no whisky in his office and took orders only by telephone, delivering to customers from storehouses near the city limits of Charlotte. He had a federal liquor license, and—just as in any other Carolina city—it was a widespread secret that the bootleg ring had connections in the county building.

"If I could get ten automobile loads of corn in here tonight, I could sell it all by nightfall tomorrow," he told me.

The rumrunners are the bosses of the moonshine industry. In Cleveland County, able Sheriff Raymond Cline followed a trail of blazing barns that terrified honest cotton growers for months and disclosed as gangster-like an outfit as ever racketeered in beer during New York's prohibition days. The Vic Lee gang had a fleet of cars that carried South Mountain's 'shine as far as Baltimore. They controlled prices paid to petty moonshiners, and also financed several 1,500-gallon blockades. Their reprisal against farmers suspected of snitching was to fling torches in their barns. Four of Lee's mountain mobsters are now in the state prison at Raleigh, serving ten- to twenty-year terms.

How many syndicates or large rum-running organizations the state supports the federal men don't know. They think not more than four widespread networks cover North Carolina today, but it has been impossible for them to put a finger on the key men, no matter how many of the smaller fry they send up. But they do know that fast cars swoop down from the western hills and up from the eastern swamps nightly, loaded with corn.

"We catch rumrunners with a 'wampus,'" an Alcohol Tax Unit man explained. "And we catch 'shiners with sugar.

"The 'wampus' is a gadget we invented, a metal bar studded with nails that we lay across a bridge. That'll stop anybody's car when all four tires go out at once."

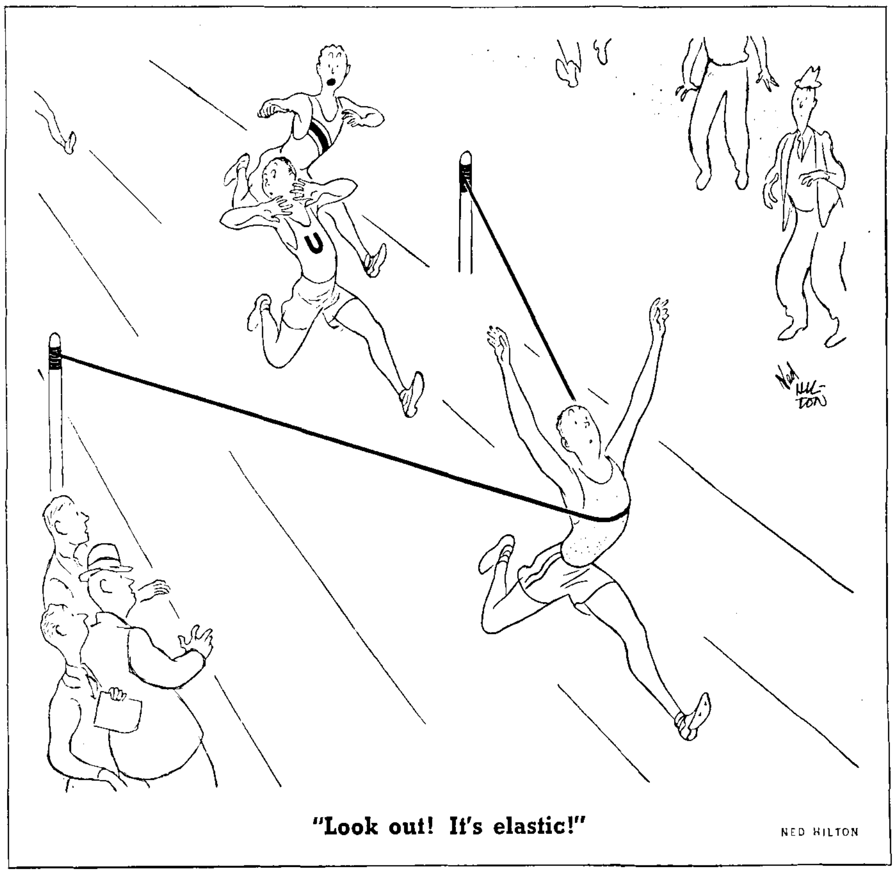
But moonshiners with sugar? Literally enough. You see, sugar is the most important commodity today in bootlegging, in addition to being the reason for bad whisky. Sugar is used to speed fermentation and to increase the alcohol. It became a simple matter, once the revenue men got a federal act passed permitting them to make a check on all purchases of sugar, molasses, charcoal chips and yeast. Wholesalers and retailers make daily reports to the Alcohol Tax Unit, which finds it easy enough to check the retailers, mostly little country stores. The storekeeper is required to keep an account of every pound sold to every consumer, including the customer's name, address and the license number of his automobile.

### Just an Old Southern Custom

The sugar report on Wilkes County, which boasts the greatest current moonshine business in the state, would indicate that every resident had a gargantuan sweet tooth. One small retailer got away with 2,000,000 pounds last year, before the federals swung into action.

But easy as it is to trace a moonshiner through his sugar sources, the Alcohol Tax Unit is facing an impossible task. Chief Patton's twenty-five men can't cover one hundred counties, where new stills spring up like mushrooms, and their small force, efficient as it is, can't meet the enterprise of the syndicates.

More important than that, they can't—any more than the preachers and the United Dry Forces and the other reformers—erase by law the drinking habit of two centuries. Nobody relishes the stuff. It reeks of fusel oil and tastes awful. It incites fist fights and murder. Really, we don't enjoy it. But we are proud of our popskull and we consume it with a fierce patriotism, scorning and damning genteel Easterners who drink manfully of more palatable beverages. Like the rest of the Confederacy, we cling to certain traditions. Corn likker is one of the oldest.



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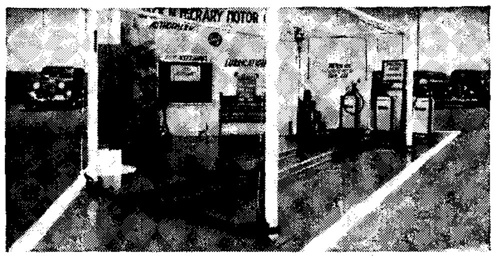

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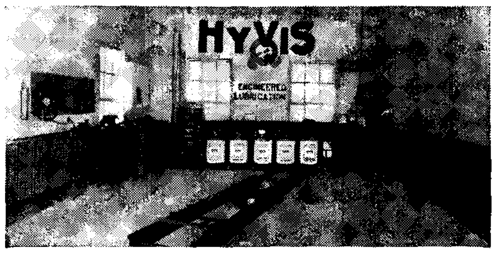

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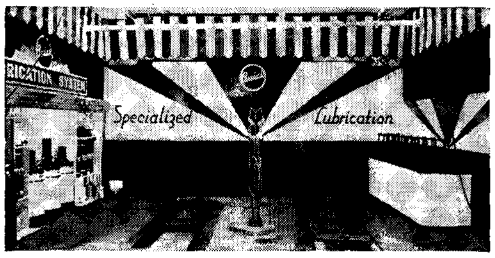

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# Field Trial

Continued from page 16

"No," answered Kelly, grinning.

"Five hundred. Yes, a thousand," said Burns.

"No." The grin was wilting.

Burns stood up and wobbled his great head the way he used to at directors' meetings when he was tired of wasting time and was ready to settle the thing. "Chapman, listen to me: three thousand dollars."

Kelly's face was white. "I'm sorry."

Burns stared and there was anger in his face. "It's robbery, Chapman, but I want that setter. Name your price."

Kelly said, "You haven't got enough money to buy that setter."

Burns sank into a chair. He wondered if Kelly Chapman knew how much money he did have, then decided that it probably didn't matter. Disappointment sickened him. He'd never doubted that tomorrow he'd own a bird dog that would outhunt Corduroy Bojay seven days a week.

As he sat there, half listening to Kelly's efforts to make conversation, Burns remembered Esca, waiting in the car. A thought that had been trying to form itself in his brain suddenly crystallized. *This* was the young man he had advised his daughter not to marry. Had Chapman's attitude a moment ago been that of a fortune hunter? Burns thought not.

On impulse he wrote on an envelope: "*Bearer has my okay as son-in-law. Don't let him get away. I warn you, he's stubborn.*"

He folded the envelope, and said:

"Chapman, Esca's out front. Will you be good enough to give this to her, and wait for an answer, if there is one?"

Kelly was obviously puzzled, but he didn't ask questions. When he was gone, Burns went out on the porch and sat down. In the darkness somewhere near, Jake kept softly growling. A vague loneliness crept over Burns.

There was a flash of lights, and a blue limousine turned into the drive of Kelly's little house. Charley Flint appeared at the porch steps, blinked at Burns, and stopped.

"It's no use, Charley," Burns said.

"So you've beat me to him," Flint answered. His wiry old shoulders sagged. "I hope he bites your leg off."

"Kelly wouldn't sell the dog—at any price."

Flint came closer. "Say that again."

"It's the truth. He wouldn't sell him at all."

"I never heard of such a thing," Flint answered, mystified.

"No . . . I wish I hadn't seen that dog hunt," Burns said, sadly. "He sure made fools of our dogs. And us, too, Charley."

"I guess he did, at that."

BURNS moved over so Charley could have the post to lean against, and Charley sat down. Neither of them spoke. A cloud slid across the bright moon. Burns watched its shadow spread over the lawn. Behind them, Jake grunted, rose, and walked across the porch.

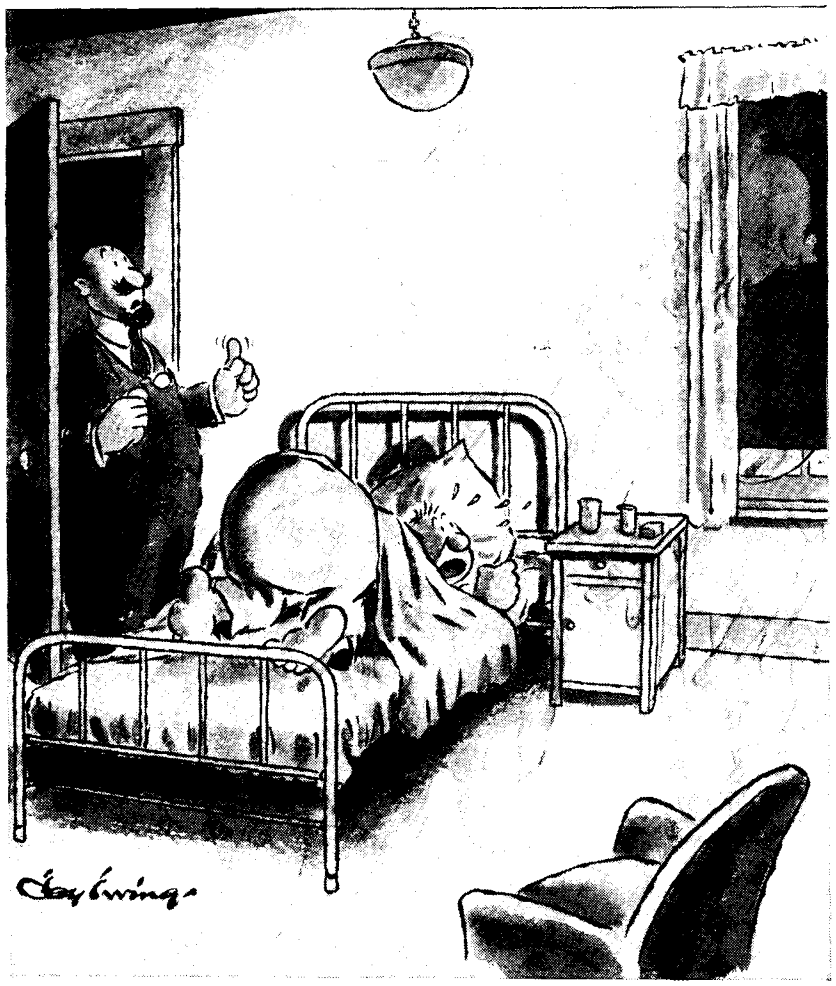
Burns was glad somebody was there to be disappointed with him. He was wondering what Charley was thinking, when he felt a hand on his bony knee, and Charley said:

"How about a little chess?"

Burns' head came up. "You're on."

They walked to Charley's car. "Is there someone with you?"

"Yes," Burns answered, "but when two people are planning a future, you can't bother them with a little thing like a chess game. Come on."



"I'm sorry, gentlemen; the patient must have absolute quiet!"

JAY IRVING

# The Spirit Within

Continued from page 20

"Of course I believe it; that's why I'm here now. Why do you think I came to Sechuan in the first place if it was not to obey Christ's orders, His definite orders to teach His gospel throughout the world?"

The Russian grinned boyishly. "I thought that missions were part of your capitalist system, just a form of political and economic penetration. They are, too, and you can't deny it—or maybe you needed a job. I've heard there were ten million unemployed—"

"I wasn't unemployed," Putnam interrupted. "Besides I have money of my own. I came to Sechuan because I felt it was my duty. I was warned of the dangers, but that is nothing. I too am a soldier, in a greater army than yours."

THE ring of conviction in Putnam's voice affected his companion, but the Russian's eyes were still incredulous. "You surely know," he persisted, "that religion in *any form* is simply one of the means by which the chains of class tyranny are riveted upon the masses, that it is reaction of the most subtle and dangerous kind. Why, in the U. S. S. R. the priests always opposed—"

"I don't know the U. S. S. R., but you are wrong about America. My faith is not reactionary and its first principle is the absolute equality before God of all mankind."

"But the Church is a *part* of capitalism, one of its strongest pillars. Everyone knows that. What does your church do for people in America or anywhere except frighten them with hell-fire and spend in charity a tiny fraction of the money exploited from the workers? Does the church cure unempl—"

"It preaches love and brotherhood instead of strife and class hatred like your Bolshevism. What has Bolshevism done for you, when it comes to that?"

Shurof's eyes flashed. "For me, everything," he said simply. "My father was born in a filthy cellar in Petersburg. He was the only one of seven children who lived to manhood. At seven years of age he was working twelve hours a day in a bottle factory—of course, no education—but somehow he managed to live. I was born in an attic, high up under a tin roof, stifling hot in summer, and in winter the snow came in through the cracks. The revolution gave me everything, and my father too. He joined the army, learned to read and write and fight against oppression. He was decorated for courage. He became a man instead of a slave. My mother died of pneumonia that first winter of '17, when I was only three. They put me in a children's home, gave me the food and air and sun and education without which children wilt and perish. They sent me to school and trained my mind and body, taught me games and discipline and collective action, and finally I was sent to the military academy as one of the Kursanti—officers' training corps, you would say—to learn to defend the people's cause and our socialist fatherland against capitalist aggression. That's what Bolshevism did for me, as it is doing and will do for countless millions. Now tell me what your church has done for you. How did *you* live as a boy, and your father before you?"

Putnam was slow to answer. He thought of the pleasant house near Boston: built by his great-grandfather with its Early American furniture and shady lawns; he thought of Groton and Harvard and the smooth sheltered safeness of it all. How could he explain that to this Russian? But he had to try. When he had finished, Shurof said wonderingly, "But all you are saying is that America and your ancestors gave you what you've got; that capitalism gave it to you; that, thanks to your ancestors, you became a member of the privileged class. You're not capable of understanding how the masses live and feel."

"I'm not," said Putnam hotly. "I worked four years in one of the poorest parishes—"

"Never mind that. The thing is that your consciousness has been formed by your environment, like that of everyone else, and you owe that environment to your country and your family, not to the Church. What has the Church done for you, for you yourself? I'm not asking now what it does to the American masses, because I know the answer to that. But don't you see there is nothing in what you have told me about the Church doing anything for you. You are the product of your class, your privileged class. What part did the Church play in your development as Bolshevism has played in mine?"

Putnam stared at him in dismay. Honesty compelled him to recognize that there was truth in Shurof's words.

The Russian pressed his advantage. "Your Christianity has done nothing for you whatsoever save to give you ideas, or ideals if you like, which in your case may be genuine but nearly always are hypocritical and have no sure foundation in fact or logic. It's a dream, your Christianity: you can't *prove* a thing about it, whereas our cause is real."

Still Putnam was silent. He was exhausted and his arm ached horribly. He could not escape the parallel between Christianity as a belief and Bolshevism as a belief, nor refuse to admit how much the latter had done for Russians like this man beside him and how little Christianity was responsible for the life he himself had led. He felt that somewhere there was a flaw in Shurof's reasoning, but he did not seem able to find it.

SUDDENLY light came to him; of course there was an answer. "It is strange," he said, "that you Bolsheviks, who lay such stress on planning, cannot see that the whole universe moves according to plan and not by accident. We must assume that there is a plan and purpose, which in the final issue is what we Christians mean by God. We believe that He has chosen to communicate a part of his purpose to humanity, that there is a spark of His life in our bodies which distinguishes men from beasts and that that spark will never die. Take us now here, the two of us, for this is the final question: What have you to look forward to after tomorrow? At the best no more than sleep."

The Russian nodded. "I shall probably be glad of it by the time they've done with us," he said with a shiver.

Putnam refused to be checked. Now, he felt, he was on safer ground. "At last," he said, "we have reached the real crux of the matter. You can argue and make a strong case of it that Bolshevism has done more for you in life than Christianity has done for me, or for my people at home. In life, yes, perhaps, but that is the least of it, because death is not the end."

"Death *is* the end," said the Russian.

"Well, I know it isn't, and that is why I am happier than you are at present. You are stronger than I am and probably braver. You may die in silence

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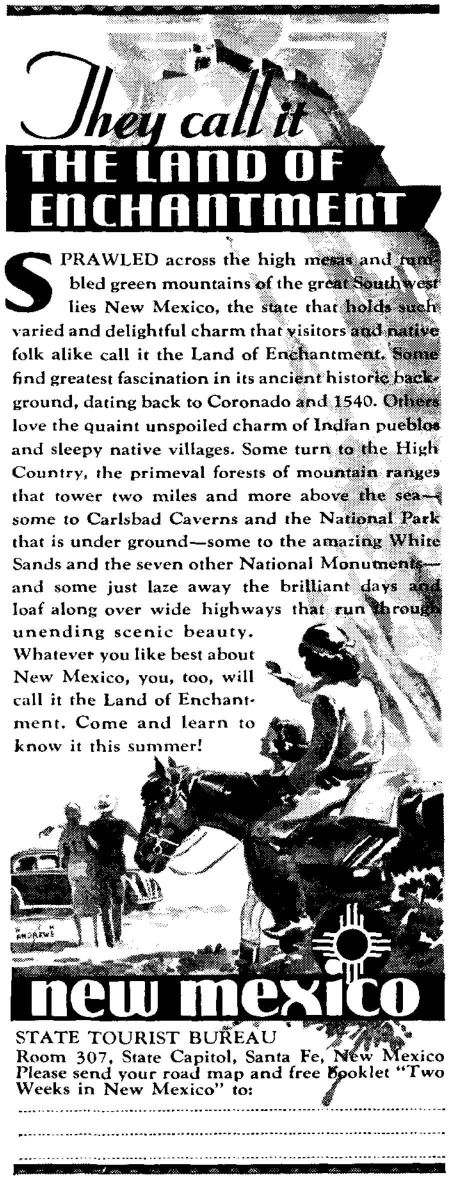

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while I am forced to scream. Yet what does that mean? To you it means that everything you've lived for and worked for and are ready to fight for just ends blankly with the slamming of a door, but to me death is not the end but the gate to life eternal. For you a hole in the ground; for me the great reward, the glory of my heart's desire. I die joyful."

This time Shurof was silent. He looked earnestly into Putnam's shining eyes. "Do you really think that?" he asked.

"I know it. In this hour there are no more bars between us, you and me. Both of us in our different ways with different backgrounds have dedicated our minds and bodies to a life of service, to an ideal outside ourselves. For you too, therefore, there is hope, if only you will listen—and believe."

SHUROF shrugged his shoulders. "No, no, comrade, that's no good. You can't catch me with your 'opium for the people'—although opium has its uses; I wish I had some right here now." He paused a moment and continued unexpectedly, "It does seem stupid somehow to finish like a candle that's blown out. I had so much to do, there is so much to do, and I have done so little. Damn it, I'd like to think that somehow I could start again, not in your heaven; I don't care about that, but here on earth. I am not afraid to die, but—"

Without sound or warning the door swung open, and there stood a thickset man not more than five feet tall. He wore a gray silk robe buttoned up to his throat; his hairless face and bald head were thickly pitted with blue-green powder marks. Behind him two guards carried torches, huge men in khaki uniform with broad-bladed executioners' swords across their shoulders, each hung on a blue cord with blue tassels. There was a blue arm band on the left sleeve of their tunics.

"I am Wu-Ming-Fu," he said smoothly, "better known to you foreigners as the Blue Dwarf. No, no, young man, keep still," as the Russian braced himself for a spring. "You are young and strong but my guards could break you with one hand. Don't move, I tell you; it pleases me to talk with you." His voice was light and soft but his eyes were hard and cruel as he watched them. He came forward and one of the guards reached back for a tall gilt chair upon which the little man sat with his soldiers standing beside him.

While he sat there in silence two other men came into the room, dragging a big unwieldy object of metal which looked like a lathe for machining tools. Its upper surface seemed browned as if by rust, and Putnam eyed it blankly, but the Russian had once seen the Blue Dwarf's victims—afterward—and knew this instrument of torture for what it was. He knew it so acutely that he could smell the dry, bitter sourness of the clotted blood. Now he was looking at the face of death's worst agony, but there was no terror in his eyes.

FOR a long minute Wu-Ming-Fu gazed at his prisoners in silence, then turned to Putnam. "Why did you come to China?"

"To preach the gospel of Christ."

"To Chinese heathens, you would like to add, who were civilized two thousand years before your ancestors got rid of their blue paint—have you never heard of Confucius? For what other reason did you come to China?"

"For no other reason, neither for money, trade nor politics. I came because I thought it my duty."

"Very good. And you?" He looked at the Russian. "Why did you come here?"

"To teach slaves to fight for freedom," said Shurof boldly. "To rescue the Chinese masses from their oppressors, native and foreign."

"And enroll them under the Red flag?"

"Yes," said Shurof, "the Red flag—of freedom."

"Administered by the OGPU as in Russia? You can keep that kind of freedom. Tell me now, both of you, did anyone ask you to come to China, any Chinese, I mean? No—you come with your White Christ and your Red freedom to a country that needs neither, that has been set in its own ways for more than four thousand years, and you find—me. Now what do you expect from me?" He looked at Putnam.

"Death," said the American, and the Russian nodded assent.

"Are you afraid of death?"

"Yes," said Putnam, "I am afraid, but I am not reluctant."

The Blue Dwarf looked at his lathe of torture, then his eyebrows raised and the men beside it moved back. "I believe you," he said to Putnam, "young fool that you are, I can see a hope for death behind your eyes. What a sorry land America must be that its sons seek death so far away from home! Now what has the Bolshevik to say?"

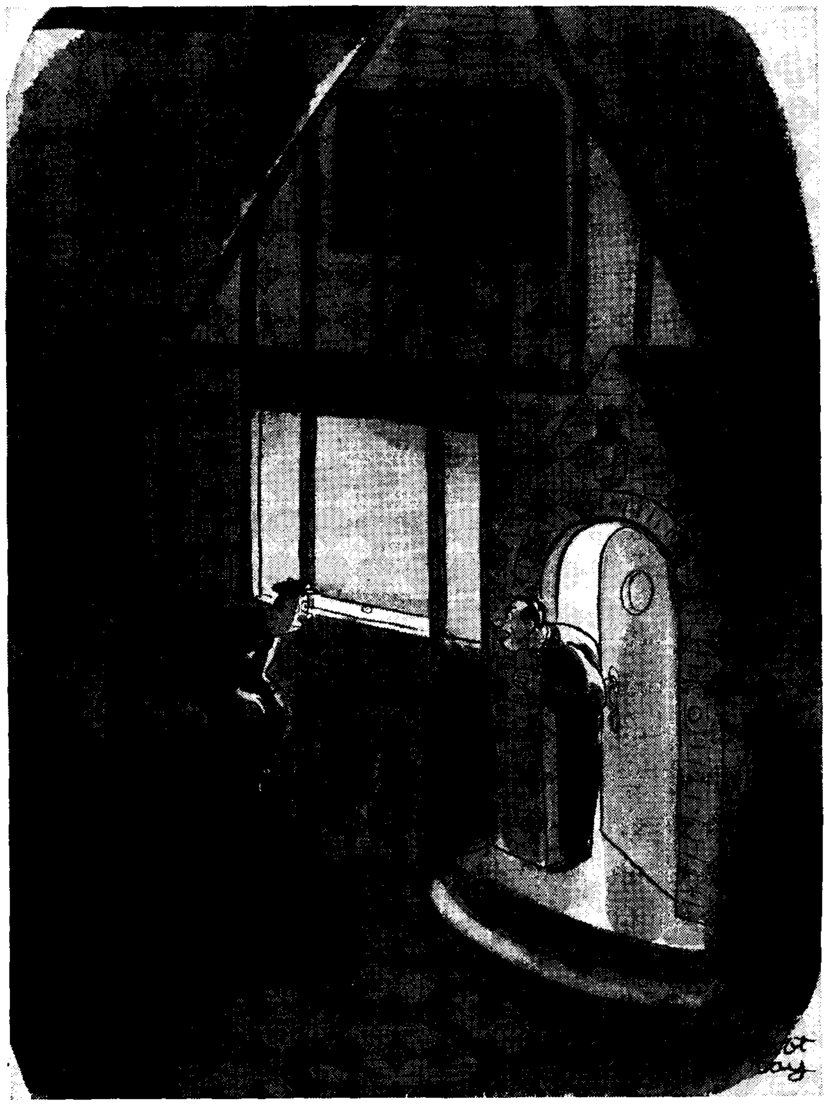
Shurof waited, then spoke slowly: "I am not afraid, but I am most reluctant. There is so much for me to do and I have done so little."

Wu-Ming-Fu smacked his hand upon his leg. "That is good," he said. "The extremes which meet. One seeks death but fears to die; the other dies but does not fear. That sounds good and true to me. It is young and naïve but it is true, and truth, my young friends, counts more than your White religion or Red freedom. With this truth you have bought your lives.

"Take that away," he said. "I do not need it here," and the two attendants dragged the creaking metal structure away from the little room. He grinned at them and his eyelids twitched but there was no mirth or pity in his eyes. "I don't like foreigners," he said, "who come like a plague of locusts to devour my country. I had thought to make an example of you two, to leave you there for the others to see when I go from this city in the morning, not dead, perhaps, but in such a state that the greatest mercy would be bullets for you both. You deserve it, you damned foreigners whom no one asked to come here. But no"—again he smacked his hand upon his knee—"you have entertained me with your childish answers. That is fortunate for you. Wait here until tomorrow, because my men are wild and savage—they too hate foreigners. Then your friends will come back. They will be surprised to find you both alive." He made a sign to the guards, who picked up the gilt chair and carried it away. The door clanged and the two looked at each other.

FOR a moment neither could speak; the change from despair to hope, from death to life, was too sharp and sudden. Putnam's whole body was shaking. He tried to control himself but the strain upon his nerves was overgreat. Shurof laughed harshly. "This time it is *I* who win. That devil has robbed you of death and snatched away your martyr's crown. But to me he gave back life and the work I want to do."

Putnam looked at him. "We *both* win," he said, "because we both have work to do."



**"What's the idea of trampling on those plants?"** ROBERT DAY

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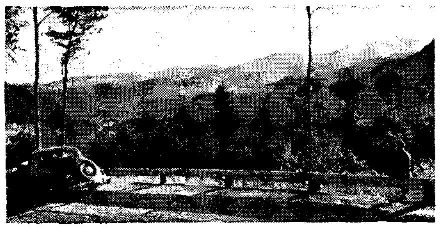

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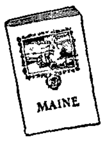

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FREEZONE

# Mystery Girl

Continued from page 34

mirror, a small table and a screen. Angna, a pale blue negligee wrapped around her, is bending over at the back of the stage. She has apparently just had her bath and she conveys the impression that under the negligee she is quite naked. Draped across the screen are those intimate garments which no gentleman of 1900 could even mention without betraying himself—Sir!—as a cad. The most conspicuous of them is a violently red velvet corset. Today's audiences snicker with anticipatory pleasure as they note these details. It is apparent that Angna is going to reverse the favorite number of burlesque.

### A Big Evening

She fixes her hair. She puts on garment after garment. She squeezes herself into her crimson stays and thereafter breathes with difficulty as she minces around the stage. Her shoes are too tight, also. She is barely able to walk as, at last, she slips a dress over her head. Then she adorns herself with a variety of bracelets and other jewels. She anoints herself with perfume. The final touch is a concentrated moment in front of the mirror when she bites her lips to make them red, for no lady of 1900, of course, had ever heard of lipstick.

Thus clad in fifteen or sixteen garments, the lady of 1900 appears to be ready for a big evening; a ball, at the least. But no big evening lies ahead. Instead, she goes over to the small table and picks up a deck of cards. Thoughtfully, she plays solitaire. Gloomily, she proceeds to lose. At last, just as the curtain falls, she stealthily cheats herself and beams with triumph. The whole act has taken perhaps six minutes.

The confusion which surrounds Angna Enters and her work is, to a degree, her own fault. People might not be so puzzled if her name were less strange. Even Anita Enters, her real name, is pretty bad; it sounds like a title for a play. Ten years ago she made things worse by changing it to Angna, which nobody could pronounce. She did this because her manager was a nut about numerology and juggled the numbers until they told him that Angna was a lucky name. Aside from all this, Miss Enters is widely regarded as a woman of mystery. Rumors began to circulate, when she achieved success in 1927, that her past was dark and obscure.

"My dear!" some old lady would exclaim to a companion at a matinee. "My dear! They say that she is a former nun. Fancy!"

Other reports called her an Italian aristocrat, who had fled from vast Italian estates because of thwarted love. She was variously supposed to be Finnish, Russian, French and German. But there really isn't any mystery. Together with beer, she is one of the things that Milwaukee is proud of, for she was born in that city twenty-eight years ago.

Angna Enters doesn't like to talk about her childhood. When she does, she says vaguely that she traveled a great deal. She hints that she was taken abroad when she was quite young and studied there. This does not make much sense, in view of the fact that she was quite poor and I'm willing to bet that others among her character studies, besides the girl wearing out shoe leather, are autobiographical. They give, perhaps, a more accurate account of her early years. There is, for example, the one in which she is a young girl at a piano recital. In a second she portrays a typically American adolescent. A number she calls Field Day is surely based on her schooldays. She appears as a young girl in bloomers who is dutifully taking part in a high-school calisthenics drill. The mosquitoes buzz around her legs. Her hair gets in her eyes and she is very, very hot.

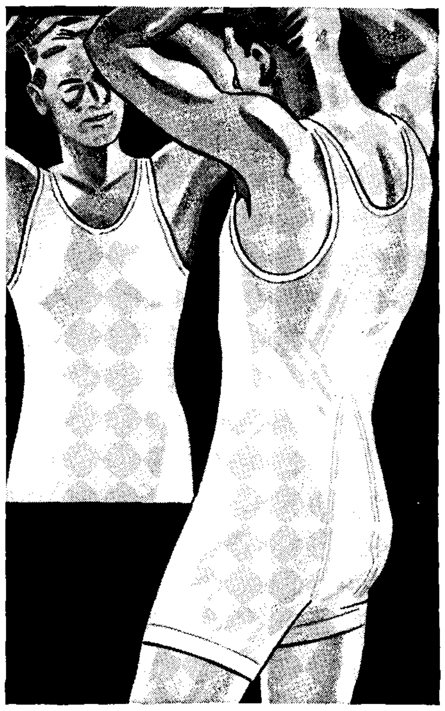
She must, in any event, have been an intense small girl—with large gray-black eyes, with small talent for making friends, with an introspective passion for dancing, for music and for drawing. Miss Enters' explanation of how her career began is, to put it mildly, as vague as her recollections of her childhood. She says that she was in Chicago until she was about fifteen and then in Washington for a time. After that, she came to New York to study painting at the Art Students' League and to support herself as best she could. She had never considered becoming a dancer and had no training in that art. At this point her account grows even more puzzling. While studying at the League, she says, she became interested in "movements in composition." Paintings and drawings, she decided, were static; what would their subjects be like if they moved? So she worked out, for her amusement and education, little pantomimes in which the figures moved.

All this is accurate enough, but Miss Enters omits a detail or two of her career. In addition to giving her "mimes," as she prefers to call them, she would occasionally dance for her limited circle of friends. Somehow her skill came to the attention of Michio Ito, the famous Japanese dancer, and he came to see her. The result was an offer to dance with him. She accepted, for it meant money, and on a tour with Ito she portrayed a Japanese dancing girl. So talented was she, not only in her dance but in her ability to imitate a Japanese, that many in the audience believed her to be an Oriental.

A second detail which Miss Enters omits is a brief period on the stage. She conveys the idea that she has never uttered a line of dialogue. In 1923 or 1924, however, she had a small part in Robert Milton's production of The Lady Cristalinda in which Fay Bainter was the star. In this play she was, again, a Japanese girl, but she did not dance. The show was on the road for a time and a moderate success on Broadway. Today, after ten years in her individualistic art, Angna Enters is willing to return to the stage if she can find a play that pleases her. But she will do so only as a star. The movies, too, are beckoning.

### Talent to Spare

The period with Ito and her part in the Robert Milton play brought, unfortunately, no lasting reputation, and by late 1925, Miss Enters was up against it again. She was, if anything, too talented. She could dance rather well, act a little and paint a little. But she had not found herself. She did not know what she really wanted to do. So she drifted. She studied again at the night sessions of the Art Students' League. She managed to keep herself alive by doing lettering for printers and advertising agencies. Late that year it occurred to her that she might cash in on her pantomimes, so she decided to give a recital. She did not know how to go about doing it, but that did not discourage her. She designed some costumes and sewed them, laboriously, herself. Early in 1926 she was ready. She lived somewhere in the Forties, but she had heard that the Greenwich Village Theater could be engaged for a deposit of twenty-five dollars. She borrowed



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State..............................

this, as well as money enough to print 1,000 circulars describing the sketches she proposed to put on, and mailed these to names picked at random from the telephone book. The performance was given in February and to everyone's surprise the theater was fairly well filled.

Anita—this was still her name—cleared expenses and had a little left over after paying her debts. Later that year she gave another recital, assisted by a singer and a violinist because she had hardly enough numbers for a full evening. The future was still uncertain, although some of the critics had attended and had put glowing notices in their papers.

"If you will spend $10,000," one concert manager told her, "you can be a success in a year or two."

She had no way of raising such a sum, of course, and refused to believe him, anyway. She continued to borrow money, putting on other shows to pay it back. This went on until 1927. Suddenly, she clicked. All of the famous critics came. She was invited to tour. In 1928, she gave a series of performances in London.

### Non-Union Hours

Angna Enters refuses nearly all social engagements because she feels that they get in the way of her work. She is fond of the theater but saw only one play this past winter, Three Men On a Horse. She has a studio on West Fifty-seventh Street where she works twelve or fourteen hours a day—on costumes, on musical arrangements, on details of her tours and on painting, which she has taken up again with furious energy. She insists that she has an apartment, too, but she never tells where it is. Even those closest to her do not know and one or two are unkind enough to doubt that it exists; they say she really lives at the studio.

Off the stage she is slightly less glamorous than when behind the footlights. She is, however, an attractive young woman. She is small and thin, with large eyes and black hair in bangs across her forehead and worn in a long bob-shaped arrangement behind. It's really long hair, not bobbed. In manner, she is direct and friendly and her voice is warmly rich. If, as she now hopes, the silence of pantomime is abandoned it will partly be because of the quality of her voice.

Angna Enters, even after numerology was supposed to have insured a prosperous future, felt the post-1929 depression keenly. Tours were almost impossible to arrange and audiences fell off. Numerology or something else brought her continuous good luck, however. At one point when she was hard up she wrote and sold a play; it was never produced but she got $500 or so for an option. In 1934 she was again pressed for funds and this time, without her asking for it, the Guggenheim Foundation awarded a fellowship which enabled her to study art in Greece. It was renewed in 1935, for similar work in Egypt. After that, the upturn came and her audiences were bigger than before the slump.

So she is now a painter, too, and a very good one. She had had an exhibition even prior to the Guggenheim awards. Returning from Europe in 1932, she amused herself on the boat by making designs for her costumes. Walter Ehrich, the art dealer, saw the sketches in New York.

"Why don't you let me have a show in my gallery?" he asked.

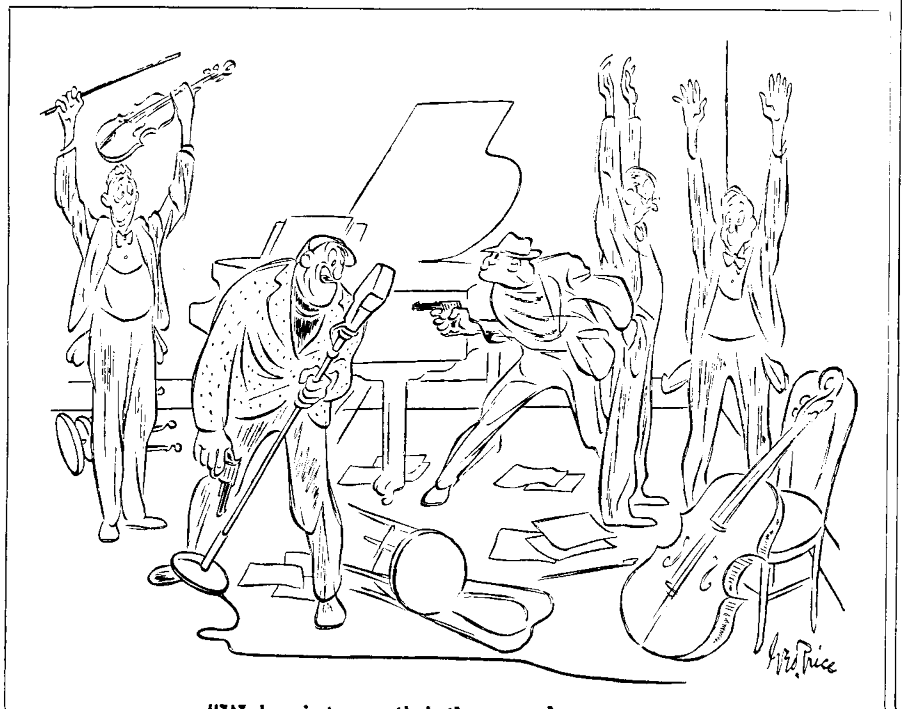
Angna protested that she did not have enough for an exhibition.

"Do some more for me, then," he suggested.

She did, of course; a little thing like getting up a one-man art show would not disturb her either. She worked while on tour that fall, waiting until the train had stopped at a station so that the vibration did not ruin what she was doing. When she got back to New York she had almost two hundred pictures ready. She has had several exhibitions since then and the critics, again, were baffled. They said that her pictures showed great talent. They were mildly astonished, however, by her quantity production and one or two experts suggested that she was trying to do too much.

Angna Enters is always trying to do too much and she has suffered, in consequence, one breakdown already. Her life isn't easy, except in the summer when she escapes to Europe. Most of her performances, except in New York and Chicago, are one-night stands. She spends most of her nights on Pullmans. Thus Miss Enters would be quite willing to do a play. She has no objection, either, to being featured in a revue. Some clever Broadway manager will undoubtedly hire her for a revue before long; her numbers, if carefully selected, would surely be the hit of the evening.

Any such manager had better hurry, though. Any minute, now, Miss Enters may take up tightrope walking or transatlantic flying. She will probably make a success of either.



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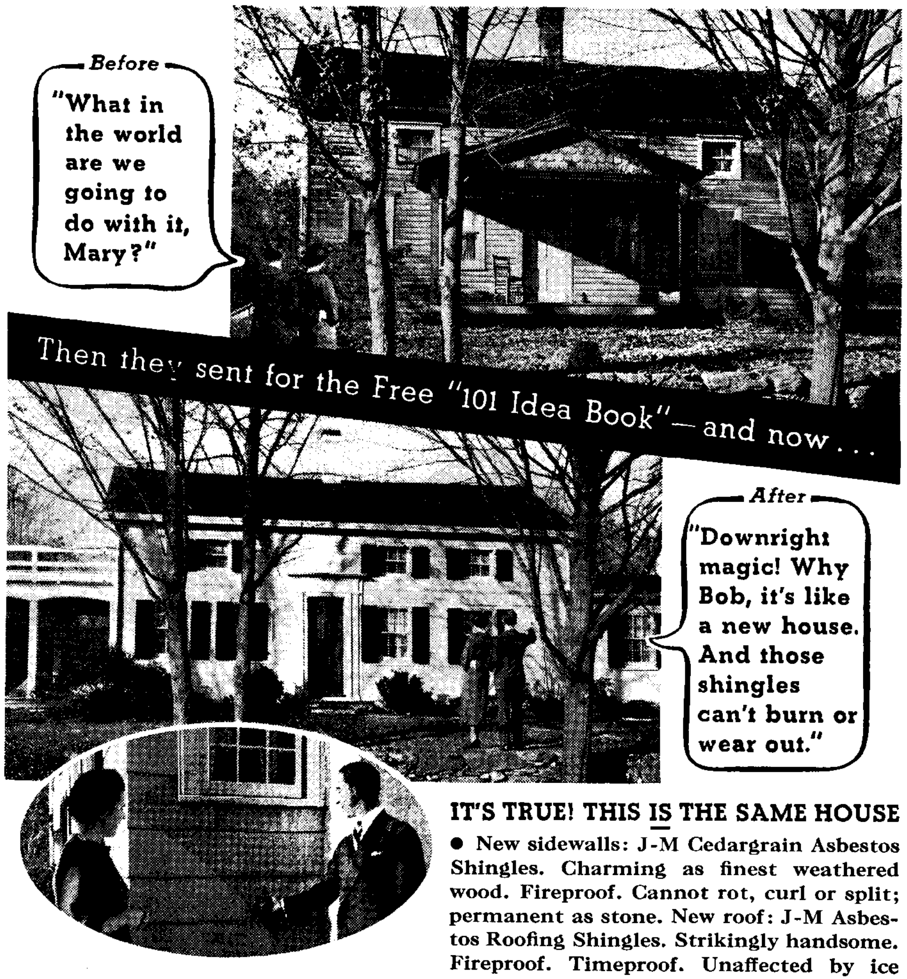
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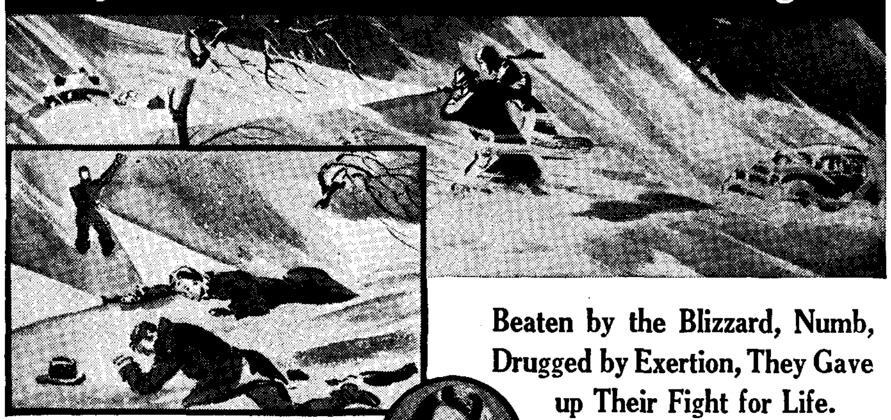
## They Sank to Eternal Rest . . . and Waked Again!



**Beaten by the Blizzard, Numb, Drugged by Exertion, They Gave up Their Fight for Life.**

"It was 28 below zero. A 40 mile gale whipped blinding sheets of icy snow into huge drifts," writes Mrs. Marjorie B. Tyner of Liberty, Neb.

"My son and I climbed out of our stalled car. The longer we worked to free it, the deeper it seemed to sink into the mounting barrier of driving snow.

"Chilled to the bone from our efforts, we looked about for possible shelter. Up the road a single light shone from a farmhouse window, a lone beacon of safety in this howling, icy desolation. With our flashlight to help us in keeping out of the ditch, we struggled toward it, floundering through the swirling drifts, leaning into that breath-snatching, icy blast.

"But even our exertion could not warm us. Numbness crept gradually over me, and with it a drowsiness, compelling as ether. My son was fighting the same losing battle, for we sank down together in that howling white waste. It seemed warm and snug down in the snow. In great peace surrendered to sleep.

★ ★ ★

"As in another world and beginning a new existence, I came to my senses. My son was bending over me, tears running silently down his cheeks. We were safe in the farmhouse with the lighted window...saved from death in the snow...saved because the *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries in our flashlight kept on working after we gave up, and the light in the snow attracted our rescuers. *(Signed)* Mrs. Marjorie B Tyner"

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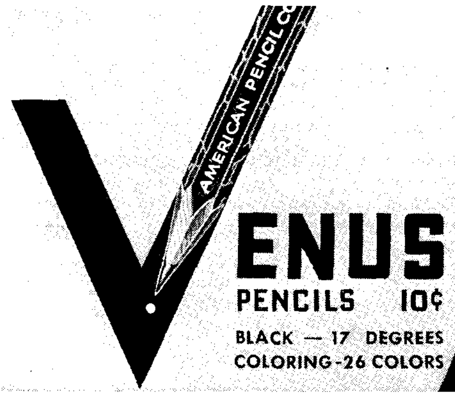


Artists, draftsmen, architects, writers—all who prize good pencils—insist on Venus Drawing. Naturally they cost more. But they are worth it.

# Night in Town

**Continued from page 22**

powerful, it idles through the street; the tonneau is an arsenal, shotguns, pistols, sub-machine guns, blackjacks. The tear-gas bombs roll against your feet as the car careens around corners. You flinch at first but later on you kick them aside; they're just a pesky nuisance, unless you're a G-man. Jimmy at WPEG busts through the speaker: "Car 701, Car 701, Lenox Avenue at 117th Street, Lenox Avenue at 117th Street, a stabbing, a stabbing, Signal 32."

The car lurches ahead, the driver hunched over the wheel. The siren howls in savage glee. The sergeant up front leans out the side window staring intently, calling off the street numbers as they flash by; the car is going too fast for the driver to watch the slots that speed makes of streets. "89th—90th—hospital coming up—91st—92nd." The siren moans impatiently past the sick, shrieks again as their slumbers are left behind. The traffic lights turn red. I wait, braced, for a locked-wheel stop, but the radio car swings wide to the left, caroms around a vast green thing, a bus full of startled people, darts ahead like a broken-field runner for a touchdown—but nobody runs interference for you at eighty-five in city traffic. The man beside me smoking a calm cigarette grins. "Don't worry. He's a swell driver, only two crack-ups this year."

"Crack-ups? Behind this screeching siren?"

"Sure. Part of the racket."

The siren, God bless it! clears a jagged swath blocks ahead. Blocks passed in the snap of a finger, left trembling in our wake. A taxi materializes from a side street, dead ahead—dead, is right—it's too late for brakes. A sickening veer. Two wheels leave the ground. An infinitesimal second, and it's behind us.

"The damned fool!"

"Nice work, Joe. Another coat of paint—and zowie!"

Lenox Avenue. Pocket pool and fried fish. Somber people, quick to flash knives or grinning teeth. Splendiferous clothes brushing the rags from which they sprang. Ragged pickaninnies clogging under street lamps. Black, silk-clad Shirley Temples hurrying past with leopard-coated mothers.

### Tragedy in Harlem

A sudden scuffle in a side street; a scream; a flow of torrid oaths; the silent gleam of steel; a ragged, bent body falls, another totters away in a horrid mimicry of flight. Running men, the distant scream of the siren, two blood-red lights racing up the Avnyuh—cops. The crowd by the drugstore stands unmoved, grinning. A few generations of towns don't wipe out racial traits. Death is a casual matter. A dusky delivery boy dashes into the drugstore to shout a warning to his boss; carvings mean immediate first-aid business to Harlem pharmacies—and no pay, but they'd wreck the joint if they didn't get it.

The cops drag in a lump of flesh and flannel, brown flesh and gray flannel, both impartially sprayed and clotted with red. The lump groans as it drops on a stool. Its head rolls back. The clerk stares a moment, returns the bandages to the dusty shelves. *He* doesn't need bandages. A cop is trying to write a report under the single yellowed bulb with a stub of a pencil. His lips move in unconscious sympathy with his labored fingers. Another crosses to the counter. "Pack of gum, buddy. That dinge is sure lucky; the shiv missed his pipes by a spider web."

A vast woman barges in, scattering cops and onlookers. "Zeke, you's been cuttin' agin! Zeke, you's a damn' fool; you never wuz any good at cuttin' 'cause you alluz gits cut fust." She turns to the grinning men. "Loses his haid! Gits a picayune nick in his black hide as wouldn't hurt a fly and goes plumb crazy fo' true. 'Zeke,' I says, 'Zeke, refrain fum cuttin' an' de Lawd will be mussiful,' but he don' lissen at nobody when his body's passions is hot on him. You be taking him in de wagon?" The sergeant figures a wagon trip is a cinch for Zeke. Zeke nods woefully. The ambulance clangs up. Cops start shoving people along. A fist fight starts farther up the street. Laughing gaily, they run to this minor diversion. Nothing more we can do here.

### Lucky Collins

A call comes through: trouble in an alley off Delancey Street. Out of our territory, but what the hell? We roll. More info comes in on the way. Trouble in Nick's flop joint. The driver yawns as we swing into the Express Highway.

Nick's, a converted stable, tiers of bunks, foul stench, broken men, some young, most old, stained graybeards, rheumy frightened eyes, gnarled dirty hands clutching dirty blankets. A broken toilet burbling somewhere, a bald light bulb illuminating things better left in the dark. Nick mad and blustering, shouting foul names at his guests—mostly beggars; two-bits buys a mug of java, a butt and a bunk; it's a classy joint.

A young punk caught slipping his hand under an old man's pillow for a greasy buck. Old men rising in wrath, brownish teeth bared, clinging desperately to a tissue of gum; old, clutching hands, cracked voices gibbering vengeance. The punk helplessly outnumbered. He could have killed ten of them with his bare hands, but there were a hundred of them. He lay in the alley sobbing terribly, all for a lousy buck. A short shrift from the cops. Sympathy? For what? He'd robbed a broken grandfather; send him to Bellevue and kick him to hell out.

Conversation on Fifth Avenue. A friendly dick comes over to our car. "How's Eddie?" They locate that slug yet?" "Doing swell—only the one slug left now and it's working up to the surface. Yeah, you can feel the damn' thing with your finger near his neck. It'll be up far enough to snick off like a wart in a couple of days. Lucky break; got a first-grade detective's pay out of it—$250 a year more." "Lucky, hell! Collins, his side-kick is the lucky one. He jumped from third grade to first! In less'n two weeks he runs smack into three stick-ups, shoots it out twice, gets a conviction in the other and is boosted to top pay. $3,200 a year and him only on the force eight months. Some guys is just naturally lucky like that."

The radio whistle interrupts. Another 32, near by, this time. A big co-operative apartment house on Fifth commands a subtle change of approach from "the Boys." Their voices are hushed and they tread lightly through the heavily carpeted halls. A stolid Swede elevator boy glances at the badges. "Are you expected?" "Naw! Just stopped by for a bit of gossip, pal! C'mon, step on it!"

The apartment door is opened almost before the lift stops. A pale and nervous butler. "Right this way, gentlemen." Glimpses of gloriously furnished rooms, dim, decorous lights, a magnificent

Corot in the library. Two chattering maids peeking out from the butler's pantry. A personal maid rushes by. "Henri! *l'esprit d'ammonia pour Madame—Vite!*"

A man's bedroom farther down the hall, cork-walled; low lights; a faint smell of leather; evening clothes tossed in a chair; fine, white silk pajamas folded on the open bed. A locked bathroom door, silence. "In there, gentlemen."

The sergeant looks nervously at the cheval glass in the door, hopes it won't shatter. Solid shoulders against wood; grunts; the door gives. A copper catapults through, almost falls.

### Those Leisurely Taxis

There he is, a big man, slumped in a tub of water. The water is cold now. His lips are bluish. Heart attack. We lift him clear, wet and horribly limp, Henri standing doubtfully in the background with a huge Turkish towel, the perfect gentleman's gentleman even unto death. Thought they only existed in the movies. I choke back a desire to laugh.

Madame walks into the bedroom, pale, eyes incredibly bright, a mighty and gallant effort at composure before strangers. A single glance at her husband in the bed. "The doctor is coming right over. Is he—?"

"Yes'm. 'Fraid he is."

"I see. Thank you for coming."

She bites her lips. The French maid starts to sob hysterically, drops the small vial of spirits of ammonia. "Marie, control yourself. Henri, see that the gentlemen have everything they want; it is cold tonight. You must excuse me now."

As we pass her room I hear deep-throated sobs. Henri offers us Scotch and soda at the door. Somehow we don't want any just now.

I am glad the attention whistle is shrilling when we get to the car. A shooting in a near-by hospital. Might be anything: gang reprisals or madness. Two cars already there when we arrive. Young Tom Collins the first one there, already in charge. A low-voiced conference in the super's office.

Now Collins hurries out, face inscrutable. Two harness bulls follow him to the elevator. Time for a cigarette. In a moment he comes in again pulling a frightened little boy by an ear with one hand, holding an air rifle in the other. Little Hymie had a new present and the lighted windows of the hospital were irresistible. Twelve armed cops and three rolling fortresses—against one little boy with an air rifle. We gravely discuss the possibilities of a life sentence and let him go. Little Hymie is warned to eschew windows in the future.

A man-on-roof call in the West Seventies, either a Peeping Tom or an illegal entry, it's an even-money bet. No sirens this time. A quiet sneak-up. Three houses away we find a new rope tied to an iron pipe. It is taut, pulled over the rear edge of the roof. We deploy around the suspect area, peek over. Twenty feet below a black blob is dimly discernible, swaying on the rope. This is no Peeping Tom. Three powerful lights cut the darkness. "Hey, you! You're covered! Come on up out of there! . . . Well, I'll be damned!"

We had to haul him up. A loop of his own rope had caught him round the neck as he tried to escape. Strangled, the fingers of one hand still wedged between throat and rope. He'd been fighting for squeaking trickles of air. Well, anyway, he was dead. Warm, but definitely D. O. A.—Dead On Arrival.

As they carted him away, Sid Livingston turned to me and grinned. "How's your stomach, now, my bored young friend?"

I formed an instant, though momentary, dislike for Mr. Livingston.

"Personally," he continued. "I want a drink."

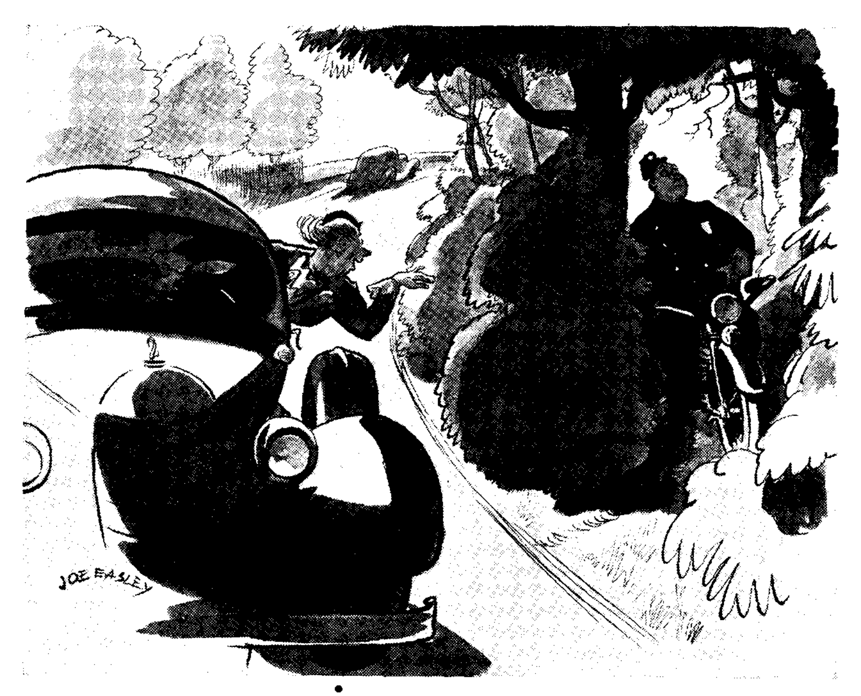
I was taught never to argue with my host. I agreed heartily. There was something strangely friendly about the night club as we pulled up at a leisurely speed in the taxi. You don't think New York taxis have a leisurely speed? Try the death car—or take my word for it that New York taxis merely crawl along. In fact, they practically browse at the curb.

At the table sat a group of well-meaning friends. They were under the impression that I was having a whale of a time. I was. I drew great refreshing draughts of cigarette-laden air into my grateful lungs. I cast an appreciative glance at the deafening orchestra that had to be loud to conquer the strident voices of all those lovely people.

With a contented sigh, I crossed to the bar and stood for a round with Sid. I even paid up with the bar man for the round we'd walked boredly out on. That proves I was glad to be back.

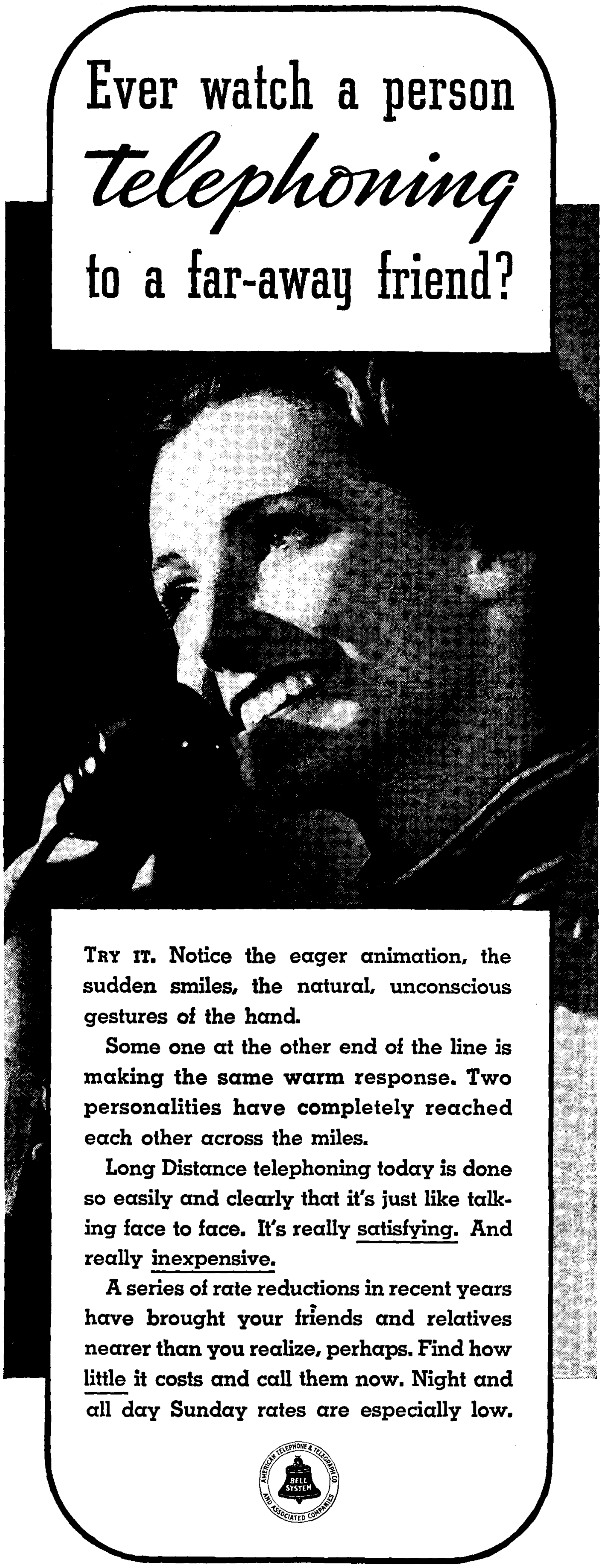
Outside, dimly perceptible over the cacophony of the orchestra, we heard the shrill banshee wail of a distant siren.

Somewhere in the great city someone else had met a violent end.



**"Yoo-hoo, Officer, I see you!"**

JOE EASLEY


Ever watch a person *telephoning* to a far-away friend?

**Try it.** Notice the eager animation, the sudden smiles, the natural, unconscious gestures of the hand.

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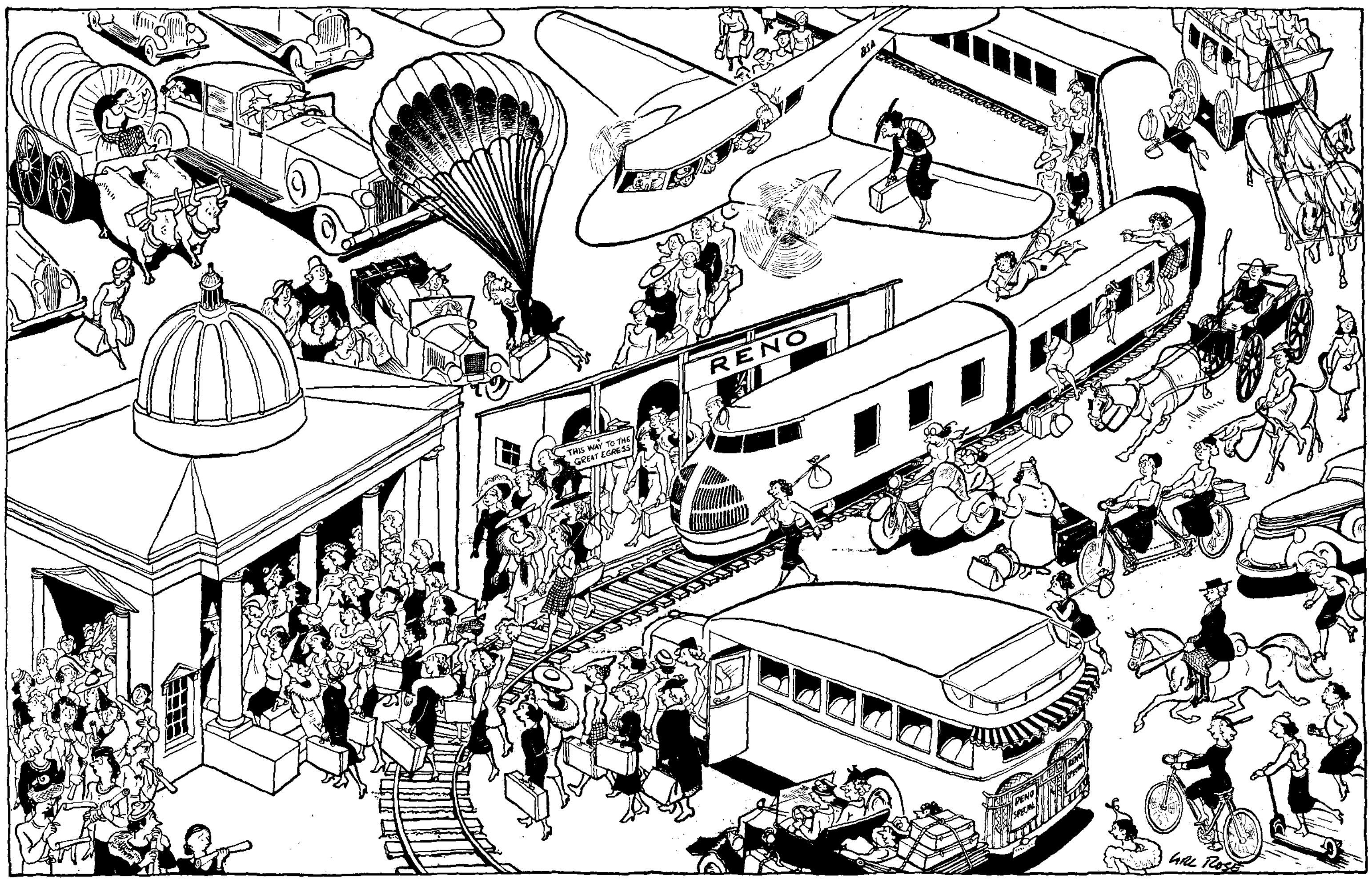


# Some Husbands are Worth Saving

IN THE tremendous social and political readjustment of their status that has taken place in the last thirty-five or forty years, many women appear to have fallen into Barnum's simple old trap, and have made a concerted rush to see "The Great Egress." Hurrying pell-mell to get a good look at those long-forbidden curiosities labeled "Divorce," "Contraception," "The Vote," "Separate Income," "Alimony," they have found themselves unexpectedly out in the quiet street again, with the dull shops and the dull streetcars and the dull afternoons just what they were before the little green ticket admitted them to see the wonders.

That all these aforementioned marvels are a part of a woman's life today, all of them actually helpful and indeed unavoidable in certain crises, and all of them occasionally useful in curing age-old abuses, is undeniable. But to plunge at these measures like babies entering a drugstore, tasting and spilling poisons in every direction, gulping down the little white pills on top of the delicious pink syrup, this is to threaten life itself. And life for women, according to their own admissions, has gone strangely flat and unprofitable of late because of an overdose of antidotes.

The supreme adventure for any woman is the natural one: youth with plenty of beauty and dancing, young marriage with its exquisite intimacies and joys, a limited amount of china and linen and garden and music and hospitality, the right simple clothes for every spring and every fall, and her real work in her children. Two, three, five, seven splendid, firm, upspringing creatures who depend upon her, turn to her, love her. And back of it all, of course, a man who fails her frequently, surprises her eternally, is sometimes a darling and sometimes an utter pest, and whom she forgives, nurses, spoils, scolds, companions for as long as they both shall live.

No adventure that a man, be he explorer or scientist, genius or tramp, no adventure to which he ever may aspire can fill his heart as this program fills hers. No turn or twist that life can take ever touches, for sheer thrill, the creation and molding of life.

When she substitutes alimony, office jobs, solitary holidays, illicit affairs, third and fourth marital experiments, frock-selling for the baked potatoes, top milk, picnics, measles, Christmas trees and littered back yards that mean the nursery, she is putting the false in the place of the true. If men had usurped the domestic scene, had crowded her, a thousand years ago, away from the living vital drama at home, forced her into the coldness, dullness, waste, the complete unnecessity of office days, she would see this clear. If women, immediately upon discharging their physiological duty of bearing the sons and daughters, had then been forced to leave them to their father's rearing, the real values of the comparative jobs would not have been obscured.

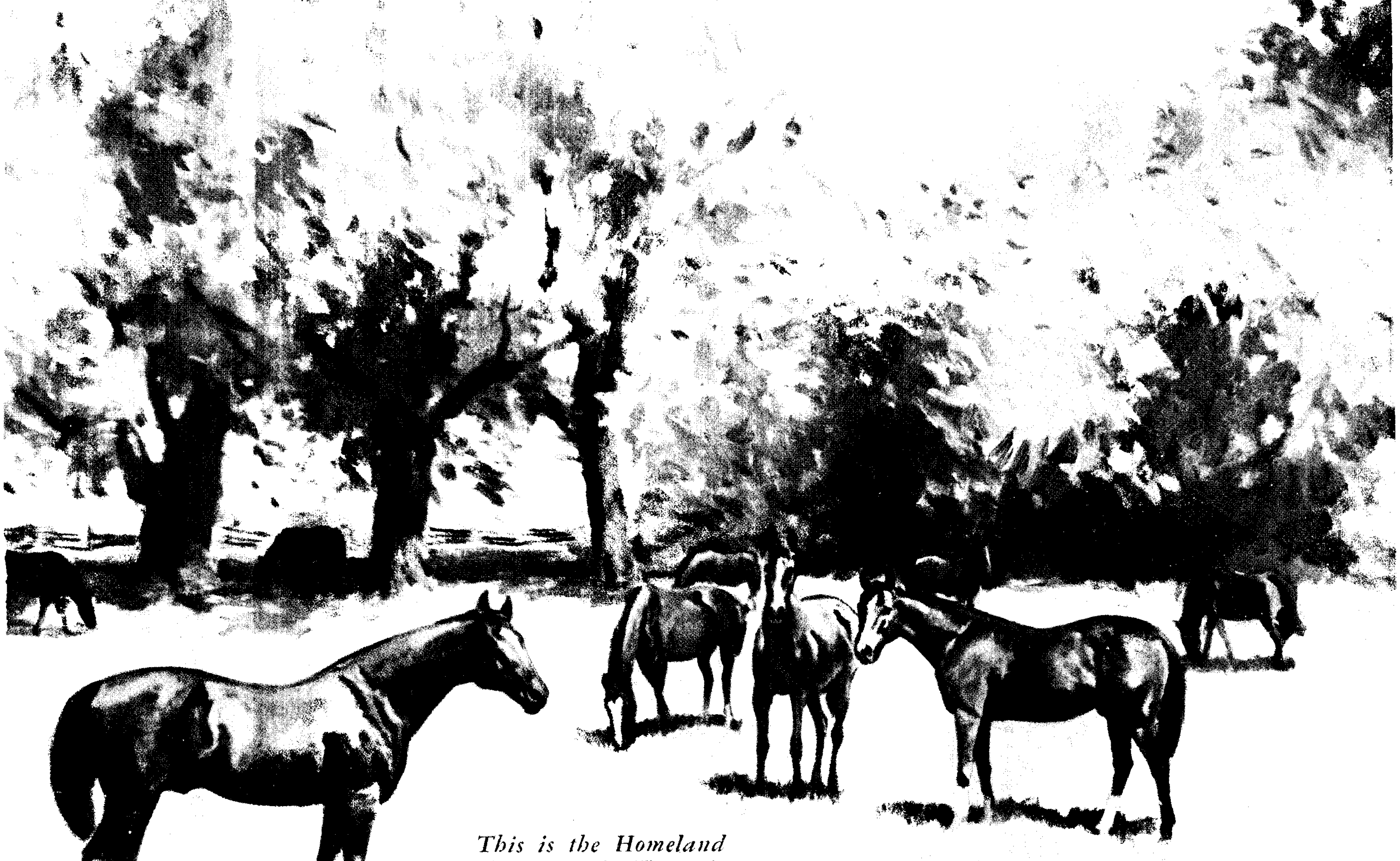
As it is, a million women whose only happiness lies in motherhood will refuse it this year. Thousands more will hurry angrily toward divorce, the breaking up of the home, the scattering of the children, in serene conviction that no woman in the world ought to put up with the particular type of crumpled roseleaf that she is supposed to endure. Thousands of men, pretty much like other men, will be turned loose; bewildered boys and girls will receive their first great shock and disillusionment in discovering that Mother and Dad hate each other. Most of these detached mates will find other mates, and be surprised to find that new kinds of annoyances spring up like April weeds wherever two human beings find themselves together on any terms at all.

It's a great pity that humor, courage, wideness of vision, can't be showered on the bride with the cake cutters and guest towels and kitchen utensils. Not all men, but many men are worth conserving, with our national forests and waterways.

Most first marriages offer a woman better material upon which to work than do most second marriages. Being generous is far more satisfying than getting one's rights, and the fevered battles of early years have a way of dying down when the small girls are at school age, and the younger generation is demanding a day on the shore. To the end of the chapter the woman who sticks is going to feel better deep down in her soul than the woman who doesn't; and the woman who doesn't is eternally condemned to the knowledge that she does!

Every well-regulated home occasionally has to have in it a bottle marked "Poison." The bottle marked "Divorce" ought only to be taken down in extreme cases.—KATHLEEN NORRIS

# HE SPIRIT OF OLD KENTUCKY



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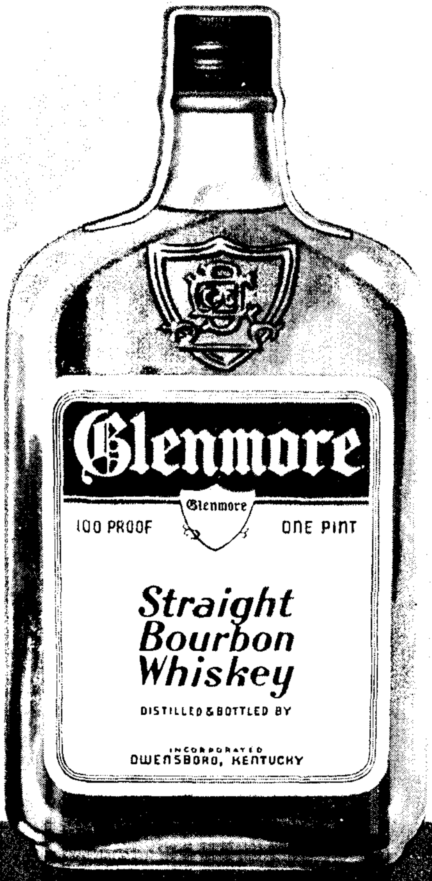
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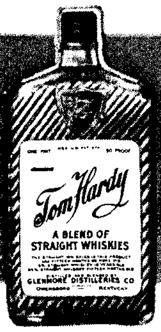
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# Helen
# tells why she cho

"A season of opera and concert means my voice and throat must be consistently in perfect condition. Therefore, although most of my smoking is done while I am on vacation, it is all important to me that I be careful in choosing my cigarette. I smoke Luckies because I enjoy their taste and, because I feel it is wiser for me to choose a light smoke for my voice."

—Helen Jepson—

LOVELY PRIMA DONNA OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

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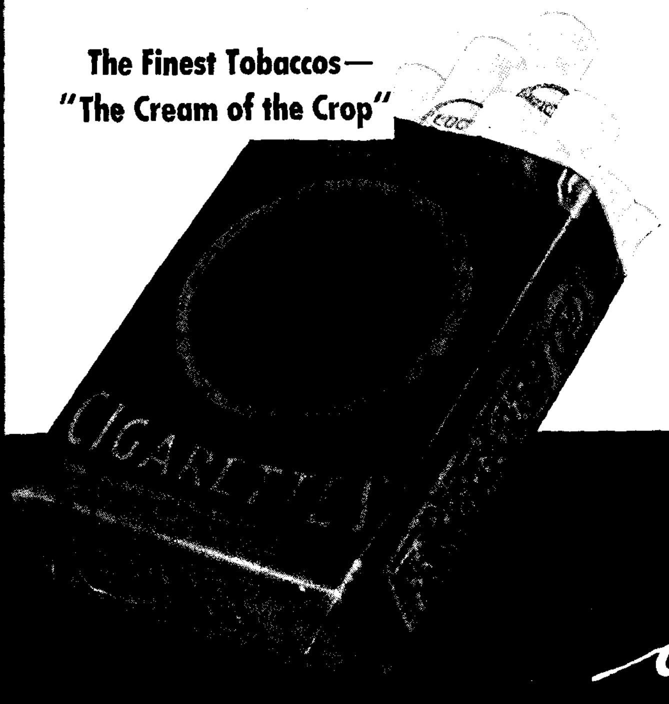
**The Finest Tobaccos—**
**"The Cream of the Crop"**



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Jepson verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

*a light smoke*

**"IT'S TOASTED"—YOUR THROAT PROTECTION** **AGAINST IRRITATION AGAINST COUGH**